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Christmas Fiction

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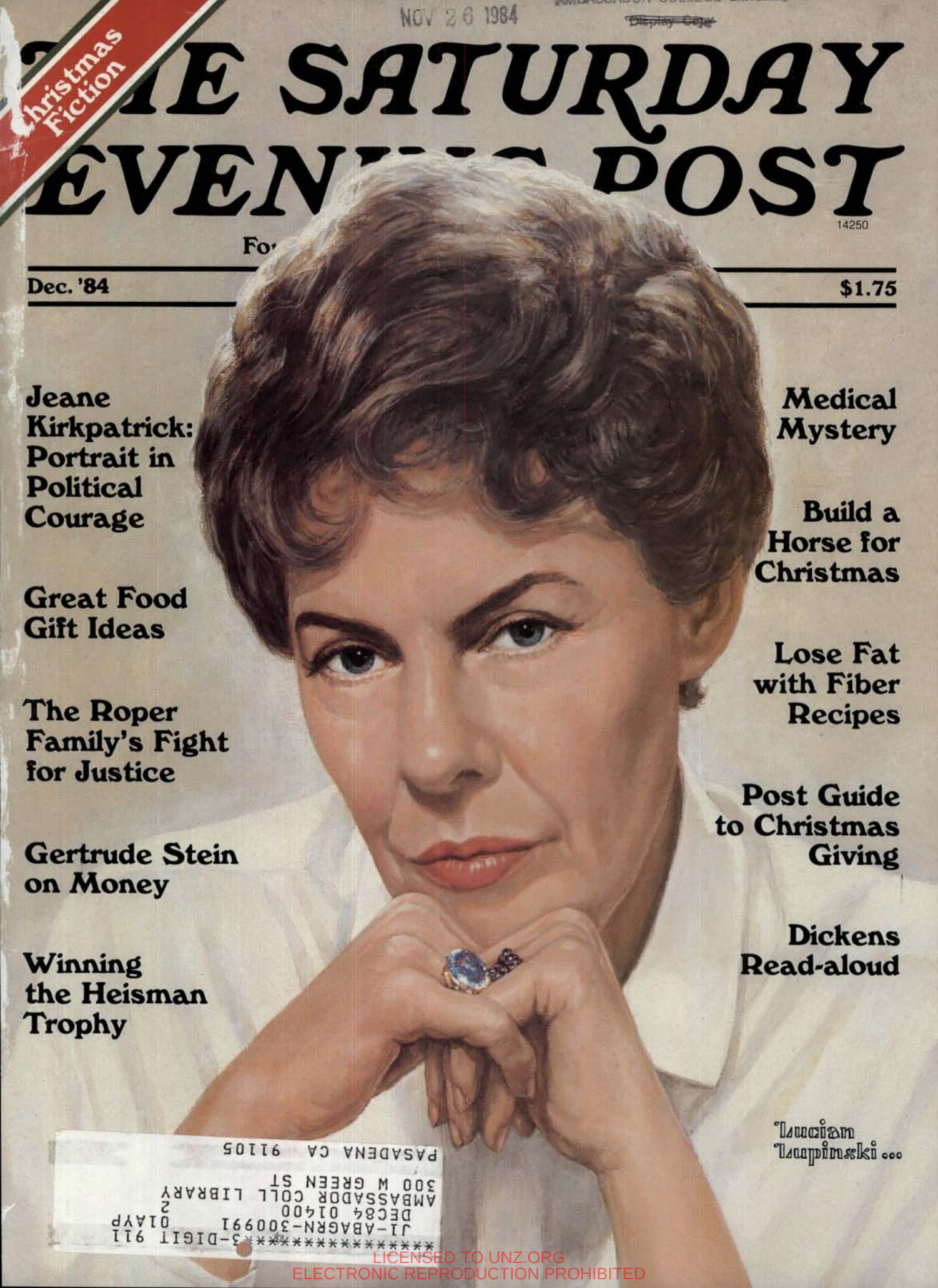

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Gertrude Stein on Money

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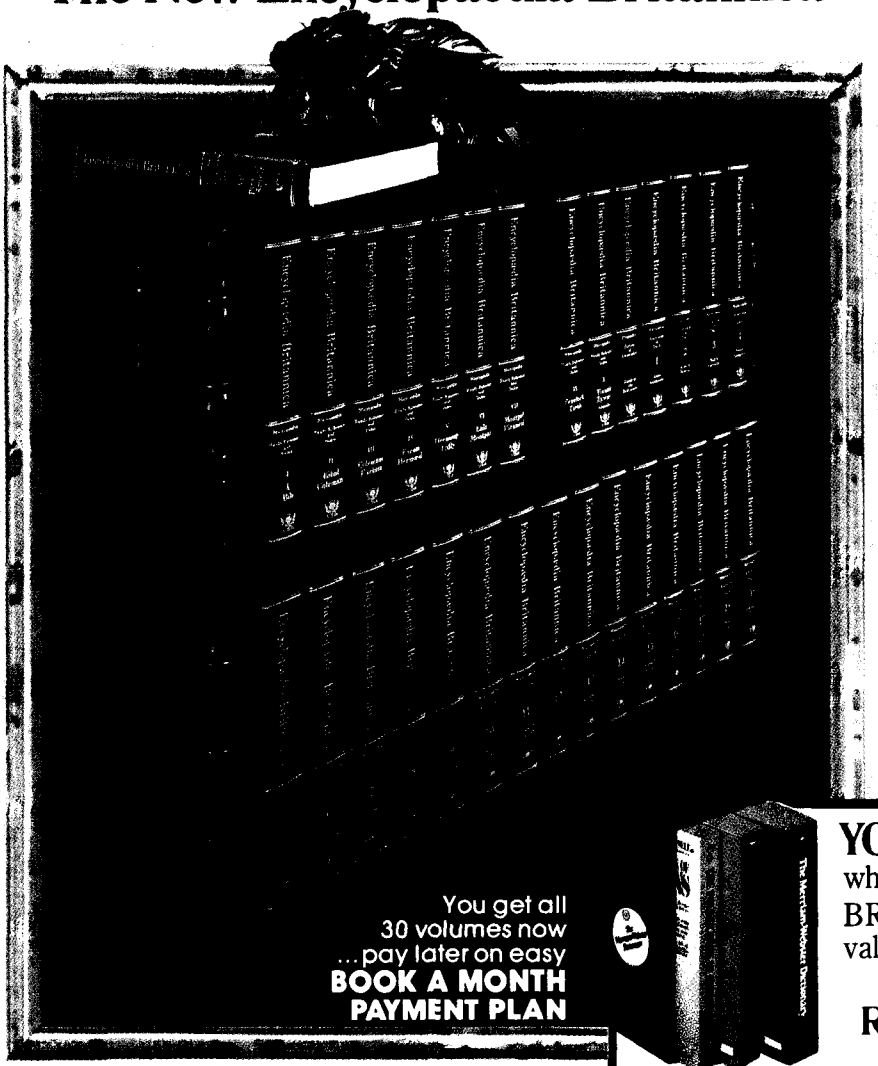

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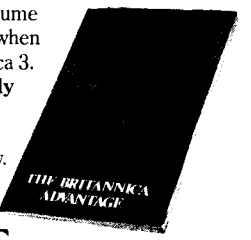

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U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick—Earning respect the world over fighting for her ideals. **50**

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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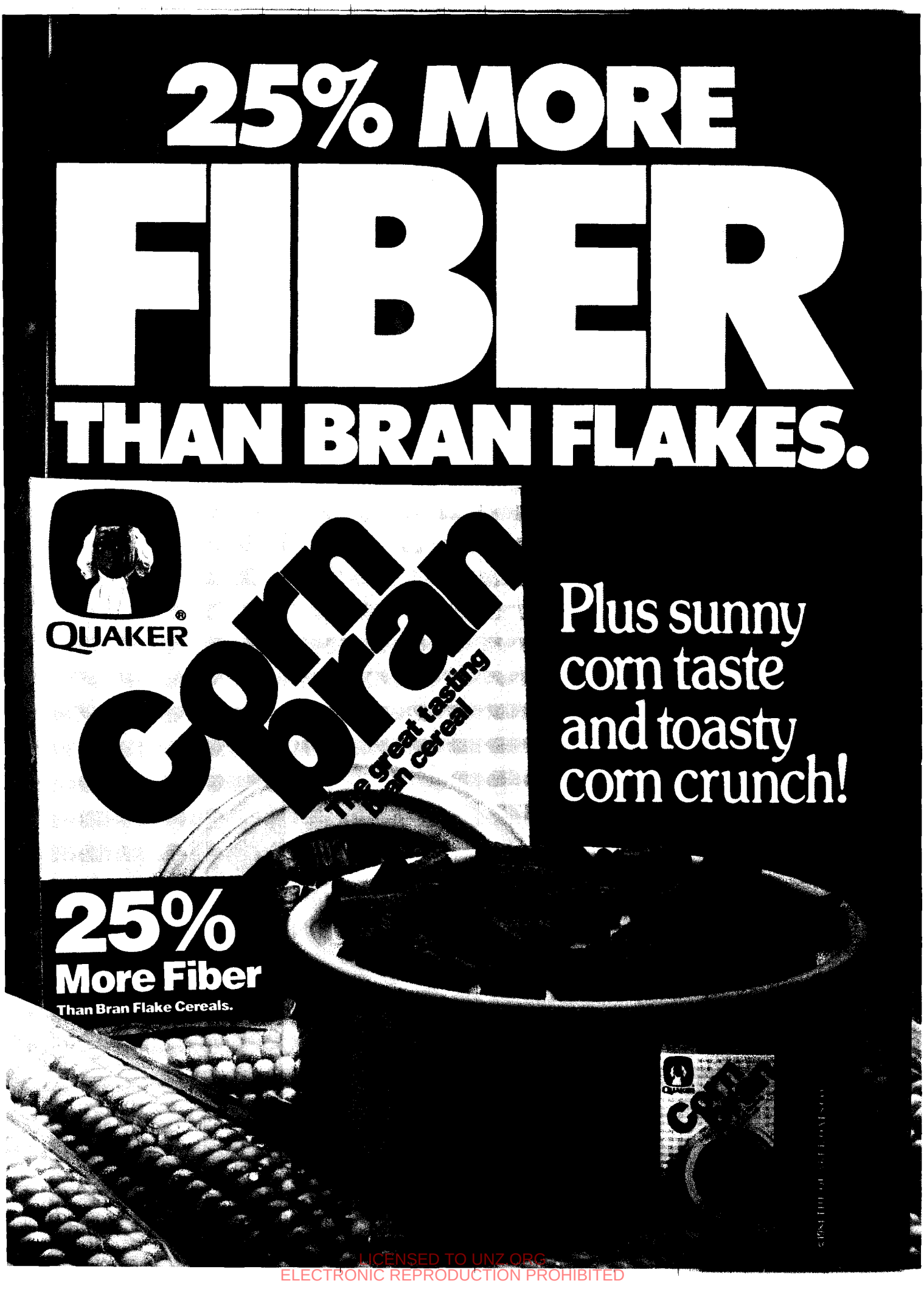

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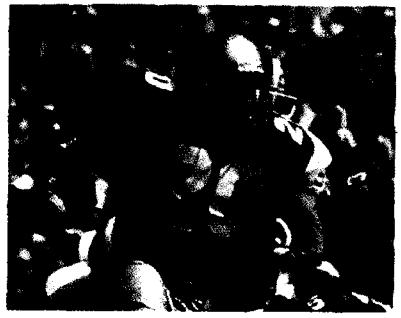

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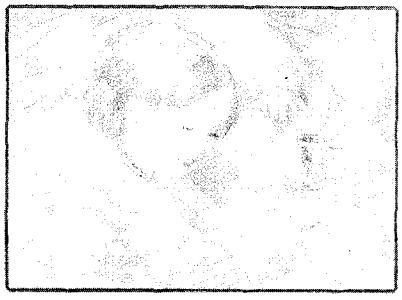

Charles Dickens' Christmas Story—written only to be read to his children, is now available for you to read to yours. **58**

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The Sound of Music—again swells over Vermont hills from the Trapp Family Lodge that has risen from the ashes. **84**

A Do-It-Yourself Jumping Horse—is one gift sure to survive several generations. **60**

Letters

Killer Emphysema

Reading G.E. Synhorst's article, "Let's Face The Killer Emphysema Head On," in your September issue made me quite thankful I gave up the smoking habit ten years ago.

I felt compelled to write too, since I experienced a case of emphysema in my family. Not many know the pain and frustration one endures with this "silent killer." I thank Mr. Synhorst for informing the public that a severe case of emphysema restricts one from crowds, children and exercise and leads to a slow and painful death.

Cigarette smoking, the major cause of this disease, is certainly a most difficult habit to break. But informative articles like this can be a boost for a smoker trying to quit, or a deterrent for one who has not started.

Delores Roberson
Clinton, Mississippi

Dear Admiral Synhorst:

I wish to commend you for your excellent article in the September '84 *Saturday Evening Post*. Whether this strong statement will move our congressmen to act is debatable, but it puts the onus on the backs of citizens who must claw their way to action.

Recently, I visited my brother, who is in the pulmonary-emphysema ward at the Veterans Hospital in Danville, Illinois. There I found a distressing situation. The supply of oxygen has been restricted to the extent that on many days it is impossible for patients to leave their rooms, as the tanks attached to their wheelchairs remain unfilled. I understand that the condition may be further exacerbated in the near future when a new wing will be operating for more pulmonary patients.

I find this situation deplorable. In three of the four times I visited the hospital this past month, I found many of the men figuratively chained to their beds—as their only life line was the central supply of oxygen in the wall. They were unable to wheel or walk their chairs, could not go to the dining room or physical therapy and, in some cases, were barely able to make it to the toilets and back again to their bedside oxygen. I find no excuse for limited oxygen supply for veterans. I am stunned that veterans who

continued on page 6

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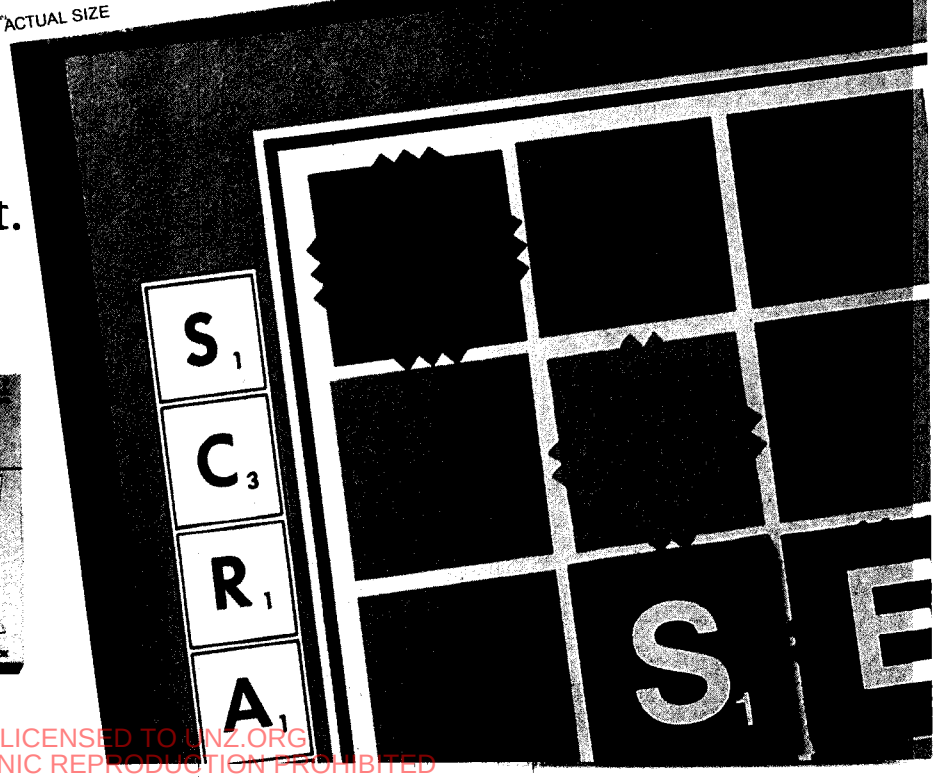

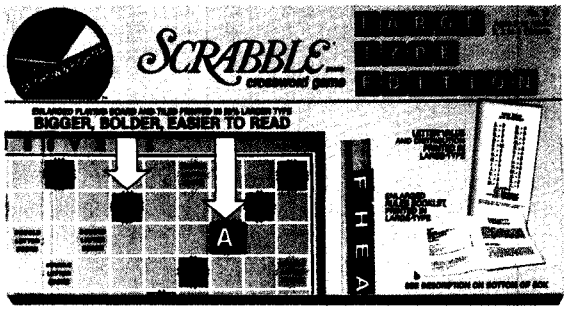

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have given years of their lives for this country are summarily deprived.

All of the men with whom I talked in the hospital ward are the victims of lung disease from smoking. Several told me that they didn't pay seven cents for a pack—they were, rather, *given* cigarettes. Some are dying of cancer—all seem to know that they have no hope—no future. Require our congressmen to walk these wards before they vote their tobacco supports!

Thanks you for your straightforward statement.

Mrs. Perry E. Cremeens
Birmingham, Michigan

Fuming over Fumes

My husband often said he had started smoking when he was about 12; six years ago he passed away of emphysema and lung cancer. We never discussed his use of tobacco as the cause—he suffered enough as it was.

I don't know if you can use this article, although I am sure you will find it interesting. It is too bad, but I find myself resenting smokers almost anywhere in my vicinity, and strange as it may seem, it isn't so much young kids as it seems to be older "heavy" women—well, of course, I never did smoke, but I never objected to it until I really learned firsthand what it had done to my husband.

I wish there were some way we could tax smokers.

Mrs. Charlotte Walker
Ventura, California

Who Cast the First Stones?

After reading your article on petroglyphs in the September issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*, I remembered a rock—in West Virginia—that we discovered in the woods. We called it "the Indian Rock" and let our imaginations run wild. We discovered it in the woods near our shanty—I do mean in the woods. I don't know if anyone, other than the few we showed it to, knew of its existence.

Anyway, I found the enclosed photograph and had copies made. Thought you might find it interesting.

I doubt if I could give much information, but if you have any questions or are interested, you can contact me at the address below. I really would be interested in knowing if it is a natural formation, Indian or what!!

By the way, I enjoyed your article immensely.

Mrs. Henry S. Bishop
West Palm Beach, Florida

Congratulations on David Sisson's interesting and informative article, "Did the Irish Discover America?" (Sept. '84).

While our gallant Indian Americans alone can claim the first priority in time, it is good to see that among the European discoverers of the New World, the Irish are beginning to get some serious scholarly consideration. As several nationwide surveys have repeatedly shown (see, for instance, Michael Kane, *Minorities in Textbooks,* 1970), the non-Anglo-Saxon contributions to America have too often been ignored, belittled or ridiculed as filiopietism, myths or legends, whether one spoke of Indian or black contributions; of Spanish, French or Italian trailblazers; of Poles and the Irish in the "English" settlement of Jamestown, Virginia; or of the strikingly multi-ethnic composition and command of the American Revolution, or of the prominent place of ethnics among the American Nobel Prize winners and in American industry or space programs.

Concerning your article on the early Irish explorers in America, let me add two important points of great interest. As reported by the Slovenian American writer, Louis Adamic, in his very influential book, *A Nation of Nations* (Harper, 1944): (1) the old Norse writings refer to the American continent as "Irland it Mikla" (Greater Ireland), and (2) the medieval cartographers sketched on their maps an "Insula Sancti Brendani" (Island of St. Brendan), adding more weight to the significant role the Irish played among the early discoverers and explorers of America.

Yes, it is encouraging to see that more and more educators, scholars, editors and people at large recognize that the magnificent ethnic contributions to America are neither myths nor wishful thinking of misguided filiopietistic dreamers; they are solid facts and building blocks of which America's greatness is made. They deserve more study, recognition and publicity.

We are particularly delighted to see that, in addition to a number of struggling professors and writers who may still occasionally be academically penalized for daring to research, teach and publicize ethnic contributions to America, scholars such as Dr. Barry Fell of Harvard University have helped to demystify one more so-called myth—"the legend of St. Brendan." We applaud your magazine for having published such an interesting and informative article on

continued on page 8

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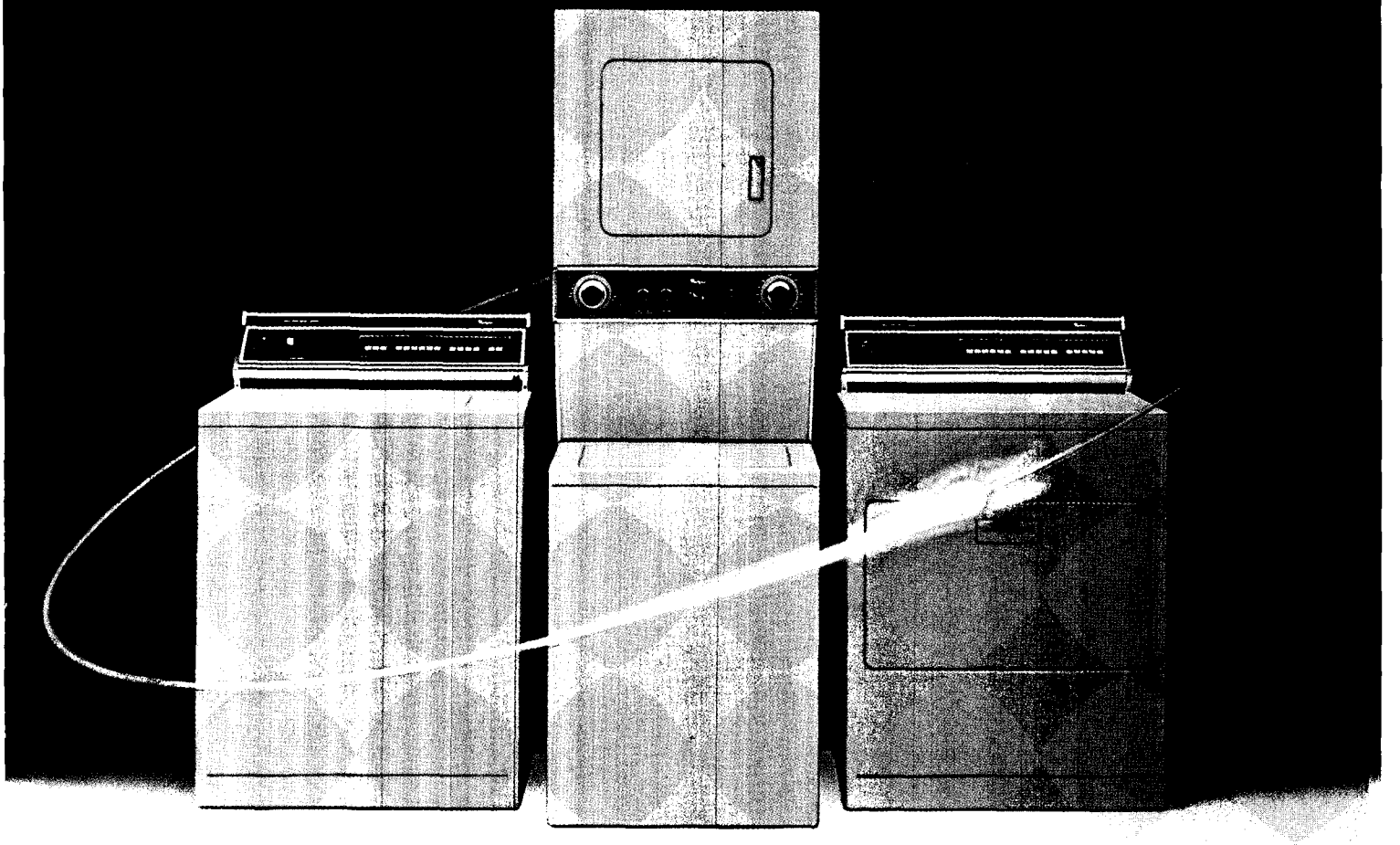

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Edward Gobetz, Ph.D.
Professor of Sociology and Anthropology
Kent State University
Kent, Ohio

Crying for Sheila

Reading your article "The Lady Who Thought She Was Crazy" (October '84) brought back memories of the loneliest and most painful ten years of my life. For during these years, I too, went diagnosed incorrectly for a disease called ankylosing spondylitis (progressive fusion of the spine). From the first onset of symptoms at age 15, I went through a whirlpool of every type of doctors, psychologists and tests. They all convinced me my pain was psychosomatic and left me alone to wither into a depression. I felt crazy, didn't care if I really was and felt ready to admit to my craziness just to have someone help me. The back and leg pain became unbearable and the sleepless nights crying out to God for help were finally at a point of hopelessness. I said out loud my last prayer asking for guidance, when someone recommended I see a rheumatologist. After going into his office for two minutes, he was sure he knew what disease I had. I couldn't believe it! After ten years of searching for an answer, this doctor gave me a diagnosis in two minutes! He did become my God for a long time after that. I believe that some people still look upon my disease as psychosomatic, but thanks to your article, I spent an hour crying out loud, realizing that someone else has been there, too. I cried for myself and my own past pain, but I especially was crying for Shelia Allen and her five years of suffering.

Marianne Lydon Napolitasa
New Kensington, Pennsylvania

Fundamentally Sound Reasoning

Robert C. Schipf asks in the October issue, "What has smoking to do with being or not being a Christian? Absolutely nothing at all."

It shows his ignorance of Biblical ethics. There are Biblical emphases on the human body as God's temple and on the importance of concern for, and right relationship with, our neighbors. One ethical problem is that it is impossible for individuals to smoke without doing some damage to the marvelous bodies the Creator has given us. Many studies in recent years have brought overwhelming evidence linking cigarette smoking with lung cancer, cardiovascular disease, emphysema and chronic bronchitis. A second ethical problem is that it is virtually impossible to smoke without inflicting damage on others: those who smoke at home inflict damage on their families; those who smoke in offices, waiting rooms, airline terminals, restaurants and public meetings cannot know the health problems of those on whom they inflict smoke or the unusual danger to which they may be exposing others around them.

Christian love of others as well as of self is not expressed by the harassment of our bodies with damaging foreign substances.

Wesley Nothdurft
Bloomington, Illinois

Goes for Garfield

Jim Davis is my all-time favorite. Thanks for the Garfield cover.

Joe Wilson
Chicago, Illinois

Pleased in Puerto Rico

It was a great pleasure to read the article about Puerto Rico by Jo and Rod Williams—*Post*, Sept. 1984.

It is indeed a stimulating experience to learn that someone has appreciated the numberless beautiful things and gratifying opportunities we have at hand for those who really see, hear and enjoy beauty and hospitality.

Thanks, Jo and Rod Williams!

Carmen M. Olivieri-Grau
Mayaguez, Puerto Rico

Fiber for the High Chair Set

My two-year-old has adapted well to a high-fiber diet and so I thought I'd share a few ideas with the young mother who wrote. It is important, first of all, to have a positive attitude about what we are cooking. Children will pick up on that.

I find that plain, toasted wheat bran is a subtle and versatile way to add fiber to my family's diet. Use it generously whenever you use hamburger. Use it to extend and help thicken sloppy joes or soup or meat loaf. It's great in baking, too.

Learn to make your own granola. It is very simple and inexpensive and you can put many kinds of delightful high-fiber things into it. If your children think they don't like granola, use it for a snack food at first. Chances are high that they'll soon change their minds and enjoy it as a breakfast cereal, too. Then you can phase out Apple Jacks and E.T. cereal!

Use more oatmeal and whole-wheat flour for baking. You can usually substitute whole-wheat flour for ⅓ of the white flour and get satisfactory results without the need of further adjustments. When you use corn meal, use the whole-grain type instead of the very uniform supermarket variety. (Better yet, try *The Saturday Evening Post*'s high-lysine stuff!)

Leave the peelings on potatoes and other vegetables. If they do mind at first, they will probably soon get over it, especially if that is their only option.

Avoid giving between-meal snacks. Food always looks better when they're really hungry. If they must snack, choose wholesome fiber-filled snacks. You can even feel good about letting them snack on cookies if you eliminate the salt, cut the sugar in half and add some wheat germ.

If all else fails, you could explain the benefits of the dish in question. But only do so if they are objecting to it.

The above suggestions work for my son, but I know some children are more finicky than others. I would encourage young mothers to give it a try. It's rewarding to see a two-year-old munching on a sandwich of whole-wheat bread and alfalfa sprouts, or hear him exclaim while eating lentil soup, "I yike little tiny baby beans!"

Gwendolyn K. Hertyler
Shedd, Oregon

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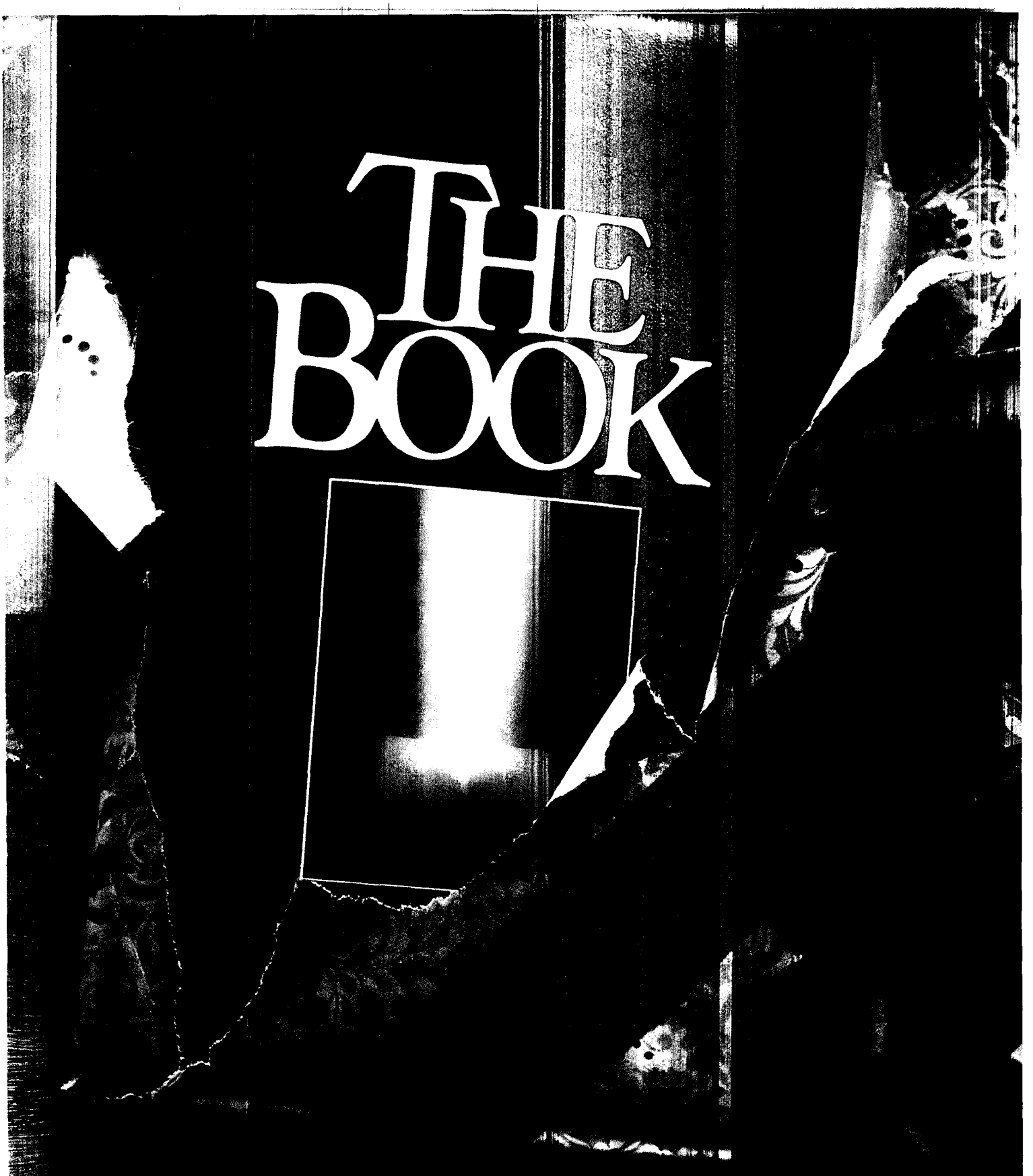

Help Someone Unwrap The True Meaning Of Christmas.

For many the Bible is shrouded in difficult language. Its meaning obscured. Its treasures hidden. Unfortunately, many set it aside and its gifts are never opened.

Giving THE BOOK could change that.

THE BOOK is a new, easy-to-read contemporary Bible, with print that won't make you squint, fascinating introductions and reader notes to help the stories and their meanings unfold.

So when you give THE BOOK, you'll help someone understand His gift to us all.

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Eat Your Vegetables

For the mother who wrote wanting her children to eat fiber:

Make bran cookies with cinnamon, cloves and ginger and add raisins and nuts. My recipe calls for 3 cups bran to 1½ cups whole-wheat flour. Let them help make the cookies and they will eat the cookie jar empty.

Raw vegetables are good. Small children can eat broccoli—we called them "small trees" for years around our house and my kids would call for some more small trees or "little kids' cabbages" which were really Brussels sprouts.

We had a garden and they helped grow them and they would eat what they grew. My kids never liked canned, cooked peas but always ate the peas right out of the garden raw. You can add wheat germ to their hamburger and they still eat it on a whole-wheat bun with sesame seeds.

We ate popcorn, cracked corn and soybeans, which had bulk and fiber. My kids eat oatmeal with Grape-nuts on top. When you make an apple pie, make the crust out of whole-wheat flour, cover the bottom of the pie with wheat germ, add apples and cinnamon and add a crumb top with oatmeal, margarine and Grape-nuts.

My kids like corn bread with honey butter and chicken and rice. A good fiber food is chili with beans, green peppers and whole tomatoes. Soak your own beans—the kids will enjoy seeing them expand. Fresh fruits have a lot of fiber and my kids always eat a bowl of mixed fruit. My son always fixes celery with peanut butter in it and fresh-cut carrots. Our lettuce salads always have goodies in them like bean sprouts and alfalfa. I always made chunky applesauce without sugar and they thought it was great over a little ice milk. Serve a loaf of pumpernickel bread with a cheese spread.

Colleen M. Lemkuil
Norwalk, Iowa

Schuller Forgiven

I seem to have been reading the *Post* backwards these last few months. First, I read a letter to the editor criticizing Dr. Schuller for quoting Catholics as saying the "Hail Mary" at Sunday Mass. Then I decided to go back and read Dr. Schuller's article, which I had missed.

The letter that was written was quite correct. Mary is not mentioned in our Sunday liturgy unless it happens to be in a Scripture reading of the day. However, I think we can forgive Dr. Schuller for his lack of knowledge of our Catholic faith since I am sure he has not made a study of it.

On the other hand—I thought his article was excellent and one that every citizen should read.

Just a reminder, Dr. Schuller, we Catholics love Mary; we feel she is very close to Jesus and as such we ask her to intercede for us with her Divine Son.

However, our devotion can never be described as worship, which is for God alone. She, above all creatures, understands this. She is merely a powerful friend to have at court and a great role model for those wishing to obey God's will.

Patricia Devlin
Dover, Massachusetts

Thoughts at 55 m.p.h.

Love the *Post*, well written and a joy to read prior to retirement in the evening.

Your October 1984 cover story of Mr. Lee Iacocca was great. Please forward this letter to Mr. Iacocca to show him that America respects him for what he has done for our country and his employees. God bless him!

Over the years I've worked I have really noticed the lack of good management. Our country is really in "sick" shape. Where are the leaders? So many managers concern themselves with reaching the top of the ladder, BUCKS and power over leadership, that they forget their main purpose. Not enough Iacoccas to go around perhaps.

I'd love to work for a supervisor who possesses the qualities of Mr. Iacocca. It's really what the American employee needs.

I'm presently working for the Greyhound Lines. Mr. Iacocca can ride on my bus anytime.

Gary Allen Plath
Sun Prairie, Wisconsin

Drive Out Those Camels

I think the *Post* should work vigorously for legislation to either ban all cigarette ads from magazines, newspapers, billboards and signs in stores, or at least to restrict the ads to a picture of the package and the tar-and-nicotine statement, and make the warning in larger letters.

Pictures of healthy, good-looking, happy people should be prohibited, since they imply the people got that way by smoking, which is a lie. Pictures of sick people or skeletons should be O.K.

The various motives are either stupid or misleading, such as "America's Best." How does one define "best?" Presumably as the one least likely to kill you and there's never been a controlled experiment on mortality rates from various brands—probably no difference.

Then they say, "Players smoke Players" and "Players go places"—yes, to the cemetery along with other smokers.

If "Lucky Strikes again," whom does he strike? The people who smoke him, of course.

The most stupid is "Camel—where a man belongs." The word "where" implies a geographical location, and there's no city, state, or nation named "Camel." It might be a nickname for Iran, but nobody in his right mind belongs there.

The statement "Salem refreshes naturally" is a lie because smoking isn't a natural act and any refreshment derived from it is an artificial pleasure, not a natural one.

And how many people know that the once much-advertised Micronite filter used to contain asbestos, so I have read. Imagine a more deadly combination than smoke plus asbestos.

Robert D. Smith
Swisher, Iowa

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Sponsor a Child for Only $10 a Month.

At last! Here is a $10 sponsorship program for Americans who are unable to send $16, $18, or $22 a month to help a needy child.

And yet, this is a full sponsorship program because for $10 a month you will receive:

...a photograph of the child you are helping.

...a special sponsorship folder with the case history of the child.

...a description of the country where your child lives.

...a quarterly progress report about your child's community from the field worker.

And you will receive at least two personal letters a year from your child.

All this for only $10 a month?

Yes—because the Holy Land Christian Mission International believes that many Americans would like to help a needy child. And so we searched for ways to reduce the cost—without reducing the help that goes to the child you sponsor.

For example, unlike some of the other organizations, your child does not write each month, but two letters a year from your child keeps you in contact and, of course, you can write to the child just as often as you wish.

Also, to keep down administrative costs, we do not offer the so-called "trial child" that the other organizations mail to prospective sponsors before the sponsors send any money.

We do not feel that it is fair to the child for a sponsor to decide whether or not to help a child based on a child's photograph or the case history.

Every child who comes to Mission International for help is equally needy!

And to minimize overseas costs, our field workers are citizens of the countries where they serve. Many volunteer their time, working directly with families, orphanages, and schools.

You can make a difference!

$10 a month may not seem like much help to many Americans, but to a poor family living on an income of $1.50 or $2.00 a day, your sponsorship can help make all the difference in the world.

Will you sponsor a child? Your $10 a month will help provide so much:

...emergency food, clothing and medical care.

...a chance to attend school.

...help for the child's family and community, with counseling on housing, agriculture, nutrition, and other vital areas to help them become self-sufficient.

A child needs your love!

Here is how you can sponsor a child for only $10 a month immediately:

1. Fill out the coupon and tell us if you want to sponsor a boy or a girl, and check the country of your choice.

2. Or mark the "emergency list" box and we will assign a child to you that most urgently needs to have a sponsor.

3. Send your $10 in right now and this will eliminate the cost of a "trial child."

Then, in just a few days you will receive your child's name, photograph, and case history.

May we hear from you? We believe that our sponsorship program protects the dignity of the child and the family and at the same time provides Americans with a positive and beautiful way to help a needy youngster.

3-year-old Michelle was abandoned by her father. Soon after, her mother was forced to leave her in order to find work. She now lives with her grandmother in a hut with dirt floors and a grass roof.

K5HW

Holy Land Christian **Mission International**
Attn: Joseph Gripkey, President
2000 East Red Bridge Road
Box 55, Kansas City, Missouri 64141

☐ Yes. I wish to sponsor a child. Enclosed is my first payment of $10. Please assign me a ☐ Boy ☐ Girl

Country preference: ☐ India ☐ The Philippines ☐ Thailand ☐ Costa Rica ☐ Chile ☐ Honduras ☐ Dominican Republic ☐ Colombia ☐ Guatemala ☐ Africa ☐ The Holy Land

☐ **OR, choose a child that needs my help from your EMERGENCY LIST.**

☐ Please send me more information about sponsoring a child.

☐ I can't sponsor a child now, but wish to make a contribution of _____.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____

Registered: U.S.A.I.D. Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Charter Member: Evangelical Council for Financial Accountability. Our annual financial report is readily available upon request. Please make your check payable to Mission International. Your sponsorship gifts are tax deductible.

Holy Land Christian
Mission International

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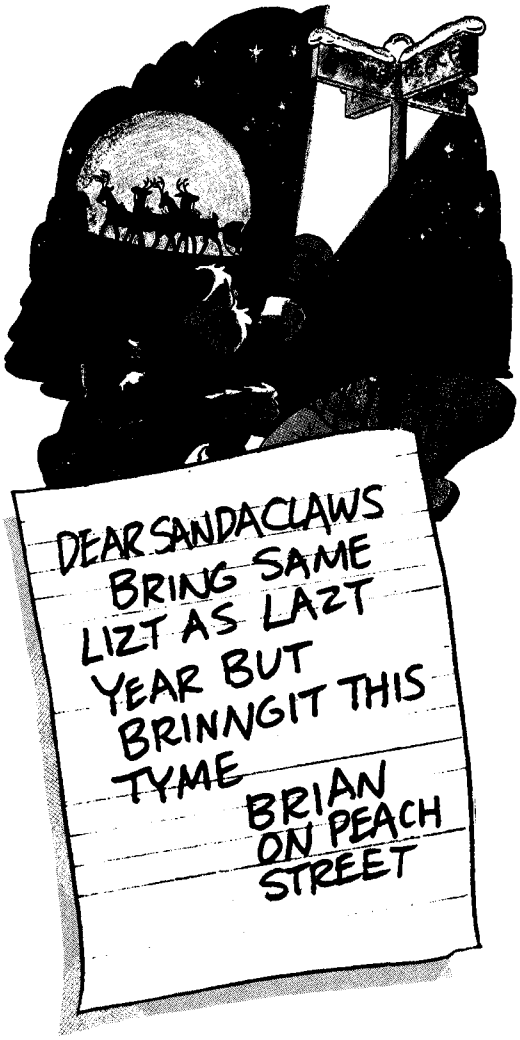

DERE SANTCLOS...

"When you com to our hose don't come down the chemny becuz it gos to the furnis and you will burn up. Here are the drekshuns..."

by Teresa Bloomingdale

Illustrated by Ed Cortese

Although letter writing is becoming a lost art, writing letters to Santa Claus is still a popular pastime, especially in the primary grades where teachers are frantically trying to keep six-, seven- and eight-year-olds occupied during that last hectic week before Christmas.

Following are a few examples of the creativity and confidence (not to mention greed) of a group of third-graders who were assigned Letters to Santa Claus as a class project. Fortunately, I was able to rescue these gems before the conscientious teacher had time to correct them and send them off to the North Pole. (Of course, she would send them on to Santa Claus! Teachers are Believers, you know. They have to be!)

Dear Santa,
Santa this may sownd a littel okwerd to you but a wont a computer and a club like captin caivmans Oh by the way this will be my last leter to you all be nine nest year and wont beleve in Santa Claus.
P.S. But I beleve in Santa Claus this year!
Love, Jeff

Dear Sanna Clas,
For Christmas I want a tenspeid bike and a raesing set and a gun that shoots real water. Pleese hurry.
Love, Martin

Dear Santa Claus,
I hope you have a very nice Christmas. I hope I have a very nice Christmas. By-by.
Love, Julie

Dear Santa,
How are you doing? I am doing good. Will you get me skies and boxin gluvs and candy and toys and if I thing of enything else I'll let you no.
Love Patty.

Dear Santa,
My mommy says I can have a doll that eats and drinks and cries but duznt know how to wet.
Love, Annie

Dear Santa,
Plese bring me a baby bruthr for Chrismas. My dad says you dont have babees at the North Pole and maybe you will bring me a puppy insted. Id rather have a baby bruthr. P.S. You can bring a puppy to if you want to.
Luv, Tim

Dear Santa,
For Christmas I would like a legoe set and a crash up derby. And make lots of noise when you come so I can see you this year.
Your friend, Steve

Dear Santa Claus,
I would like a stereo with a radio and a Record player and things for my train track. I don't know what else because my Birtday is coming up and if I don't get things I want then I'll let you know sos you can bring them for Christmas. If you bring records don't bring the little kids kind.
Love, Kevin

Dear Santa Claus,
I hope you have a nise Christmas. I hope you got a lot of toys becuse there are going to be a lot of chilren hear. I hope you got something reely nice. I hope I can see you on christmas eve. I hope we get a new chrismas tree insted of a new baby lak last year.
Love, Kathleen

Dear Santa Claus:
How are you? I am fine. I don't want much this year but i know my sister does. Here is my list tape recorder, woodstoke puppit, a alesander doll and a lot of jewrie.
Love, Kristin

Dear Santa Claus,
I hope you have a nice Christmas and here are some thing I hope for a football a Aircraft carrier that shote two shotes two planes off it.
Love, Mike

Dear Santa Claws,
I want a hydrocopter and shogun and a machie gun and some other stuff that you want to get rid of I hope you are having a nize time at the North Poll.
Love, Mike

Dear Santa Clas,
Whin you com to our hose don't com down our chemny becuz it gos to the furnis and you will burn up! Here are the drekshuns Cum to the front dor and my dad will let you in.
Your frend Francis

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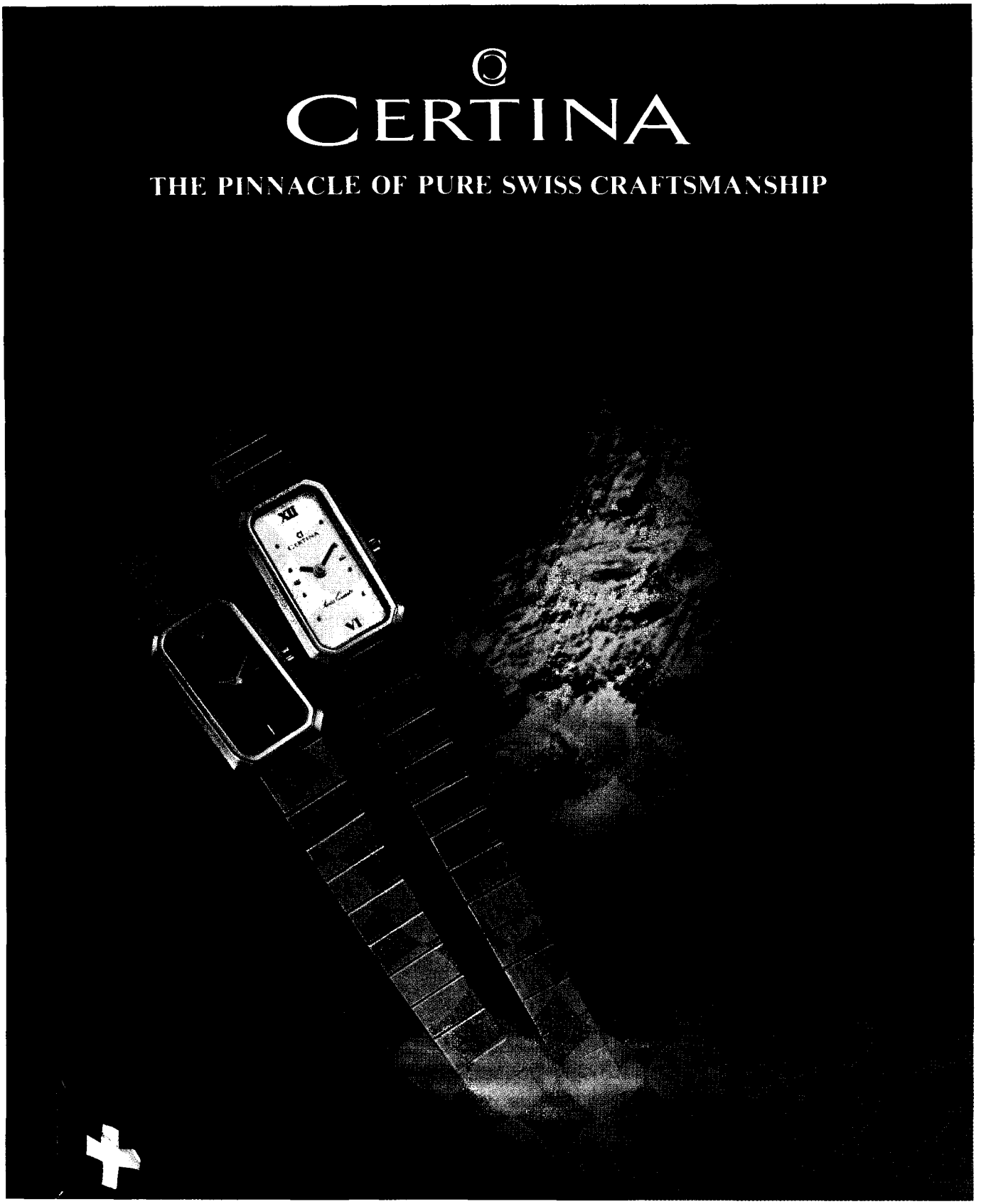
CERTINA

THE PINNACLE OF PURE SWISS CRAFTSMANSHIP



Introducing the exciting new Certina SwissQuartz collection.
Fashioned in the Swiss tradition of excellence. *All Swiss.*
Painstakingly crafted to combine style, accuracy and durability.
Elegant, yet rugged. Each Certina Watch is *water-resistant to 100 feet.* And fully backed by a *two-year warranty* covering both movement and bracelet. Certina SwissQuartz.
Truly a watch for *all occasions.* *From $125 to $350.*

GRANAT BROS
A Fine Jeweler Since 1905

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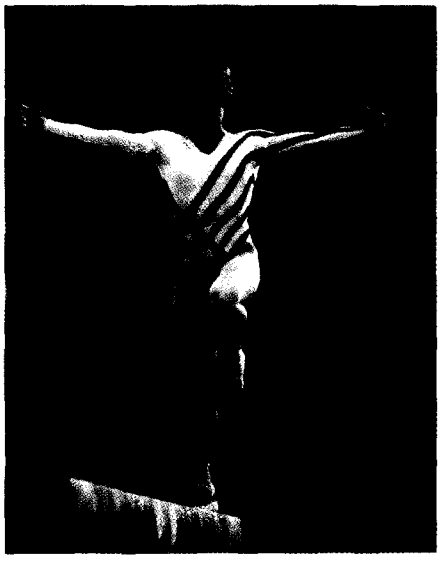
Post People

The fans who scream themselves hoarse at their concerts may know them as Merrill, Alan, Wayne and Jay, but to everybody else they are the ***Osmond Brothers***, the same who as little fellows appeared regularly on the "Andy Williams Show" and were frequent guests of Jerry Lewis as well. Plans for celebrating the 25th anniversary of their professional careers include getting fellow entertainers and fans together for a Caribbean cruise on the *Norway*.

Tom Selleck was no doubt glad to get out of his tux and back into his swim trunks after taking over for his dear but ailing friend Carol Burnett to host the 36th annual Emmy awards show this fall. Only a television honor so great could drag him away from his home in heaven—make that Hawaii—and into the melee of L.A. Back at Oahu, Tom continues to churn out episodes of his highly rated "Magnum" opus as the nice-guy sex symbol for millions of fans.



If you were one of the millions of viewers who fell in love with the 10-acious 4'9", 92-pound gymnast in this year's Olympic Games, meeting ***Mary Lou Retton*** in person would only add fuel to the fire. "Mary Lou is everything you see on TV," says her former principal.

"She's the greatest thing that ever happened to West Virginia!" exclaimed Governor Jay Rockefeller, at a wild homecoming in Fairmont. Her Romanian-born coach, Bela Karolyi, is still being swamped with calls from prospective new students. But he feels he's done more than just pull in business. "Now kids here have a live idol," he says. "That's what I'm really proud of."

Swarthmore College could have made no better investment than the $2,000 scholarship to a small-town boy who would win the Pulitzer Prize for his *Tales from the South Pacific*.

"I had always thought of this 'considerable sum' as a loan against my future earnings," says ***James A. Michener***. He recently paid off the loan—with interest. $1,998,000 interest, to be exact.

This family that prays together stays together, but not for long at a time. Since this Texas fund-raiser barbecue, ***Jerry Falwell*** has been city-hopping and speaking to service clubs and university audiences around the country on his favorite topic, religion-and-politics. Back home, his wife and children are busy pursuing diplomas at Liberty Baptist College—Jonathan as a freshman, Jeannie, a junior with her eye on the University of Virginia Medical School, and Mrs. Falwell in her second year of studies.

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and Add to Their Learning

PROVERBS 1:5

Now you can enj[illegible] the Holy Bible o[illegible] cassette packages [illegible] before. These crisp, [illegible] voices, special sound [illegible] they follow word-for-word the highly acclaimed New International Version translation.

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The Holy Bible on Cassette makes a great gift idea, too. Families will find these recordings refreshing for family devotions. Patients in nursing homes or hospitals will derive hours of comfort and enjoyment. And they're a perfect choice for so many others:

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THE GOSPELS $24.95
PSALMS AND PROVERBS $24.95
THE NEW TESTAMENT $49.95

RECEIVE A FREE BIBLE!

If order any of these exciting selections by Dec. 31, 1984, you'll also receive a FREE printed copy of the New International Version Bible. Ideal to take to church along with the tape, [illegible] the Holy Scriptures [illegible]

- Crisp, Clear Recordings
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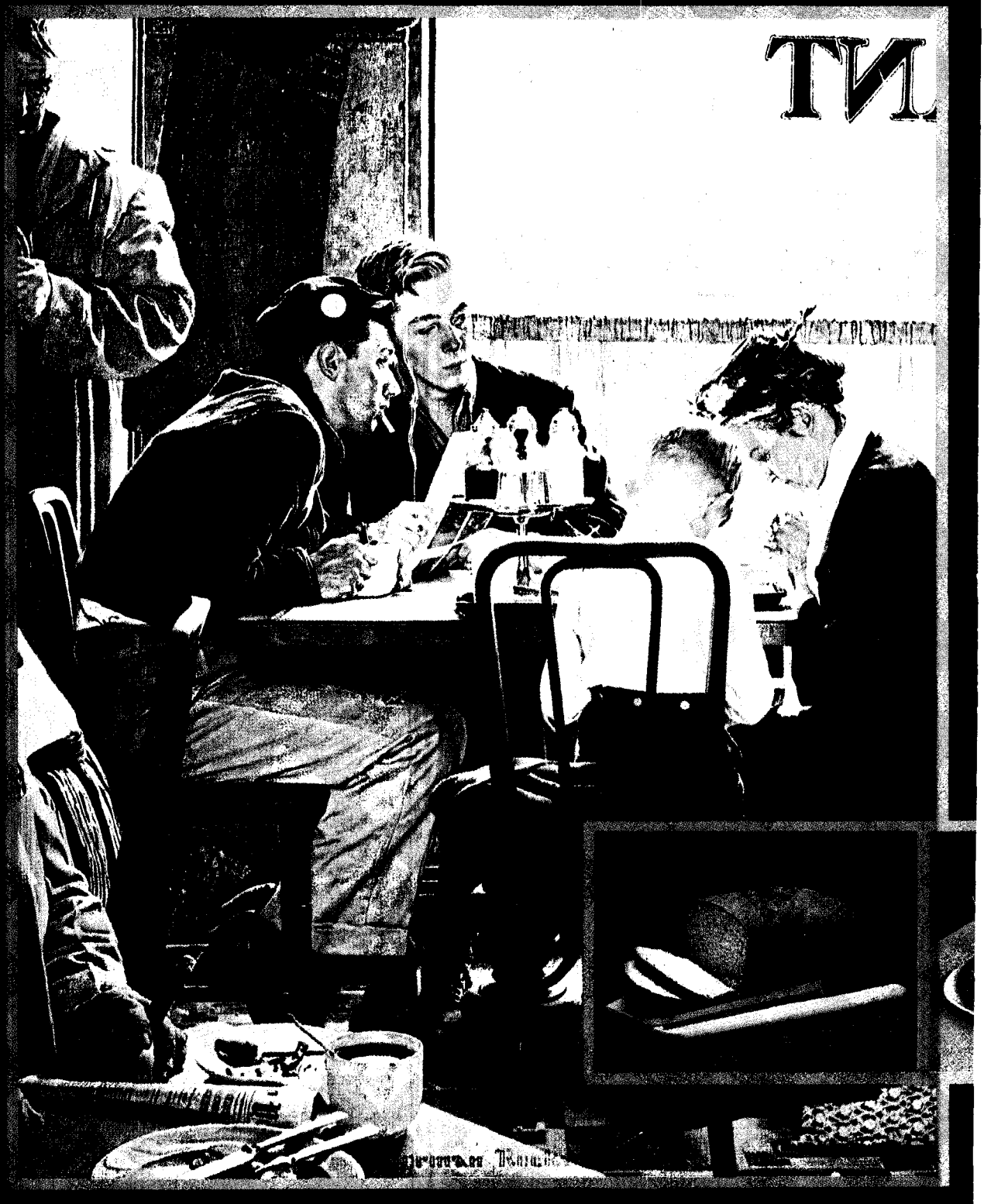
Give thanks with



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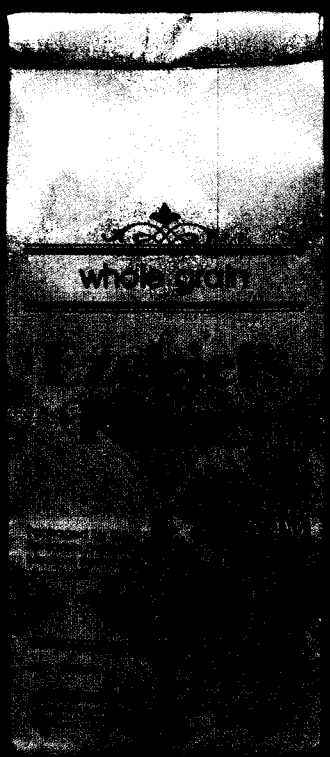
Ezekiel's bread...

Get a FREE bag of Ezekiel's flour with each subscription or renewal extension



Variety may be the spice of life, but when it comes to grains and beans, variety also provides the proteins that add the spice of good health. And we would like to see you get that variety every day, in one fell swoop, by giving you a FREE bag of Ezekiel's flour with each paid subscription or renewal to the *SatEvePost*.

Created by the old prophet himself—perhaps with divine guidance—this assortment of grains and beans, the only recipe in the Bible, includes red wheat, rye, barley, millet, green lentils, great northern beans, red kidney beans and pinto beans.

And why do we give our new and renewal subscribers flour instead of an extra issue of the *Post*? Because we want our readers to fight obesity and cancer and other health hazards with high fiber. People who get more of their protein from grains rather than animal foods, with all their fat, stay healthier and slimmer. That's why we also recommend that our *Post* family members drink skim milk and eat cereals.

And that is why we have made it so hard for you to turn down this health-giving bag of FREE flour. So. . . be smart, stay healthy, subscribe or renew today and begin baking with this ready-made variety of proteins. It's tasty, too.

Bread made from Ezekiel's flour will be only the beginning for the family who knows what's good for them.

The old prophet rightly predicted this high-fiber flour of many grains would fight today's health hazards.

☐ *1 year (9 issues) - $12.97*
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A BRIGHT & LIGHT HOLIDAY BUFFET

Trim your table and your waistline with tasty red, green and white appetizers that are healthy and light.

By Francine Prince

One of the glories of Christmas we all look forward to is the burst of beautiful colors. The tree, the decorations, the giftwrappings—all so merry and bright. Here is my contribution to the brilliant palette of Christmas dining—light and delicious hors d'oeuvres, appetizers and a soup resplendent with the greens and reds and snowy whites of yuletide. And to toast the season—one of my favorites, Old English Mulled Punch.

All are light and nutritious, and best of all, they won't fill you up as most starters do—so you *can* enjoy the rest of your meal. Double the recipes if your home is overflowing with friends and family. Merry Christmas and good, healthful, *colorful* eating to all!

Lime-Chicken Tidbits
(Makes 10-12 servings)

2 whole chicken breasts, skinned and boned
1 package (9 oz.) frozen artichoke hearts, thawed
¼ cup each lime juice and oil
1 tablespoon parsley, chopped
½ teaspoon each basil and oregano leaves, crushed
¼ teaspoon thyme, crushed
¼ to ½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons pimiento, chopped
Lime wedges

Cut chicken into 1-inch cubes; mix with cut artichoke hearts. Combine lime juice, oil, parsley, herbs and salt. Pour over chicken and artichokes; turn to coat thoroughly. Cover and refrigerate 1 hour. Cook in skillet 4 to 5 minutes or until chicken is thoroughly cooked. Add pimiento. Garnish with lime wedges; serve with picks and high-fiber wheat crisps.

Variation: Scallops or shrimp may be substituted for the chicken.

Please your holiday guests with tangy and colorful low-fat, high-fiber appetizers such as Lime-Chicken Tidbits and Lime-Marinated Vegetables.

Lime-Marinated Vegetables
(Makes 12 servings)

2 cups each cherry tomatoes, cauliflowerets and sliced celery
½ cup lime marinade (above)

Combine vegetables and marinade. Cover and refrigerate several hours or overnight.

Creamy Broccoli Bisque
(Serves 4-5)

2 tablespoons corn oil
⅓ cup shallots, minced, or combination minced shallots and onions
4 cups fresh broccoli florets (1 large bunch)
1 tablespoon apple-cider vinegar
2½ cups low-sodium chicken broth, preferably homemade
½ cup unsweetened apple juice
1 tablespoon regular cream of wheat
1 tablespoon curry powder
½ teaspoon nutmeg, freshly grated
Salt to taste, if desired
Several sprigs parsley tied into bundle with white thread
3 tablespoons evaporated milk
2 tablespoons carrot, grated for garnish

Heat oil in heavy-bottomed kettle until hot. Sauté shallots until wilted but not brown and stir often. Add broccoli and sauté for 1 minute. Add vinegar and cook for 1 minute. Then add chicken broth and apple juice. Bring to boil.

Sprinkle with cream of wheat. Stir in curry powder, half of nutmeg and salt, if desired. Drop in parsley bundle. Reduce heat to simmering. Cover and simmer for 12 minutes and stir once midway. Uncover and partially cool. Discard parsley bundle.

Pour mixture into blender (half at a time), add remaining ¼ teaspoon nutmeg and purée until smooth. Return to kettle. Whisk in milk. Reheat to just under boiling point. Pour into serving dishes, sprinkle with carrot and serve.

continued on following page

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Chex® Party Mix. The Life of the Party!

At holiday get-togethers, it's easy to be the life of the party. People never seem to get enough of the naturally lively taste of Chex Party Mix, so chock-full of crunchy grain tastes, munchy nuts, irresistible seasonings. So to make yourself the hit of your next party, just make plenty of Chex Party Mix.

Traditional Chex® Party Mix

- ½ cup (1 stick) **Parkay Margarine**
- 1¼ teaspoons seasoned salt
- 4½ teaspoons **French's Worcestershire Sauce**
- 2⅔ cups **Corn Chex®** cereal
- 2⅔ cups **Rice Chex®** cereal
- 2⅔ cups **Wheat Chex®** cereal
- 1 cup salted mixed nuts

Preheat oven to 250°. Heat margarine in large shallow roasting pan (about 15 x 10 x 2 inches) in oven until melted. Remove. Stir in seasoned salt and Worcestershire sauce. Add Chex and nuts. Mix until all pieces are coated. Heat in oven 1 hour. Stir every 15 minutes. Spread on absorbent paper to cool.

Microwave directions: In large bowl melt margarine on High 1 minute. Stir in seasoned salt and Worcestershire sauce. Add Chex and nuts. Mix until all pieces are coated. Microwave on High 6 to 7 minutes, stirring every 2 minutes. Makes about 9 cups.

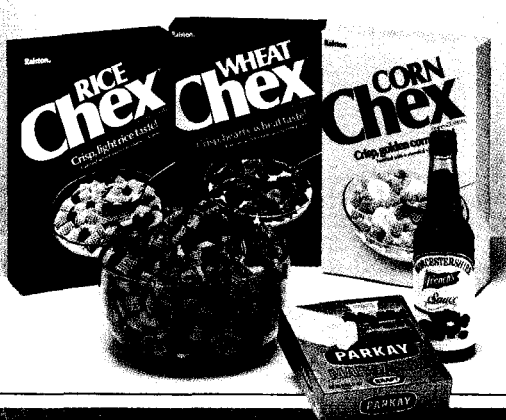
5-Minute Cheesy Crunch

- 5 tablespoons **Parkay Margarine**
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 6 cups your favorite **Chex®** cereal
- ⅓ cup grated Parmesan cheese

Melt margarine in large skillet over low heat. Stir in salt. Add Chex. Stir until all pieces are coated. Continue to heat and stir for 5 to 6 minutes or until Chex are lightly toasted. Sprinkle on cheese; stir to coat all pieces. Spread on absorbent paper to cool.

Microwave directions: Melt margarine in large bowl on High 50 to 60 seconds. Stir in salt. Add Chex; stir to coat all pieces. Microwave High 2½ to 3 minutes, stirring every 30 seconds. Sprinkle on cheese; stir to coat evenly. Spread on absorbent paper to cool. Makes 6 cups.

Free fixin's for our mix.



See specially marked Chex® brand cereal packages for offer.

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It was a time of aristocratic splendor! Of gallant officers...beautiful women...Peter the Great...the incomparable Catherine...of Nicholas and Alexandra. A time of romance and destiny! In such a time was Romanoff Caviar born. Today, throughout the world, Romanoff remains the standard of excellence from Monte Carlo to Majorca, from New York to Newport, from Saint Tropez to Saint Moritz.

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Rainbow Fish on a Skewer
(Serves 8)

2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
1 tablespoon frozen orange-juice concentrate
3 tablespoons evaporated skim milk
1 teaspoon dried tarragon leaves, crumbled
4 dashes ground red (cayenne) pepper
1 pound halibut (1 slice), boned and skinned
8 large, sweet red peppers
8 large, sweet green peppers
8 large, firm mushroom caps, wiped clean
3 tablespoons shallots, minced
1 tablespoon sweet butter/margarine blend, cut into small pieces
3 tablespoons grated Danish Havarti or Swiss cheese

Combine first 5 ingredients in bowl, stirring to blend. Cut fish into 16 1½" chunks. Marinate in orange juice mixture for 30 minutes. Preheat broiler. On each of 8 small trussing skewers, alternate fish, peppers and 1 mushroom cap. Lay in shallow broiling pan. Pour any remaining marinade over skewers. Sprinkle equal amounts of shallots onto each skewer. Dot with butter/margarine blend. Broil 6 inches from heat for 8 minutes and turn once midway. Sprinkle with cheese. Baste with pan juices and return to broiler for 6 minutes. Spoon with pan juices and serve immediately.

Variation: Substitute 1 pound sea scallops (each scallop cut in half) for halibut.

Crunchy Shrimp with Piquant Sauce
(Makes 4-6 servings)

1 pound medium shrimp, unshelled
1 bay leaf
1 tablespoon apple-cider vinegar
2 sprigs parsley
3 sweet red peppers
1 tablespoon extra virgin olive oil
⅓ cup onion, minced
1 tablespoon garlic, minced
3 tablespoons fresh parsley or dill, minced
5 teaspoons each fresh lemon juice and red-wine vinegar
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
2 tablespoons low-fat plain yogurt
Salt to taste, if desired

To prepare shrimp: Fill deep saucepan with water, bay leaf, vinegar and parsley. Bring to rolling boil. Add shrimp. Bring to slow boil. Partially cover and cook for 6 minutes. Drain immediately. Shell and devein. Chill. To prepare dip: Preheat broiler. Place peppers on rack on broiling pan and char on all sides. Turn often. Transfer to plastic bag and seal. Let stand for 15 minutes. Cut peppers in half. Seed and peel (skin will peel off easily). Coarsely chop. Place in bowl. Heat oil in nonstick skillet. Lightly sauté onion and garlic until translucent. Combine with peppers. Add

"No, I did not forget to buy the batteries! See those things? They're called pedals! You just put your feet on them and..."

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parsley or dill. In cup, blend lemon juice, vinegar and mustard with fork. Stir into pepper mixture. Then stir in yogurt and salt, if desired. Chill. Arrange shrimp on decorative plate with cup of piquant sauce in center.

Pineapple-Nut Cheese Spread
(Serves 8)

¼ cup chopped walnuts
1 tablespoon minced parsley
½ cup low-fat cottage cheese
⅓ cup crushed pineapple, packed in unsweetened pineapple juice, drained
½ teaspoon ground ginger
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
2 teaspoons fresh lemon juice
½ teaspoon lemon rind, grated
1 tablespoon chopped orange peel

Combine all ingredients except orange peel in blender or food processor. Blend until smooth. Transfer to jar and chill several hours or overnight. Spread on whole-grain flatbread crackers or thin-sliced pumpernickel and sprinkle with orange peel.

Three-way Eggplant Caviar
(Makes 6-8 servings)

1 pound eggplant
¾ pound ripe tomatoes
1 tablespoon minced garlic
½ cup onion or shallot, minced
2 tablespoons fresh dill or parsley, minced
2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
1 tablespoon red-wine vinegar
2 teaspoons tomato paste
½ teaspoon curry powder
⅛ teaspoon ground red (cayenne) pepper
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Salt to taste, if desired

Prick eggplant with sharp-pronged fork. Place on baking sheet and bake in preheated 400° F. oven for 45 minutes. Let cool. Peel and dice. Drop tomatoes into boiling water for 1 minute. Core and peel. Let cool. Dice. In bowl, combine diced eggplant and tomato. Add balance of ingredients, one at a time, and stir gently after each addition (do not mash). For fully ripened flavor, store overnight in tightly sealed container. As an hors d'oeuvre, spread on thin, whole-grain crackers; as a first course, serve on bed of crisp lettuce leaves; as a relish, serve along with main course.

Old English Mulled Punch
(Serves 8)

2 sweet apples, cored and coarsely chopped
⅔ cup pineapple tidbits, packed in unsweetened pineapple juice
1½ cups unsweetened pineapple juice
2 cups unsweetened apple juice
1 teaspoon cardamom seeds, lightly crushed
2 cinnamon sticks
8 whole cloves
4 cups strong mint herb tea
3 tablespoons unfiltered honey

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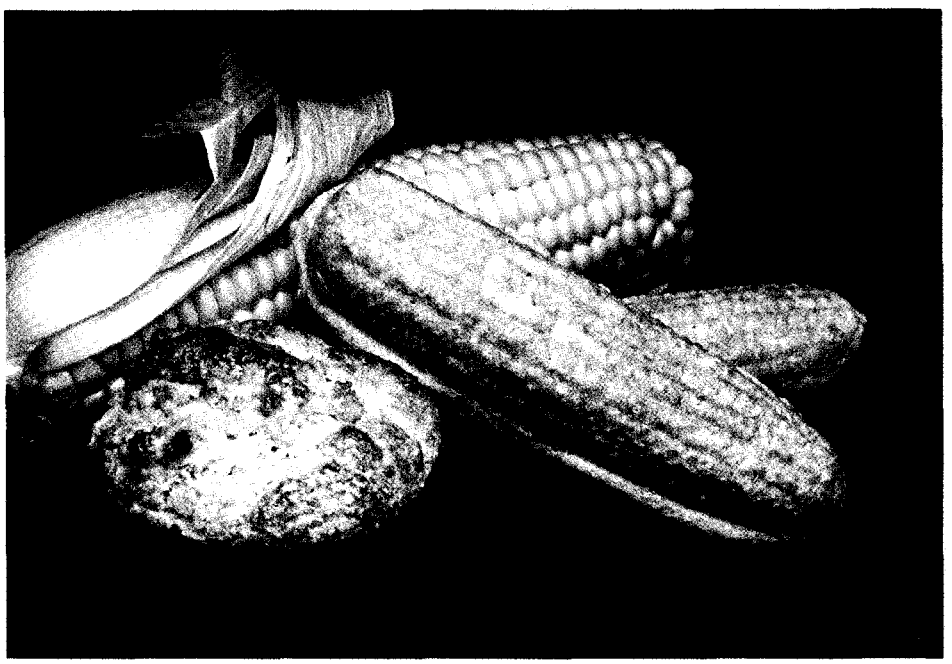
The Natural Wonders of High-Lysine Corn



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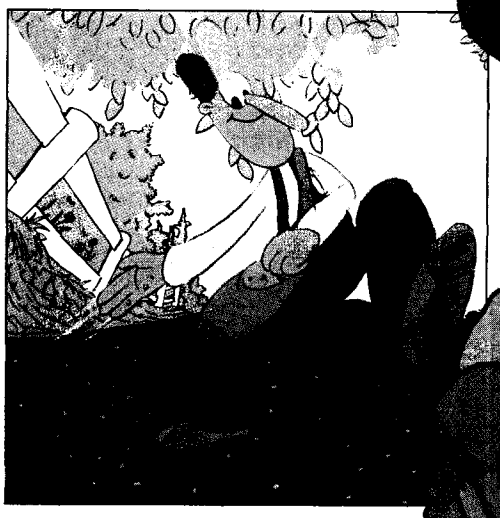
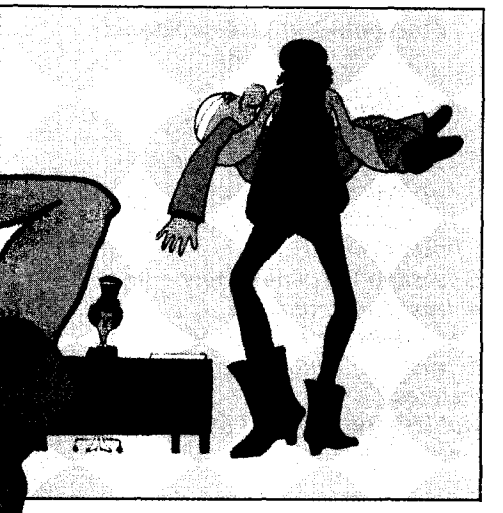
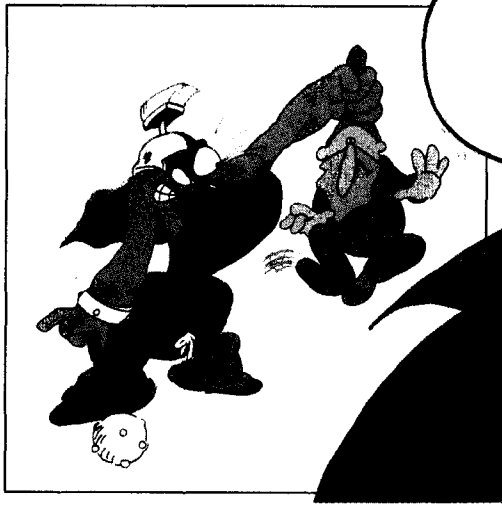


THE SEED AND THE SOWER This penetrating story abounds with captivating images, compelling the viewer to a confrontation with the question: What kind of soil is my heart? (Matthew 13:4-9, 18-30; Mark 4:1-9, 13-20)



THE GOOD NEIGHBOUR A high-booted biker comes to the rescue of a motorist who has been beaten and left for dead in this contemporary illustration of the Good Samaritan. (Luke 10:29-37)



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Cinnamon sticks

Combine first 8 ingredients in saucepan. Heat to simmering. Cover and simmer for 12 minutes. Stir in honey. Let stand 5 minutes. Strain and serve hot with cinnamon sticks.

Savory Hot Chicken Balls
(Makes 6-8 servings)

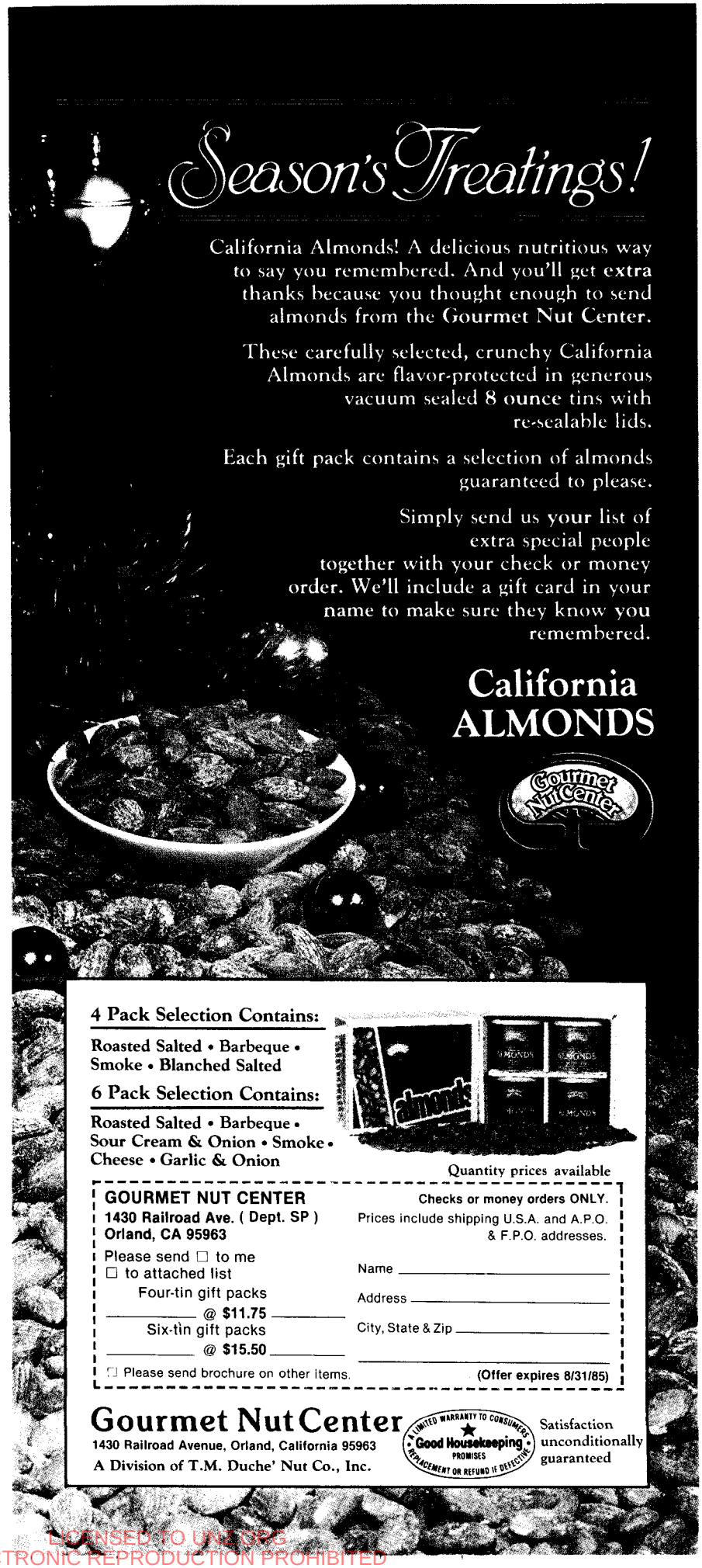
1 pound boned and skinned chicken breasts cut into 1-inch chunks
1 rib celery, sliced
3 tablespoons coarsely chopped shallots
1 tablespoon coarsely chopped garlic
⅓ cup loosely packed parsley flowerets
½ teaspoon each ground ginger and freshly grated nutmeg
6 dashes ground red (cayenne) pepper
2 tablespoons plain toasted wheat germ
1 small egg
1 teaspoon Oriental sesame oil, or dry sherry
1½ teaspoons Dijon mustard
2 tablespoons low-fat plain yogurt
2 teaspoons corn oil
½ lemon

Coarsely grind first 5 ingredients in food grinder. Turn into bowl and add spices and wheat germ. Blend well. Set aside. In cup combine egg, sesame oil or sherry, and mustard. Beat lightly with fork. Stir into chicken mixture. Fold in yogurt. Cover and chill in freezer for 10 minutes. With moistened hands, shape into 26 balls. Oil large nonstick skillet, and heat. Sauté balls until lightly browned. Sprinkle with lemon juice and arrange on warm serving dish. Pierce with cocktail picks and serve at once.

Savory Cheese Dip
(Makes ½ cup)

1 cup dry-curd cottage cheese
⅓ cup low-fat plain yogurt
1 shallot, minced
1 small onion, minced
½ teaspoon dried tarragon leaves, crushed
3 dashes cayenne pepper
1 teaspoon parsley and dill, freshly chopped
1 teaspoon garlic powder
¼ teaspoon dry mustard dissolved in ½ teaspoon water
1 tablespoon tomato juice

Combine all ingredients in blender and purée until smooth.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An Americ

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RIDE A GOLDEN HORSE

Only one person could handle the killer stallion—a boy with the reputation of a coward.

by Stewart Toland

Synopsis

Chess was just a young boy when he found the orphan colt on the open range. He did not touch it because he wanted it to grow up wild, and so it did—so wild that it killed two men who sought its capture. Thus the horse became a legend called Gateado. No one after that was willing to chase Gateado until P.T. Barnum's men came to town offering $5,000 for the horse' capture. Then a greedy man ran Gateado to exhaustion and began to tie him up. Chess' father, Ollie Yalden, offered to ransom the horse for $8,000, but Barnum's men countered with $10,000. It seemed Gateado's fate was sealed, but then, in one last burst of fury, the horse kicked free.

Conclusion

Men had thought about how Gateado got away—Ollie Yalden for one. He eased his horse out of the ring and got his rope so he could swing. And two brothers on the other side were doing the same and they were watching Ollie. And Gateado was looking over his shoulder and watching the hole he was carving, and he tore the tied ropes loose and jumped out and was free, except for the one more dead man he had to cross. For the dancing man who had almost touched a fortune couldn't let it go, not even if he had to hold it with his bare hands.

Ollie Yalden was the first after him. But the two brothers had thought of that. One roped Ollie right off his horse, while the other roped Gateado, and both kept roping and tying. Before the horse could do anything but scream, they had eight ropes on him, and all he could move was his ears and his eyes and his teeth, biting for men. And the brothers said they'd be pleased to sell him for $10,000. Gold. They'd have the money or Gateado's leather. And to make sure that eight ropes were enough, and no one would have to take watch and watchabout, they got teams and moved boulders until there was a rock corral like a mountain around him. And they topped that with a few loads of cactus and horned skulls lying here and there. And the brothers said they'd give $1,000 to anyone who would go rip up a railroad spur, wherever there might be one, and bring a smith and let him bar up a cage that would be stronger than a train and could be pulled right over the horse as he stood. They were clever-thinking men. This time there wasn't any doubting about it being their gold.

And everyone wanted to be their friend and set them up for a drink or two, for the drinking parlors had brought out their barrels. And the Eating Palace had brought a kettle and beans and butchered a steer, and the tonsorial parlor brought its mugs and perfumes, and the gamblers some cards and tricks, and it was like fair time.

The fires burned all night and the night beyond, and the laughter was louder than it should be, for a beast that had been stronger than all wasn't any more. And a man—he wasn't rich enough to buy the horse he wanted, wasn't strong enough to take it and he had been laid in the dirt, and the men who did it lived. People shrugged and looked at the son and said, "Blood will tell." It was a good-tasting bitterness on their tongues, for it is a pleasant thing to watch the crumbling of a king.

And Ollie Yalden sat his horse and listened and watched his son, standing by the great iron cage that was almost done. Chess walked inside and tried it bar by bar. Then he went to the rock corral and climbed on the jumble of horns.

It was sunset and the time of the wild horses. Only Gateado had been tied to the east, so even this had been stolen from him—the last sunset. And he was grieving for it. It was the loneliest look that Chess had ever seen.

And he ran to his father and he said, "Pa, is it true that things can die of no more than a broken heart?"

And his father said he thought it could be true. And he looked at his boy he didn't know, at the urgency that had made Chess forget he was shy. Ollie Yalden slid off his horse. He said, "The will to live is sometimes so strong that things will die for it—the wild, free things that are not born to be caged and cannot understand that all of us are caged. There are bars of iron about each of us. You are bound by everything people thought you ought to be because you are your father's son. And I am bound by everything people want to take from me because I have been strong too

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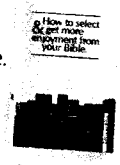

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long." And he thought about that. "The horse Gateado has the easier cage. Come let us roll in our blankets and sleep."

They walked beyond the fires and rolled in their saddle blankets, and Chess said he was cold and asked to sleep close to his father—so close his hand lay on the gun in the gun belt under his father's head. And when Ollie was breathing slow enough to be asleep, Chess pulled out the gun and tiptoed into the night.

He went to the rock corral and crawled up and over and down into the blackness of it. And he said, "If your heart is too strong to die, I will set you free. I have a gun, and there are two bullets in it." And he thought about what two men would do if, instead of $10,000, all they had was leather. And he knew. The prey had chosen its hunters. And he was not afraid. And after a little he said, "But tonight we are alive and together and we will talk of what might have been."

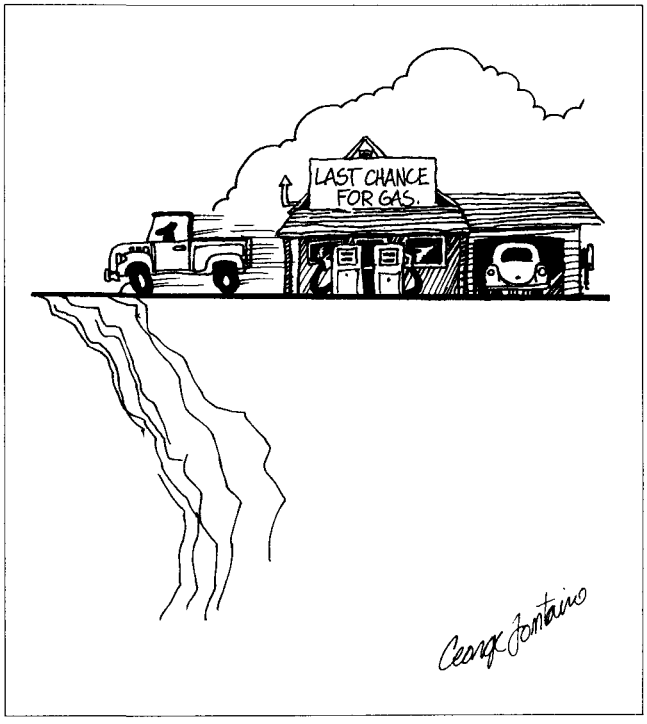
And he told of the colt he had wanted as his friend. Only he'd been too poor and weak a thing to own and guard a friend. And he told about men, about their gold and their measures—about his father and how Chess had cried because he could not be like him.

And the horse blew softly in his nose, testing to see if there was breath enough. And he snapped his teeth to see if the taste of freedom was in them still.

And the boy and the night listened. Then, the boy began talking again, for it seemed easy to talk once you started. He said, "Do you know what men call you? They say you are an honest horse because you know what you are. You have counted out all your talents and you tell what they are and you are what you are."

He looked at his hands, as though he had never seen them before—as he never really had, for all his life he had measured only the talents he didn't own. He had never been honest with himself, but only tried to be a counterfeit. He looked at the horse and its talents, and he said, "I have a talent too. I have gentle hands." And he searched all inside himself to see if there might be another talent. And he found understanding for the lost and lonely. He had two talents, and that ought to be enough for any man.

And he crouched there looking at the horse, for he had talked the night away, and it was the time just before the morning, the time when ghosts can be seen and before you can know they are only mist. And he saw all the things that used to be when the horse was second only to God, when his name was the same as God. That was what the Indian called the horse, and how he loved him. One does not beat down gods. And so, for his horse, the fierce Indian had only held gentle hands—for his horse and his son. It was the way he tamed them. And Chess thought about that, but still he talked—little cooings and softlings of words that had nothing to tell but love, as the sound of the anvil thundered over the land, louder than a boy voice or the roaring of a gun if one should roar.



The cage was finished, even to ankle irons. And they dragged it to the rock corral and began tearing an opening. And they were so busy huffing and puffing they didn't notice Chess against the inside wall. He looked as though he slept. And the horse Gateado, tied rigid in his ropes, seemed to be sleeping too.

And the brothers yelled, "Ho!" so every shoulder would bend and push the cage through and over the horse like a sock coming over a leg. And they got their knives to cut the ropes as the bars passed. But before the cage could move, there came the softest sound, like a hissing.

"No!" The leaning men leaned a little more. And it came again. "How can a man have a thing to sell if all he owns of it is the wrapping?"

The brothers cursed their way into the corral. A hundred men tore their clothes and hands crawling over the rocks and cactus and horns to see if what they'd heard was what they heard. And they saw the horse Gateado drowsing in his ropes and they saw the boy Chess drowsing against the wall and the brothers lifting him up by the coat on the point of their knives. He hung there between them like a long, thin sack of meal. One of the brothers slapped him across the mouth, for slapped mouths usually say what you want them to say. And sure enough, this mouth said something.

It said, "The ropes are yours. But the horse Gateado is mine. And he is not for sale."

This time the slap was harder. It bloodied him and sent him into the dirt. And the horse Gateado opened his eyes to watch. And a hundred men turned to watch Ollie Yalden, and Ollie Yalden watched his son as he was laid in the dirt and drawn upon, for the brothers held guns. And Chess looked at them and went on sleeving off the blood, but he never moved his right hand that still stayed in his coat pocket.

He said, "I stole my pa's gun last night, for I thought I might have some killings to do. I don't know how I'll do, for I've never killed before. But I might have beginner's luck." And he smiled as if he weren't afraid at all—to kill or die, whichever it was to be. And he wasn't. For what the brothers couldn't see beneath the coat was that the gun was pointed at Gateado, there just between the fire of his eyes. And Chess said, because he had figured it all out before, "I wonder if the papers back East would like to know that Mr. Barnum bought a sto-

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len horse for his two bags of gold."

Ah! The papers back East that thought all the world was their prey and that they were stronger than gold, or boys or even men with guns.

And the man in the beaver hat said, "I saw them rope him, and that is all one has to do to own a wild horse. Who says they do not own him?"

"The horse. And horses are honest, and men can lie. The brothers' ropes say he is theirs; my tongue says he is mine. Let us prove who lies. Let the horse have his say. Let him sit his master on his back."

A hundred tongues licked as many lips and said, "Let the horse have his say!" For if there was one thing the West liked better than living, it was seeing how fools died. So, they looked at the freight wagon with the remnants of three dead men painted on its splinters and they yelled, "Let the horse decide!"

And Ollie Yalden said not a word. He'd told enough when he told his son to choose his hunters. He'd heard enough when he pretended sleep to know what had wrapped his boy's hand about a gun; and he heard him talking a horse all the long of a night, doing what he didn't know he did—for horses like to be talked to most of all. It seems that words soothe the furies in them.

The brothers looked to the mounds no one had bothered to put crosses on and they said no. "The ropes are ours—that is proof enough!"

Chess picked up one of the knives. "I'll give you back your ropes, and that will be a better proof."

They meant to, they could have shot him right then—only there is a fascination that holds one rigid watching a man walking to his death.

Chess cut the neck ropes from the boulders and he bundled them and walked along them, closer and closer still, not a stalking walking, but a strolling—like a man who has no place to go and all of a lifetime to go it in. He reached the end of the rope and laid a hand on the gold-colored horse that was still tied too tight to do any more than scream and tremble.

And the throng held its breath and watched and knew what he was doing. For most had heard of how the Indians tamed their horses; for with the scalps of all his battles plain on his lance, an Indian didn't need to break his horse with fury. He didn't have to ride him down to prove his strength; he could gentle him and not be ashamed, as Chess wasn't ashamed. For he had two talents and he laid them on that horse, on every inch of him. He crawled under the belly, he laid his hands in the warmth of the thighs, he cut the ropes. One by one he dropped them in a little pile like dead snakes. And then he came to the ropes on the hind legs that had crushed three skulls. He leaned his cheek against one leg, and there were men later who said he cried. Surely he was trembling, as the horse trembled.

And when he found he wasn't dead, Chess stood, laid his arms across the horse' back and lifted himself a little, hardly more than tiptoe. He did it again and again, each time a mite higher, until he raised his leg and sat that horse. And the beast's eyes showed more white than dark as Chess closed his knees and wrapped his fingers in the thick of the mane. The ears were so far back that he did not seem to have ears, and he pawed the ground. Chess lay along his neck and said things men couldn't hear because of the shouting from that throng—for if there's one thing the West liked better than most, it was a strong man being strong.

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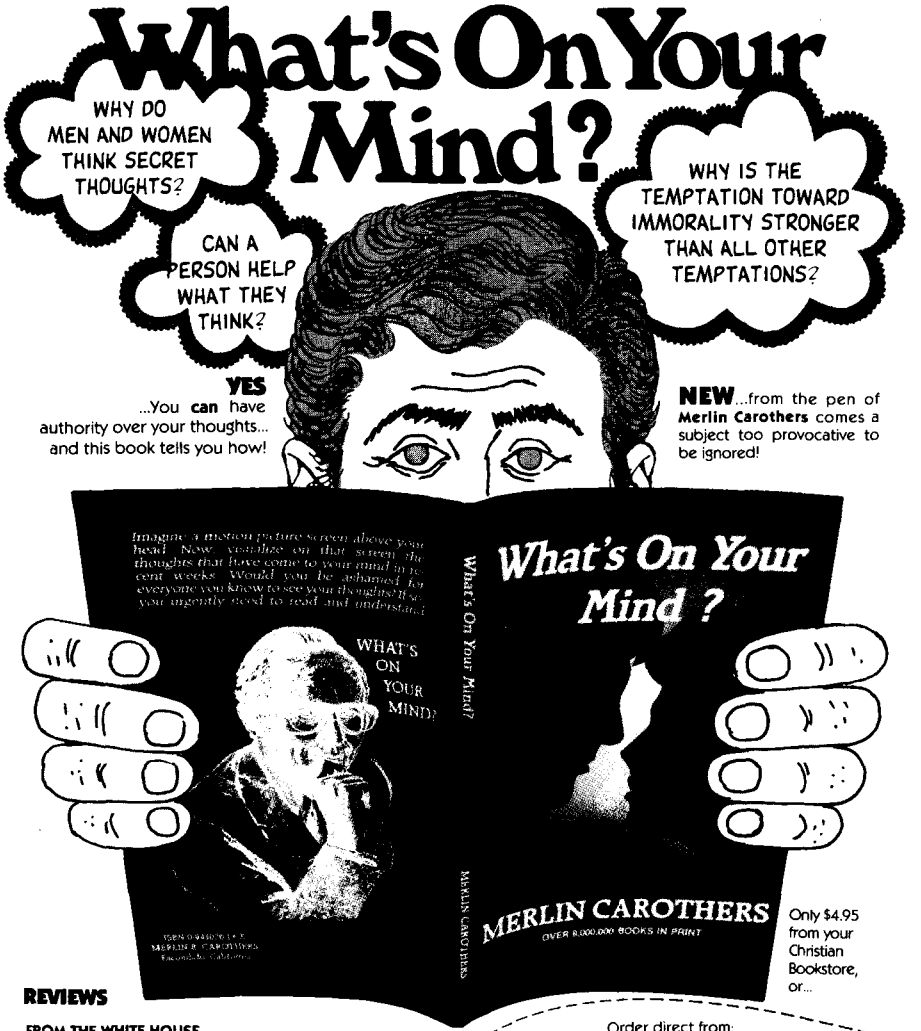
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VETS ON PETS

ANIMALS ARE GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YOU

A dose of pet love every day can do wonders for your health—ward off depression, lower blood pressure and even increase longevity.

H. Ellen White, D.V.M.

Long Huey was one of my favorite patients. Weighing 60 pounds with long body and short legs, he was less than the ideal representative of his long-haired dachshund breeding; yet he was well named both in description and in reference to the flamboyant Huey Long of his Louisiana heritage.

Long Huey developed terrible allergies, not only to the grass and plants in his environment but to the medications I was using to treat his allergies. Long Huey's "mom" and I spent many frantic moments wringing our hands over the situation.

Long Huey was an only child. His "mom" was a middle-aged divorcee, very professional and chic, who loved Huey more than anything in the world. I would have expected her to own a well-groomed French poodle or a silky Afghan. Long Huey was never glamorous, even when freshly bathed, pedicured and fluffed. No, Huey was more than a prestigious symbol to his "mom." He was her child, her companion and her therapist. He had seen her through the death of her first husband and a short and ill-fated second marriage. It is only now, seasoned by my own losses and disappointments in life, that I realize the reason for the close bond between Long Huey and his owner.

During my years as a veterinarian, I have seen the human-companion animal bond in action. One elderly man with a bad heart condition owned a bulldog who suffered from congestive heart failure. The two alternated periods of hospitalization but seemed to recover from each episode in order to take care of the other. Unlike Huey and his owner, these two appeared to share the same physical characteristics, owner and pet looking alike.

I was once puzzled by an owner's attempts to keep alive, at all costs, a terminally ill cat suffering from feline leukemia. I later discovered that the cat belonged to a child suffering from a similar cancer.

I have seen people adopt an ugly, shy runt because they identified with the "underdog" quality of the pet.

Throughout the ages, the bond between people and their animals has been strong. One hundred years ago, a native American, the Indian chief Sealth, said, "What is man without beasts? If all the beasts were gone, man would die of great loneliness of spirit, for whatever happens to the beast also happens to man. All things are connected. Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth."

The Indian chief said it best: "If all the beasts were gone, man would die of great loneliness of spirit, for whatever happens to the beast also happens to man."

Pets can satisfy our growing needs for touch and companionship. Loneliness has become epidemic in the United States. Jobs take us across the country or beyond and disrupt our sense of "roots." Between 1965 and 1975 the number of single-parent households in the United States increased from 2.5 million to more than 5 million, and statistics for the decade between 1975 and 1985 will reveal even more such households. The fastest-growing population segment in the United States today is composed of those more than 65 years old. This trend creates a population more likely to suffer feelings of isolation and loneliness.

Pets help alleviate loneliness for many people. They help us cope with life and the disappointments we all experience. Often we can do little to alter the situation existing with a spouse, parents or children, but our animal friends rarely withhold love if we do poorly on the math exam, fail to receive a job promotion, burn the dinner or become old, less beautiful or ill-tempered.

Scientific studies have proved that when people speak to people, their blood pressure usually rises, but when people speak to pets, their blood pressure remains the same or falls. In other words, talking to and petting animals is physiologically nonthreatening; communication with those of our own species may cause stress reactions.

Another statistical study at the University of Maryland Hospital revealed that pet owners surviving heart attacks had a significantly greater one-year survival rate than nonowners. Dr. Aaron Katcher commented: "There is no question that the pre-

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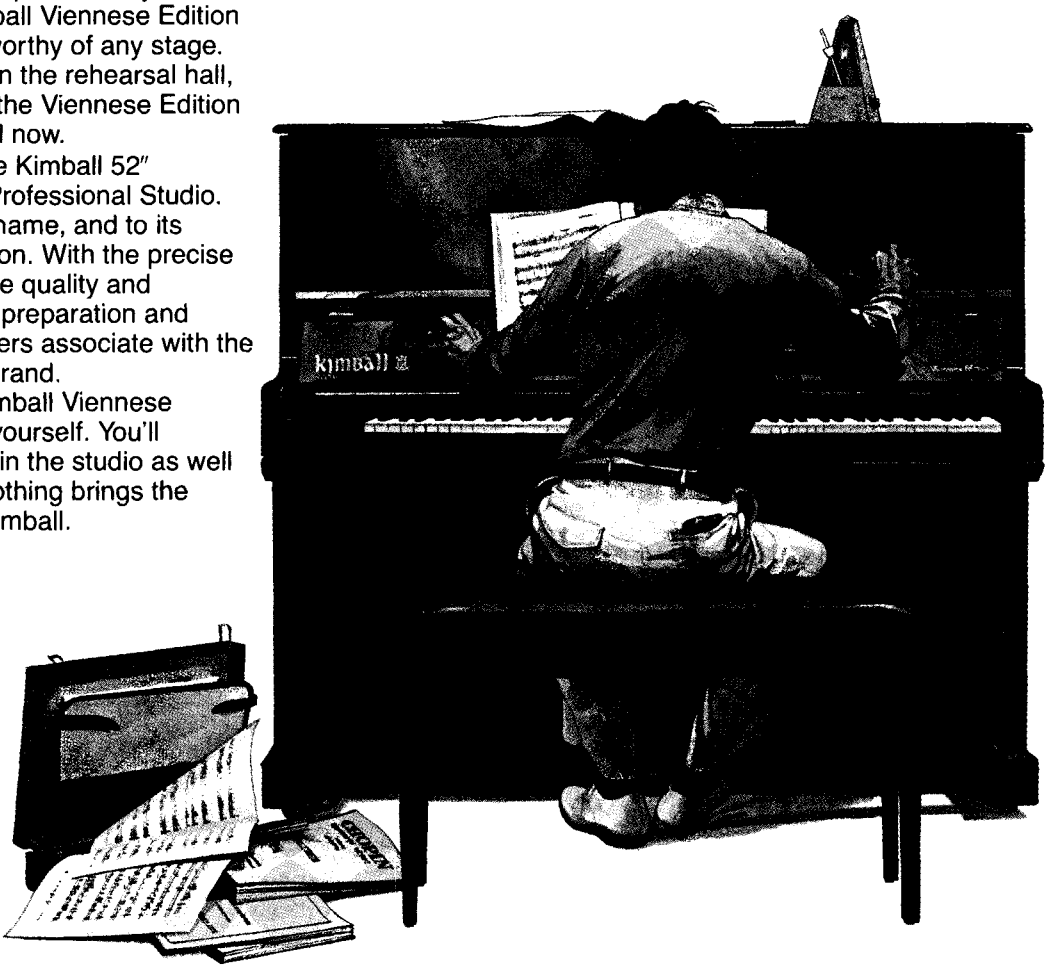

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sence of a pet was the strongest social predictor of survival for patients one year after hospitalization." Explanations given by the research team investigating survivability: "Feeding, talking to, walking and petting animals are important and regular events. Pets may serve as 'clocks' by providing a sense of order for people who are no longer working or have the responsibility for scheduled activity." Pets also seem to relieve the depression and feelings of hopelessness experienced by people suffering from chronic diseases.

Pets may not always save our lives as did the cocker spaniel who alerted a family that their house was on fire, but they may help us live longer by making us laugh and by giving companionship. James J. Lynch, a psychologist at the University of Maryland School of Medicine in Baltimore, says, "Loneliness can hurt in two ways: First, it's clear that long-term emotional upset can alter physioneurochemical processes in the body—that is, one's immune system breaks down and increases susceptibility to disease. Second, loneliness can bring on self-destructive behavior—increased smoking and drinking, for example, or becoming more prone to risk-taking behavior such as reckless driving." Dr. Lynch goes on to offer a solution: "Basically, if you want to find love, you've got to give love. Sometimes, the solution is as simple as getting a pet."

Much has been written in the last few years about the benefits of pets for the handicapped and the institutionalized. A mongrel hearing dog can be the companion as well as the "ears" of an isolated deaf person. The use of horses in the physical therapy of children with multiple sclerosis, orthopedic spinal problems and cerebral palsy has resulted in the normalization of muscle tone, improved coordination and improved cardiopulmonary circulation and breathing. Perhaps the best effect of the use of horses is the pride and self-assurance seen on the face of a physically handicapped child who can now go anywhere, normal and strong, on the back of a horse.

Nursing-home residents have been drawn out of their emotional "shells" when interacting with animals. They are stimulated to talk to the pet and to reminisce with others about pets of their own.

Evidence of the human-companion animal bond is everywhere: the six-year-old autistic boy who spoke his first word to a performing dolphin; C.K., our cat, greeting my ten-year-old, Kimberly, as she arrives home from school; the inmate at the state penitentiary whose bird is friend and confidant; a foster child with a rabbit; or a college student with a dog.

"No. . .I thought you *filled his water bowl. . . ."*

I have found that the need to be needed is often irresistible. Pets can fill that need directly or indirectly. Perhaps if we looked past the face of the handicapped child on horseback, we would see the 68-year-old volunteer, a retired widow, leading the horse. Her self-esteem has risen along with the child's. She is needed; she is loved. She has a reason to get up in the morning, and she has something to talk about.

Responsibility is inherent in the human-animal bond. Careful attention to animal species, breed and temperament during selection of a pet, as well as training, nutrition, sanitation and proper veterinary care, is essential to proper bonding. When we encourage bonding between people and pets or facilitate pet therapy, we must also consider the welfare of the animal.

Many excellent volunteer programs have been created by caring individuals who give their time, expertise and money to help others properly care for their pets and benefit from the human-companion bond.

"Man can no longer live for himself alone. We must realize that all life is valuable and that we are united to all life. From this knowledge comes our spiritual relationship with the universe."

—Albert Schweitzer (1875-1965)

Questions for the Vet

Dear Dr. White:

We certainly like to read your "Vets on Pets," as so many people do. Our cat, age ten, is having loose stools. Would you please explain about this? What can we do to help the cat?

Jean Steele
Newport, Rhode Island

Dear Ms. Steele:

Loose stools or diarrhea is a clinical sign rather than a disease; the condition might be due to one or several causes. You do not mention how long the loose stools have been a problem or if other signs such as loss of weight or vomiting are present.

Possible etiology includes food allergy, internal parasites, intestinal enzyme deficiencies, infections, toxicities and stress.

If your cat appears to be in good health, you might try giving the cat Kaopectate three times a day and a bland diet such as boned, cooked chicken. If this has no positive effect on the cat, please consult your veterinarian. A physical examination and laboratory tests are indicated. Best wishes!

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. White:

I am 68 years old and have lived the last five years with my sister and her two old cats. My sister recently died and I must find a new place to live. I do not want to destroy my dear sister's pets, but I can't find an apartment or room that I can afford that

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will allow the cats. Do you think I should have the cats put to sleep?

Ruby Hubert
New Orleans, Louisiana

Dear Ruby:

If the cats are in good health and properly vaccinated against rabies and infectious diseases, I would exhaust every possibility before having them put to sleep.

A new federal law, section 227 of the Supplemental Appropriations Act of 1984 (P.L. 98-181), prohibits owners or operators of federally assisted housing designated for elderly or handicapped tenants from barring ownership of common household pets (such as cats, dogs, fish and birds) by residents unless the keeping of a pet is determined by the owner or operators to be a nuisance or threat to the health or safety of other residents.

Contact your local member of Congress for assistance in this matter. Good luck!

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. White:

I have a wonderful toy poodle named Heide. She is blind and has rheumatism in her back legs, but I love her. My son keeps after me to get rid of Heide because he says I don't take care of her properly and it is cruel of me to keep her. I am 78 years old and live by myself. I don't know what I would do without Heide to talk to.

Frances Lonflow
Seattle, Washington

Dear Mrs. Lonflow:

Contact the King County Humane Society. It has a program to assist low-income elderly who have difficulty providing food for both themselves and their pets. Perhaps you do not necessarily fall into this category, but volunteer programs such as this one will give you help in caring for Heide.

Congratulations on your independence. I am sure that you and Heide are good company for each other. Best wishes!

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. White:

I teach second grade in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. I am a new teacher and would like to have information about programs available to teach young people to care for animals.

Steven Oberlinski
Germantown, Wisconsin

Dear Steven:

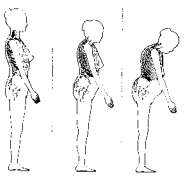
"The New and Gentle Science: A Curriculum for School Children on Animal Behavior and the Human-Companion Animal Bond," by B. Jones, Ph.D., A.H. Katcher, M.D., and A. Beck, ScD., is available at the Center for the Interaction of Animals and Society, School of Veterinary Medicine, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, PA 19174. A copy of the "Rags: Your Pet and You" teacher's guide is available for teaching purposes. Contact the Delta Society, 212 Wells Ave. South, Suite C, Renton, WA 98055.

Also of interest, Hill's Pet Products of Topeka, Kansas, announced the award of a $3,000 grant to the People-Pet Partnerships, a volunteer organization at the College of Veterinary Medicine at Washington State University, Pullman, WA 99163. The objective is to use volunteers to teach humane concepts to elementary school children.

H.E.W.

Send your questions about pets to: Vets on Pets, *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE "STOOPED OVER" WHEN YOU GET OLDER.



By the age of 60, one out of four women develops osteoporosis—brittle bones that lead to spine and hip fractures, dowagers hump, height loss and back pain. But you can protect yourself! A leading gynecologist has written a book that explains how to prevent osteoporosis and how to keep an existing condition from getting worse.

Read **Stand Tall!** A Guide to Preventing Osteoporosis by Morris Notelovitz, MD.

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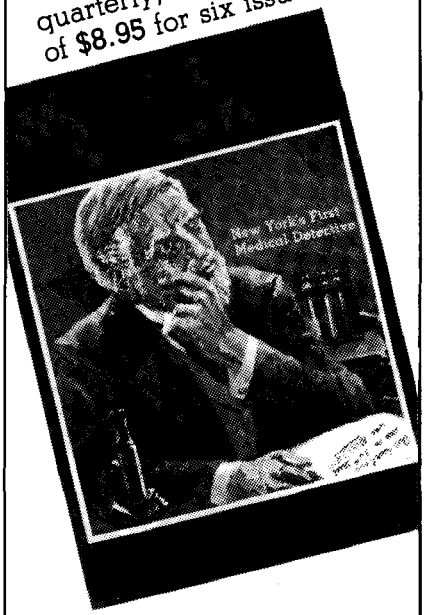

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POST SCRIPTS

Hmmm Dept.

Mr. Carter arrived home much later than he had expected. To avoid waking his wife, he tiptoed quietly into the bedroom.

"That you, Jim?" she asked.

"It better be," he replied.

—A.H. Berzen

Das Yule Ist Approachen

Das Yule ist approachen, mit goosen upfatten,
Und pfennigs ben fallen insiden der hatten;
Der pursers ben open mit stringers geloosen,
Und folkers ben smilen, excepten der goosen.

—Dave Morrah

The Big Chill

The weather man is always talking about a new cold front tomorrow. Never once does he mention the thousands of cold rears today.

—B. Bader

Curb Service

Outside a restaurant one freezing night, two men went for the same cab. After a short discussion, one returned to the curb and rejoined his wife. "Why did you let him have the cab?" she demanded, shivering.

"He needed it more than I did," the husband explained. "He was late for his karate class."

—Henry E. Leabo

I Am Person!

The expectant father had been waiting and worrying for long hours at the hospital's maternity waiting room. At long last a nurse wearing an ERA button brought the good news.

"What do you mean, *person*?" he shrieked.

—Rose Sands

Nowhere Man

A yes man is a male who has no way of no-ing.

—Lakenan Barnes

Heavenly Counseling

In a quiz on the New Testament, a youngster in a Sunday School class was asked by the teacher, "What did Jesus say about getting married?"

The lad thought for a moment and replied: "He said forgive them, for they know not what they do."

—Herm Albright

Officer Dismissed

Some sailors were discussing the recent arrival of a rather overbearing young lieutenant.

"I don't know what he's got to be so high and mighty about," complained one. "I'm sure he puts his pants on the same way all the other officers do."

"Yes," quipped another, "over his head."

—Lynette Combs

The Ladies of Fiction

Consider the ladies
You meet with in books
Who never have trouble
With language or looks;

Whose skirts never wrinkle
And hair never musses;
Who travel in Lincolns,
Not subways or buses.

They all prattle French,
Which they learn by osmosis—
Or maybe in classes
While under hypnosis.

They have no concern
For national borders
Because they have escorts
To give restaurant orders.

The years never touch them
With bulges or spots.
They never have bunions,
Spare tires or pots.

A toast to those wonderful
Ladies of fiction.
May they go on forever
With our benediction!

—Ruth Pitcher

Cutting Remarks

A man saved his money for years so he could go to Italy to see the Pope. He stopped by to get a haircut the day he left, and his barber found

"Yesterday. . .all my credit payments seemed so far away. . .now it looks as though they're here to stay. . ."

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fault with everything he said.

"How are you getting to Italy?" the barber asked.

"I'm taking an Italian airline," he replied.

"Forget it—they have awful service; you'll hate it. Where are you staying?"

"At the Hilton in Rome."

"Forget it—it's a terrible hotel, don't stay there. What are you going to do while you're in Rome?"

"See the Pope."

"You'll never get in. You're a nobody, a Mr. Zero."

Six weeks later, the man returned from his trip and went to see the barber.

"I had a fabulous trip," he told the barber. "I flew on an Italian airline and the service was perfect. I stayed at the Hilton and had the best room in the hotel; it was wonderful. I went to see the Pope and had a private audience with him, and got to kiss his ring."

"Wow, you actually kissed his ring. What did he say?"

"Well, he looked down at me and said, 'Gee, where did you get that terrible haircut?' "

—E.G. Hopson

Checkout or Checkmate?

With the high cost of food today,
Things are sort of in reverse. . .
We can fill our shopping carts with money
And put our groceries in our purse!

—Ruth M. Walsh

Boards of Education

Experience is still the best teacher. . .probably because no school board ever told her she couldn't spank.

—Ivern Ball

Money to Burn

I've known for years that cigarettes are dangerous to my health,
And now, at one-buck-plus per pack, they're ditto to my wealth.

—Frank Walsh

Nice Work If You Can Get It

A mother was working on the budget when her son came home.

"Out with your favorite girl again?" she asked.

"Affirmative," he said. "What's up?"

"Bills. Let me ask you something. When your father courted me, things were a lot less expensive. What's the going rate for a date today?"

"The movie cost ten. Eats came to about four."

"Fourteen dollars for two people. That's not bad."

"It was all she had."

—James Curnane

Modern Theology

Minister: "I'm afraid my congregation is not oriented to the old fire-and-brimstone days when people believed in a hereafter."

Parish member: "We seem to at our house, because someone's always here after money for the house, car, doctor, insurance—you name it."

—George E. Bergman

The One That Got (Carried) Away

A wife returning from an ice-fishing trip with her husband was telling her troubles to a neighbor.

"I did everything all wrong again today," she said. "I talked too loud. I used the wrong bait. I reeled in too soon and I caught more than he did."

—G.G. Crabtree

The Customer Is Always Right Behind

A great big fellow, weighing around 250 pounds, went clumping up to the produce counter in the supermarket. "Gimme half a head of cabbage," he told the clerk.

"All we have are whole heads," the clerk replied.

"I don't want a whole head," the customer demanded. "Just half a head. Are you gonna sell me half a head?"

"Wait a minute," the clerk told him nervously. "Let me ask the manager."

The clerk went back where the manager was stamping prices on canned goods. "Hey," he said, "there's a big, stupid-looking buffalo out front who wants me to sell him half a head of cabbage. Shall I tell the idiot to. . . ."

He noticed the manager staring—not at him, but behind him. Turning, the clerk saw that the gigantic customer had followed him and heard every word. Quickly, the clerk turned back to the manager.

"And this gentleman," he squeaked, "wants to buy the other half."

—Eileen P. Dirkman

Social Insecurity

This girl behind the counter
Seemed to take a shine to me.
Why was I less than grateful
When she offered something free?

I should have been delighted,
But I took it kind of hard—
When, smiling gently, she bestowed
A "Senior Discount" card!

—Edward M. Cook

Special Delivery

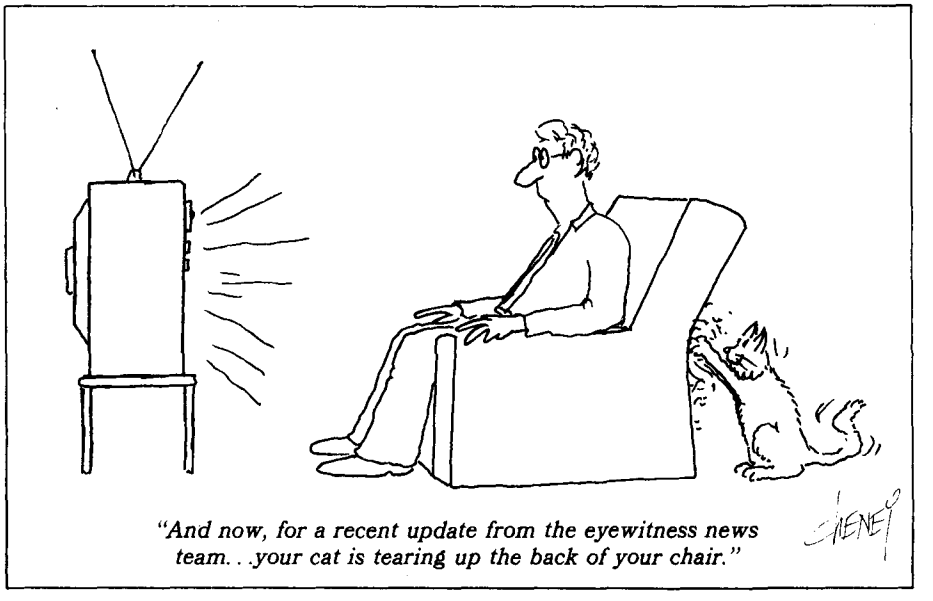
When she came home, Mrs. Holt asked her small son, "What did you do after school, Timmy?"

"I played mailman. I delivered a letter to every house on the block."

"Where in the world did you get them?"

"They were in your bureau drawer, tied with pink ribbon."

—A.H. Berzen



"And now, for a recent update from the eyewitness news team. . .your cat is tearing up the back of your chair."

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MONEY

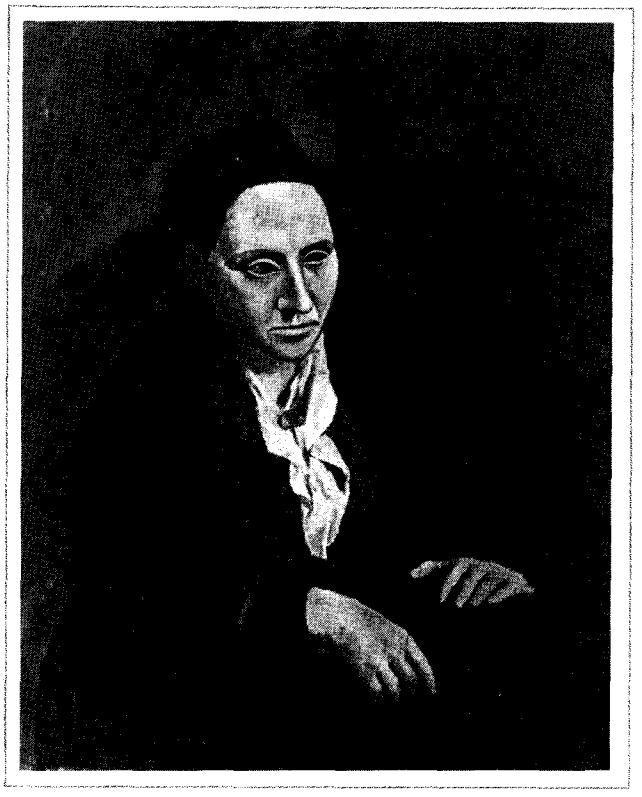
A "prophetess" in the '30s predicts the national deficit.

by Gertrude Stein

The following short articles, written by Gertrude Stein in 1936, were first printed in *The Saturday Evening Post* between June and October of that year. Although that was two generations ago, they are nevertheless delightfully contemporary. Foreshadowing the present budget deficits and the struggles between Congress and the President to spend or not to spend money, Gertrude Stein tells us how very difficult it is ". . . for anybody to think money is money when there is more of it than they can count."

Gertrude Stein felt she knew a great deal about money because she never earned any until she was almost 60 years old, when *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* was published in America and became a best seller. In her book *Everybody's Autobiography* she wrote:

"I had never made any money before in my life and I was most excited. When I was a child I used to be fascinated with the stories of how everybody had earned their first dollar. I always wanted to have earned my first dollar but I never had. I know a lot about money just because I never had earned my first dollar and now I have. We were all amused during the war there was an American over here and he once said he had just made five hundred thousand dollars and he added all honestly earned. Well, that is the way I felt there it was and all honestly earned. I have been writing a lot about money laterly, it is a fascinating subject, it is really the difference between men and animals, most of the things men feel animals feel and vice versa, but animals do not know about money, money is purely a human conception and that is very important to know very very important. . . . Anyway the *Saturday Evening Post* printed the little articles I wrote about money then and the young ones said I was reactionary and they said how could I be I who had always been so well ahead of every one and I myself was not and am not certain that I am not again well ahead as ahead as I ever have been."



Writer, pragmatist and self-styled genius Gertrude Stein lived in Paris throughout the Depression and two world wars. Picasso painted her portrait about 1906.

Well, she was certainly right about that. Her creative work with the English language is as sparkling and as fresh today as it was when she first began writing more than 80 years ago, although it was little understood or appreciated at that time.

—Patricia Meyerowitz

Money

Everybody now just has to make up their mind. Is money money or isn't money money. Everybody who earns it and spends it every day in order to live knows that money is money, anybody who votes it to be gathered in as taxes knows money is not money. That is what makes everybody go crazy.

Once upon a time there was a king and he was called Louis the fifteenth. He spent money as they are spending it now. He just spent it and spent it and one day somebody dared say something to the king about it. Oh, he said, after me the deluge, it would last out his time, and so what was the difference. When this king had begun his reign he was known as Louis the Well-beloved, when he died, nobody even stayed around to close his eyes.

But all the trouble really comes from this question is money money. Everybody who lives on it every day knows that money is money but the people who vote money, presidents and congress, do not think about money that way when they vote it. I remember when my nephew was a little boy he was out walking somewhere and he saw a lot of horses; he came home and he said, oh papa, I have just seen a million horses. A million, said his father, well anyway, said my nephew, I saw three. That came to be what we all used to say when anybody used numbers that they could not count well anyway a million or three. That is the whole point. When you earn money and spend money every day anybody can know the difference between a million and three. But when you vote money away there really is not any difference between a million and three. And so everybody has to make up their mind is money money for everybody or is it not.

That is what everybody has to think about a lot or everybody is going to be awfully unhappy, because the time does come when the money voted comes suddenly to be money just like the money everybody earns every day and spends every day to live and when that time comes it makes everybody very unhappy. I do wish everybody would make up their mind about money being money.

It is awfully hard for anybody to think money is money when there is more of it than they can count. That is why there ought to be some kind of

continued on following page

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system that money should not be voted right away. When you spend money that you earn every day you naturally think several times before you spend more than you have, and you mostly do not. Now if there was some arrangement made that when one lot voted to spend money, that they would have to wait a long time, and another lot have to vote, before they vote again to have that money, in short, if there was any way to make a government handle money the way a father of a family has to handle money if there only was. The natural feeling of a father of a family is that when anybody asks him for money he says no. Any father of a family, any member of a family, knows all about that.

So until everybody who votes public money remembers how he feels as a father of a family, when he says no, when anybody in the family wants money, until that time comes, there is going to be a lot of trouble and some years later everybody is going to be very unhappy.

In Russia they tried to decide that money was not money, but now slowly and surely they are coming back to know that money is money.

Whether you like it or whether you do not money is money and that is all there is about it. Everybody knows it. When they earn it and spend what they earn they know it they really know that money is money and when they vote it they do not know it as money.

That is the trouble with everybody, it is awfully hard to really know what you know. When you earn it and spend it you do know the difference between three dollars and a million dollars, but when you say it and vote it, it all sounds the same. Of course it does, it would to anybody, and that is the reason they vote it and keep on voting it. So, now please, everybody, everybody everybody, please, is money money, and if it is, it ought to be the same whether it is what a father of a family earns and spends or a government, if it isn't sooner or later there is disaster.

More About Money

When the parliament was invented by England long ago it was mostly done to keep the king from spending too much money.

Since then every country has a parliament but who is there to stop the parliaments from spending too much money. If anybody starts spending money they never stop themselves. If they stop, it is because somebody stops them. And who is to stop congress from spending too much money. Everybody has to think about that now.

In France the chamber has been doing the same thing spending too much money and so everybody voted for the communists hoping that the communists would stop them. Now everybody thinks that the chamber under the communists will just go on spending the money and so a great many frenchmen are thinking of getting back a king, and that the king will stop the french parliament from spending money.

"The union wanted profit-sharing until we explained the company lost $140 million last year."

That is funny. Parliament was invented to stop a king spending money and now the french are thinking of getting back a king to stop the parliament from spending all their money.

In America where, ever since George Washington, nobody really can imagine a king, who is to stop congress from spending too much money. They will not stop themselves, that is certain. Everybody has to think about that now. Who is to stop them.

Still More About Money

One of the funny things is that when there is a great deal of unemployment you can never get any one to do any work. It was true in England it is true in America and it is now true in France. Once unemployment is recognized as unemployment and organized as unemployment nobody starts to work. If you are out of work and you find some work then you go to work. But if you are part of the unemployed then you are part of that, and if work comes you have to change your position from the unemployed to the employed, and then perhaps you will have to change back again, so perhaps you had better just stay where you are.

That is what happens.

We have given up trying to employ french people, those who were not working were unemployed and that was no way of changing them back to work, so we took to Indo-Chinamen. Indo-Chinamen are after all frenchmen, so finally they too became part of the unemployed. I asked one of them, his name is Trac, and why don't any of you stay in a job when you get it. Why he said it's like this. They get ten francs a day as unemployed. Now a Chinaman can live on five francs a day and that gives him five francs to gamble. The rest of the time he puts on his hat and goes out. He takes a temporary job, which still leaves him unemployed, and buys a new suit of clothes. Then by and by he catches cold, he goes to a hospital, free, and then he dies, and has a free coffin. All the Indo-Chinamen in Indo-China want to come to Paris to live like that. They call that living like frenchmen.

Everybody has to think about the unemployed getting to be that and is there any way to stop them. Everybody has to think about that.

All About Money

It is very funny about money. The thing that differentiates man from animals is money. All animals have the same emotions and the same ways as men. Anybody who has lots of animals around knows that. But the thing

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no animal can do is count, and the thing no animal can know is money.

Men can count, and they do, and that is what makes them have money.

And so, as long as the earth turns around there will be men on it, and as long as there are men on it, they will count, and they will count money.

Everybody is always counting money.

The queen was in the parlor eating bread and honey the king was in his counting house counting out his money.

That is the way it is and the only trouble comes when they count money without counting it as money.

Counting is funny.

When you see a big store and see so many of each kind of anything that is in it, and on the counters, it is hard to believe that one more or less makes any difference to any one. When you see a cashier in a bank with drawers filled with money, it is hard to realize that one more or less makes any difference. But it does, if you buy it, or if you take it away, or if you sell it, or if you make a mistake in giving it out. Of course it does. But a government, well a government does just that, it does not really believe that when there is such a lot that one more or less does make any difference. It is funny, if you buy anything well it may cost four dollars and fifty-five cents or four hundred and eighty-nine dollars or any other sum, but when government votes money it is always even money. One or five or fifteen or thirty-six more or less does not make any difference. The minute it gets to be billions it does not make any difference, fifteen or twenty-five or thirty-six more or less. Well, everybody has to think about that, because when it is made up it has to be made up by all sorts of odd numbers, everybody who pays taxes knows that, and it does make a difference.

All these odd pieces of money have to go to make that even money that is voted, but does it. It is voted even but it is collected odd. Everybody has to think about that.

My Last About Money

Getting rid of the rich does end up very funnily. It is easy to get rid of the rich but it is not easy to get rid of the poor. Wherever they have tried it they have got rid of the rich all right and so then everybody is poor and also there are there more than ever there of ever so much poorer. And that is natural enough. When there are the rich you can always take from the rich to give to the poor but when everybody is poor then you cannot take from the poor to give to the ever so much poorer and there they are.

That is the inevitable end of too much organization. That organization business is a funny story.

The beginning of the eighteenth century, after everything had been completely under feudal and religious domination, was full of a desire for individual liberty and they went at it until they thought they had it, which ended up with first the English and then the American and then the French revolution, so there they were and everybody was free and then that went on to Lincoln. Then they began inventing machinery and at the same time they found virgin lands that could be worked with machinery and so they began organization, they began factory organization and laborers organization, and the more they began organization the more everybody wanted to be organized and the more they were organized the more everybody liked the slavery of being in an organization.

Just the other day I was reading a Footner detective story and the crooks who were being held together under orders under awful conditions said when somebody tried to free them sure you got to be organized these days you got to have somebody do your thinking for you. And also the other day a very able young man, you would not have expected he would feel that way about it, wrote to me and said after all we are all glad to have Roosevelt do our thinking for us.

That is the logical end of organization and that is where the world is today, the beginning of the eighteenth century went in for freedom and ended with the beginning of the nineteenth century that went in for organization.

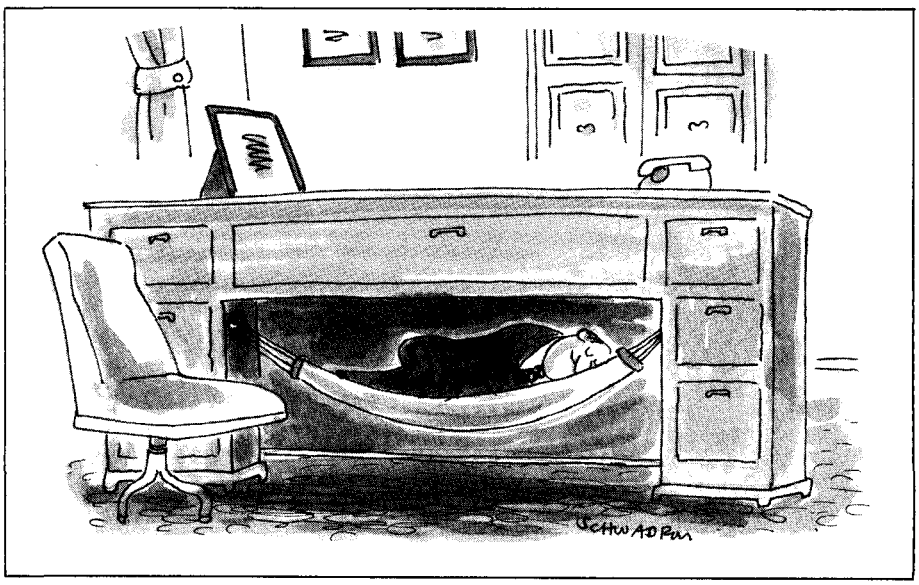
Now organization is getting kind of used up.

The virgin lands are getting kind of used up, the whole surface of the world is known now and also the air, and everywhere you see organization killing itself by just ending in organization. The more backward countries are still excited about it because they have just heard of it but in their hearts the rest of them know the poor are always there and the very much poorer are always there and what are you going to do about it.

Organization is a failure and everywhere the world over everybody has to begin again.

What are they going to try next, what does the twenty-first century want to do about it? They certainly will not want to be organized, the twentieth century is seeing the end of that, perhaps as the virgin lands will by that time be pretty well used up, and also by that time everybody will have been as quickly everywhere as anybody can be, perhaps they will begin looking for liberty again and individually amusing themselves again and old-fashioned or dirt farming.

One thing is sure until there are rich again everybody will be poor and there will be more than ever of everybody who is even poorer.



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"Christmas is a time when together we share warm feelings of love and joy with our families and friends. And it's such a special time for children.

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"Please send in the coupon today. Won't you share your Christmas with a needy child and watch the miracle of love unfold?"

Photo By Grant Edwards

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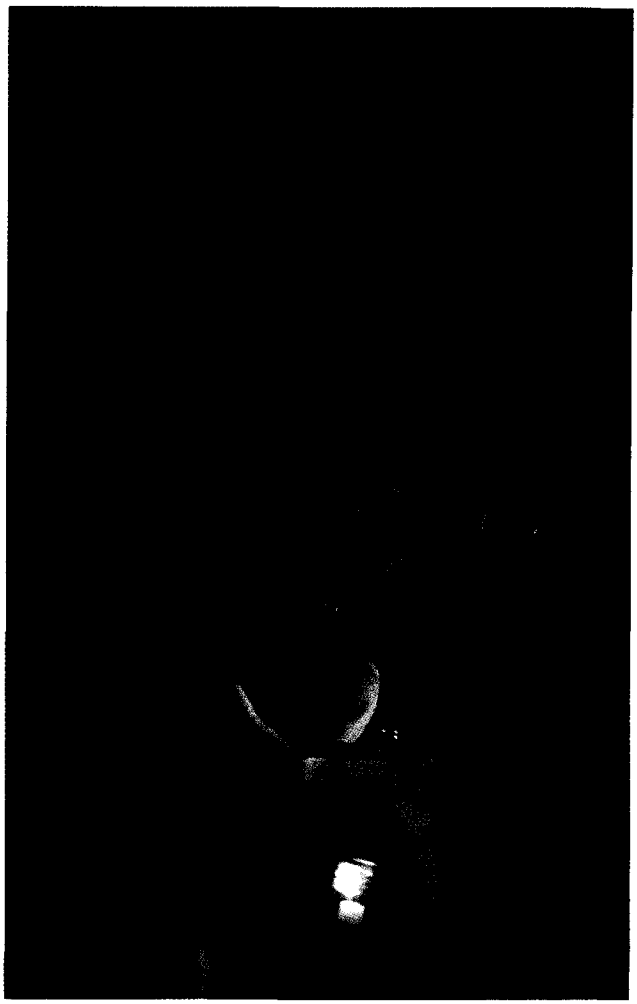
A FAMILY'S FIGHT FOR JUSTICE

The Roper committee—born of a mother's outrage at the lenient sentences given her daughter's killers—is forcing legislation to make punishment fit the crime.

by Nick Thimmesch

If good can come out of bad, then the remarkable story of Roberta Roper, a housewife who has captured national attention with a victims'-rights organization she helped to start, is a shining example. On a spring night in April 1982, Roberta Roper's eldest daughter, Stephanie Ann Roper, 22, was brutally raped and murdered. Though deep in grief over this horror, Roberta Roper was composed enough to assist in organizing the "Stephanie Roper Committee," which in the past two years has persuaded legislators in her home state of Maryland to pass new laws stiffening parole requirements and providing a measure of equity for the victims of violent crimes.

The Roper family had lived for years in a secluded, mostly affluent area of Croom, in suburban Prince Georges County. Vincent Roper, a naval officer stationed in Washington, D.C., and Roberta had expected to escape the rigors of city living and, presumably, urban crime.



"We have all been made victims by the judicial system," Roberta Roper told 1,000 shivering Stephanie Roper Committee supporters at a January 1983 candlelight march to the Maryland Capitol. "We will not tolerate unjust justice."

Stephanie was known as a warm, popular young person who showed great promise in her aspiration to become an artist. She was only a month away from graduating with honors from Frostburg State College in western Maryland. She was home from college and enjoying a break before returning for graduation. She wanted to have a night on the town with her childhood friend and former college roommate, Lisa Thomas, whose parents lived in neighboring Brandywine, Maryland. Like many young people within driving range of Washington, they would visit the Georgetown area, known for its weekend throngs of bar-goers and late-night revelers.

On the evening of April 2, 1982, a Friday, the two young women, after leaving Stephanie's car at Lisa's house, drove to Washington. They enjoyed an evening of dancing and having drinks, doing neither to excess, and left to return to Lisa's home shortly after 2:00 a.m. Saturday.

Stephanie had told her mother she would be spending the night at Lisa's and would be home the next morning to go shopping. But Stephanie then changed her mind and decided to return home, despite the lateness of the hour. She said good-bye to Lisa at her house and left for home. It was the last time her friend saw her alive.

Stephanie traveled less than a mile on the dark, two-lane country road before she evidently lost control of her car, an orange Dodge Omni, which hit a stump. The rear axle was broken and three tires were damaged, making the car immobile. An official later said that Stephanie had fallen asleep at the wheel and added that she was not intoxicated. A woman driver later testified that she saw Stephanie's car pulled over halfway on the shoulder but was reluctant to stop and have a look. Police believe that Jerry Lee Beatty and Jack Ronald Jones found Stephanie stranded in her car.

Beatty was an unemployed high-school dropout. He was heavyset but looked no more than his 17 years. He usually wore a T-shirt that revealed heavily tattooed arms. One tattoo showed an octopus wrapped around a nude female.

At the time of the murder, Beatty was living with Jones in a small house only a few hundred yards from where Stephanie's body was eventually found. Jones' wife and six-year-old son lived with him. Jones was also unemployed, having been laid off his job as a maintenance worker two months before. Jones, 26, was of medium build and somewhat nondescript with his pale complexion.

This pair had met in a pool hall in Waldorf, Maryland, and had become

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close friends. On the fateful Friday night, Jones and Beatty were playing pool at a tavern in Mechanicsville, Maryland. According to their statements, they left the tavern about 11:00 p.m. and decided to cruise the back roads of Prince Georges County. This sort of leisurely driving, one of their favorite pastimes, gave them the opportunity to drink beer and take drugs. Beatty testified that he and Jones did drink beer and also smoke marijuana and PCP (Phencyclidine-Hydrochloride).

A Prince Georges County policeman, Corporal Frank Gale, testified at Jones' trial that Jones had signed a statement shortly after his arrest: "I must have been stupid to ever have gotten myself involved in something like this." Gale said Jones told him that he and Beatty had found Stephanie and her car in the early hours of April 3, disabled on the two-lane country road. Beatty and Jones, according to Jones' statement, helped push the car off the road and offered to be of further assistance. Gale said Jones told him that Stephanie Roper then asked for a ride back to Lisa Thomas' house.

The three entered Jones' faded blue Mercury. Beatty and Stephanie sat in the back seat while Jones drove. Instead of letting Stephanie out at Lisa's, they passed her driveway and continued in the opposite direction.

Corporal Gale quoted Jones as saying: "The girl was afraid of Mr. Beatty. She didn't seem afraid of me. She was crying a lot in the back seat." Jones drove the car several miles east of Lisa's home in Brandywine and stopped on a deserted road, where both men then raped Stephanie while taking turns holding a .22-caliber rifle on her, according to Gale. Jones drove again, this time backtracking past Lisa's, and headed directly south. Less than an hour later, they arrived in the Oakville section of neighboring St. Mary's County at an abandoned house near where Jones and his wife and child lived.

According to Beatty's testimony, the two men took Stephanie from the car to a nearby, heavily wooded area and beat and again raped her.

She was now fearful for her life. "She asked me if I was going to shoot her," Beatty told the court. "I said, 'No.' She asked if Jack would shoot her. I said I didn't think he would. That he had enough sense not to do anything like that. . . . She asked if I would let her go. I said I wanted to but couldn't because I would not know what would happen to me. I figured if I didn't do what he said my life might be in danger."

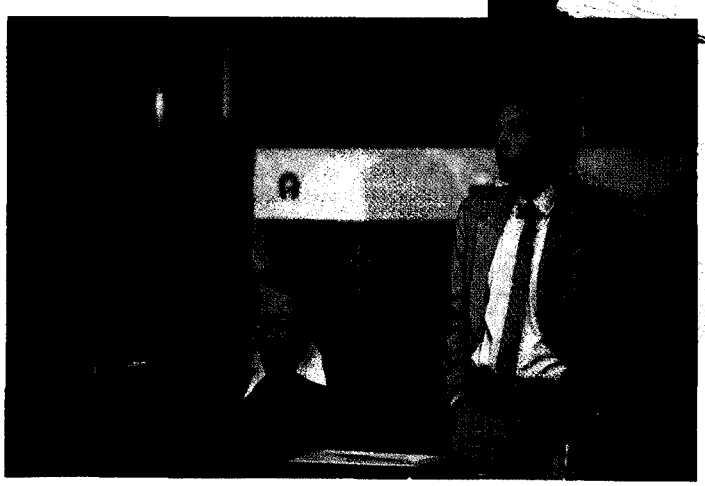
According to Beatty's testimony, Stephanie tried to escape several times. She kneed Beatty in the groin, and he beat her for it. She cried repeatedly, "Lisa, please help me!" Beatty said she screamed for "God to help her." Jones hit her with a logging chain and she ran away, but Jones caught her. The autopsy revealed that her skull had been fractured by the blow from the chain.

Jones allegedly ordered Beatty, then holding the rifle, to shoot Stephanie. She was holding her head and crying, "What are you doing?" To this day, it is not clear who then fired the shot that entered her forehead and killed her. Stephanie's life and her suffering were ended.

Beatty testified that Jones grabbed the rifle from him and shot Stephanie. Jones told police he didn't even know she had been shot.

Jones, according to police, went to his car and siphoned gasoline with the intention, he said, of burning her clothes and her pocketbook. He told police he took her wrist and found no pulse, so "I poured gas on her and lit it."

Beatty said he watched the burning



Law student Kurt Wolfgang volunteered his services to help the Ropers draft five proposed legislative changes (left). Within two months, the committee had received 93,000 signatures on petitions protesting early parole (above).

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The Ropers were a happy family (above) before the tragedy. Now they continue to try to adjust to life without Stephanie. Vincent Roper, 51, is preparing to retire from the Navy and to spend more time working with the Stephanie Roper Committee.

body and threw water on the fire: "I couldn't stand it no more." He and Jones dragged the body to a stump hole in a nearby swamp. Beatty testified that Jones said they must "get rid of her hands, her feet, her head, so they couldn't identify the body."

The two young men stood and looked at each other as the light of morning entered the foggy woods. Beatty said, "I ain't never did nothing like this before in my life." Jones replied, "I ain't either."

When Stephanie's body was located by the police eight days later—late on Easter Day—both hands had been severed. To this day, Beatty and Jones have never admitted to this mutilation of Stephanie's body.

The Ropers had been in agony during Stephanie's disappearance. Roberta Roper knew her daughter well enough to expect a call had she decided to extend her stay at Lisa's house. When Stephanie's car was found, and she not in it, the family's apprehensions turned to raging anxiety.

The Ropers did not know during this ordeal that the night after the slaying, Beatty told Jones' brother-in-law, Stephen Anonsen, that something bad had happened. Anonsen, 18, who also lived in the Jones house, was told by Beatty that Jones "had done a very bad crime the other night."

"One person can make a difference, and every person should try," Stephanie had written in a personal journal. Those words became the battle cry for the grass-roots movement.

Beatty told Anonsen that he had raped a girl and that Jones had shot her—according to testimony Anonsen later gave. Anonsen doubted Beatty's story until he saw televised news reports that Stephanie was missing. After worrying over this revelation for a few days, Anonsen went to his pastor for advice and then told his story to authorities.

When the police arrested Beatty and Jones, they found marijuana, PCP and a box of .22-caliber bullets that matched the one that killed Stephanie. The authorities had little doubt about what happened that night. Only the trial remained.

As the Ropers and their friends commiserated over the horrible revelations, they formed a nucleus that at first assisted with funeral preparations and then later with transportation to courtroom appearances during the trial. From the beginning, this group believed that Stephanie's murder would not go unanswered.

Jones' trial was first, opening September 20, 1982. The state's attorney from Maryland, C. Clarke Raley, relied heavily on Beatty's testimony. Jones did not take the stand during the trial. The jury heard Beatty, a forensic psychiatrist and the police witnesses. The testimony was gruesome. The verdict seemed certain, the sentence being the only question to be decided. The jury took ten hours to deliberate. Jones was found guilty of kidnapping, rape and murder.

The jury recommended life imprisonment but left the judge the option of allowing the convicted murderer to serve concurrent sentences instead of doing time for each charge one after the other. Among the mitigating circumstances the jury cited were that Jones was not a threat to the community, had not impeded the police investigation, had suffered a traumatic family history and was now expressing a love for "the Lord."

During the sentencing, Jones told the jury that he felt "deep remorse" and added that he could not understand "why something like this could happen." He wept when telling the jury that his mother was "very upset about what had happened" and that she was "very concerned about my life."

Jones was sentenced October 8 to concurrent rather than successive "life" sentences. Beatty entered the courtroom the day of his trial, October 19, with a plea of guilty on the same counts that Jones was charged and convicted on. Beatty received the same sentence.

The Ropers were stunned by the le-

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niency of the sentences. As the news spread that Beatty and Jones could be eligible for parole in 12 years, a public outcry arose for "something to be done."

"One person can make a difference, and every person should try," Stephanie Roper had written in a personal journal shortly before her death. Those very words became the wry battle cry of a grass-roots movement in her name determined to change what was seen by them as an unjust, overlenient and even dangerous process of sentencing convicted felons in Maryland.

Stephanie clowns with friends. Her murder came only one month before she was to graduate with honors from Frostburg State College in western Maryland.

Vic and Judy Pietkiewicz, friends and neighbors of the Roper family, were among the first to act. They had known Stephanie at Holy Rosary Church, where she was a founding member of a youth group Vic Pietkiewicz had sponsored.

The Stephanie Roper Committee had no difficulty getting volunteers, and petitions went out for the signatures of people protesting the possibility of such an early parole. Within two months, 93,000 signatures were obtained.

The committee enlisted the volunteer services of a Maryland law student, Kurt Wolfgang, to draft five proposals for the 1983 Maryland General Assembly:

1. Eliminate voluntary drug or alcohol intoxication as a mitigation of criminal intent.
2. Require that capital-crime convictions carry either the death penalty or life imprisonment without parole.
3. Establish the right of the victim or members of the victim's family to submit a victim-impact statement and to address the court during a sentencing hearing.
4. Require that the death-penalty statute be expanded so that co-conspirators in a capital crime can be held liable.
5. Change the name "parole commission" to "inmate-review board" and require the governor's approval for all paroles.

State Senator T.V. "Mike" Miller predicted the bill would move quickly. "It will pass the judicial-proceedings committee," he said. "What they are seeking is not unreasonable. The public is outraged, not only in our county, but throughout the state."

January 17, 1983, was a bitterly cold day in Annapolis, the state capital, and yet 1,000 shivering supporters of the Stephanie Roper Committee rallied and heard speakers urging passage of the legislation.

"We have all been made victims by the judicial system that failed Stephanie and every member of society," Roberta Roper told the crowd. "We have come here to tell our legislature that we will not tolerate unjust justice. We are not looking for vengeance, but we must be the voice and presence of the victims who cannot be here. We want to make parole something that is earned in an extraordinary case, not a right. We will make sure that something good comes out of this tragedy. The sadness is that for Stephanie and those of us who have suffered, the price we have paid will be too high. Please remember what Stephanie wrote in her journal—that one person can make a difference and every person should try."

In February 1983, the Stephanie Roper Committee provided ample documentation of community support. Vic Pietkiewicz and others entered the Maryland General Assembly and carried two dozen boxes containing 93,000 signatures calling for stiffer sentencing laws. The petitioners jammed the hearing rooms and expressed their views to an attentive legislature.

Many testified about what being a victim of a crime meant, including Roberta Roper, who said: "We have suffered our nuclear holocaust. We have been victimized twice, first by the acts against our daughter, and then by a judicial system that made a travesty of justice. We are committed to being the voice of victims. Our motive is justice."

Some voiced concern about the Stephanie Roper Committee's call for justice and, in particular, its motivation. In December 1982, the Washington *Post* ran a headline proclaiming, "ACLU Chief Sees Overreaction to Roper Case." John Roemer of the Maryland chapter of the ACLU was quoted as saying: "We need to dispassionately evaluate each [murder] case, rather than throw the body out to the neighbors. . .like the Ayatollah Khomeini." This statement did not sit well with those who had spent so much time working for the Stephanie Roper Committee. But more criticism was to come.

In late January 1983, the Washington *Post* columnist Richard Cohen wrote: "There is a whiff of vigilantism to the Stephanie Roper Committee. . .there is a great deal of emotion bound up in the Stephanie Roper

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Kurt Wolfgang, now administrative assistant to the state's attorney in Prince Georges County, remains active as director for legislative action of the Roper committee.

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CHRISTMAS ON THE ISLAND

In the act of giving, he himself received the most important gift of his life.

by Olaf Ruhen

A little grinning lad came up the track as MacGregor began to climb the tall, upthrust boulder they called the Fishermen's Rock, his bare toes digging into the ancient footholds. In one hand the boy carried three hen eggs carefully wrapped in a lily leaf; in the other a mud crab, its claws pinioned with a strip of palm frond.

"Where are you going?" he wanted to know.

MacGregor stopped and looked at him. The boy's grin was from ear to ear.

"I'm going to the top of the rock," he said carefully.

"Just to see about?" asked the boy.

"Just to see."

"All right. You see plenty."

From the top of the rock, MacGregor saw plenty, indeed. He saw the whole beautiful world, and in the middle of it, in the water almost directly beneath him, a ketch setting sail, ice white, immaculate and curiously remote in spite of the muted rattle of blocks, the groaning of the anchor winch that came as an undercurrent to the screaming of the parrots in the trees. The departure of the little ship disturbed him—the setting out of someone he had never known for a destiny he could not guess at. It was like his own farewell to civilization six months before—it was emotionally cold. Like himself, for that matter. Or at least that was what Kathleen had told him.

"Underneath, you're as cold as a fish," she had said when she gave him back the ring. "Nothing ever warms you. You're too good, Mac. You're clinically exact. And it isn't good for you. It won't get you anywhere."

"I don't make mistakes, anyway," he had said.

"Perhaps that's what I mean," she had told him.

He had regretted Kathleen, but it was the pursuit of his painting career rather than her dismissal that had brought him to this island of Owelaka, an outlier of the Trobriand group, which is itself an archipelago set in the Coral Sea. And he stayed, though the island is not of itself beautiful. It is simply a coral plain, a little tip-tilted by forgotten earthquakes, with a vegetation that differs hardly at all from that of any coral island anywhere. But from his perch on the Fishermen's Rock, where traditionally the canoemen climbed to shout their successes to the expectant village, he could see the ocean's loveliest waters, studded at a little distance by islands that are dead volcanoes; and islands beyond islands, mountainous, symmetrical and tinted with the pastel shades of sea distance.

He had been induced to stay by some furious necessity to master the problems presented by his art. He had found a home with old Frank Richards, the trader, in Frank's great cool barn of chicken-wire walls and sago-leaf roof that served as storehouse, living quarters and trading post in the village of Lamari, on the east coast; and here he kept himself firmly applied to painting when he was not looking after Frank's interests during the trader's frequent absences. He was looking after them now, paying his weekly call at the district office in Papatalu on the north coast, where a safe anchorage and adjacent copra plantations constituted Owelaka's sole commercial assets.

He was barefoot, because that was the best way to negotiate the three ragged ridges of abruptly upthrust coral that, under heavy forest, divided Lamari's lovely coral beaches, its populated villages and fertile garden land, from Papatalu. In four places he had had to balance on slippery, peeled trunks of trees no more than six inches in diameter. Once he had crossed a

She clutched him tightly and cried, "Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!"

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rock bridge. There were two cliff faces, not high, but rugged, that had to be climbed with handholds; and everywhere except directly on the foot-wide, smooth-worn trail, the rock was jagged with razor edges. But he had all the time in the world, and the way was beautiful with flowers and brilliant butterflies and small, water-flecked green ferns.

The weather was hot. It was ten days before Christmas in the northwest monsoon, and MacGregor stayed on top of the rock. He rested and watched until the ketch had beaten northeast round the coral and headed, as he guessed now, for the main Trobriand group, which was in the north. Then he scrambled down to the track again and headed for the district office.

Stevens, the patrol officer, saw him coming and threw a yellow envelope on the counter.

"Radiogram for you," he said.

MacGregor tore it open. "Three days old?" he complained. He wasn't really surprised.

"Yes. Well, there was no hurry," Stevens said. "You can't get a message out in reply. The radio's broken down."

"When are you going to have something urgent of your own so you'll fix it?" MacGregor inquired nastily, but Stevens only grunted and turned his back. He threw a bundle of letters—mostly for Richards—on the counter. The radiogram was from Richards too. It read:

DELAYED THREE WEEKS BROKEN PROPELLOR SHAFT STOP SOME DAMAGE STOP SLIPPING SAMARAI STOP PLEASE MEET LAYONI AND EXPLAIN WHY NO CHRISTMAS STOP LOOK AFTER HER STOP SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU. FRANK.

Well, that was Frank all over, MacGregor thought. He had the ends all tied up, but, somehow or other, nothing went right for him. He had made a special trip to get Christmas stock for his store, and now he wasn't going to be home for Christmas. Layoni was his ten-year-old half-caste daughter and the apple of his eye, and Layoni's mother had died at her birth. MacGregor had never seen the child. He felt, anyway, that he had no special affinity for children. They bored him.

One of the letters, he saw, had the name of Layoni's mission school on the envelope, so he tore it open. It contained Layoni's school report and the news that the mission schooner would land her at Papatalu on Owelaka on December 21. He looked up, reminded of something.

"Beautiful ketch just left the bay," he said. "Whose is it? No trader, I bet."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"You're safe," Stevens told him. "That was Innstrom's *Tanagra*. If I had his money I wouldn't be bucketing 'round these waters in a wind ship. Even though it's got everything that opens and shuts."

"Sir Gordon Innstrom?" MacGregor asked.

Stevens nodded. "The same," he said.

Sir Gordon was the one man above all others MacGregor would have liked to meet. He was the only one of the Australian millionaires, as far as he knew, who took any interest in painting. More than that, in MacGregor's view, it was an informed interest. Innstrom knew his subject.

"I'd have liked to meet him," MacGregor said.

"You'll get your chance," said Stevens. "He's coming back. He spent a few days with the Allisons, and they've asked him back for their Christmas party."

The Allisons had the biggest copra plantation. There were only a dozen Europeans on the island, and the Allisons composed the self-appointed aristocracy. MacGregor avoided them when he could. Mrs. Allison got on his nerves a little.

"So charmed to welcome an artist to our little community," she said when she met him first. "I paint myself, of course. But in my first year here I painted everything, absolutely everything paintable. One can't go on painting the same coconut palm." None of her efforts hung upon her walls, and the few prints there, while they were good, seemed to bear no relationship to one another.

MacGregor himself was engaged in a period of searching introspection. When he got home he went through his paintings again and stacked them up three or four at a time in the best light. They were not what he wanted.

He had left Sydney with no very impressive reputation, but in all honesty he did not know why. His work was modern. It had flow and rhythm; and in particular, a series of portraits that almost approached caricature had deserved, he felt, a public recognition. His techniques were good. He was a young man going places, and he had undertaken the visit to the Trobriands for publicity purposes as much as anything; it was a vivid place where no other artist had been. And then the islands had intrigued him, entangled him and finally, he had to admit, defeated him. For the exaggerated color and the exotic forms of the tropics mated badly with his exaggerated technique.

He sorted out the portraits of Doraima, a Lamari village adolescent who, on a whim, had her head shaved entirely bald. The girl's figure was exquisite. The dainty conformation of her completely naked head mated wonderfully with her fine-cut features and her regal bearing. She painted designs of happiness on her face—eye-

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encircling curves of shining black and enameled white in pigments of charcoal and lime and coconut oil.

MacGregor's first painting of her, in his usual style, was so bad he destroyed it. The others now faced him: two or three representational treatments in assorted surroundings that offered a flat and clinical result, and a slightly better version, with an almost Egyptian flavor. This one had drawn praise from Mrs. Allison, but he felt it lacked something.

Overall, he was disappointed. His work seemed alien to the land and to himself. The more immediate reason for his inspection, however, was to decide whether the quality of his work was sufficient to intrigue such a patron as Innstrom. If he could achieve Sir Gordon's patronage, his fame and future would be assured.

A couple of days later, when a native boy arrived at Lamari with an invitation to the Allison Christmas party, he was delighted to accept. He put the latest Doraima portrait back on the easel, added a few finishing touches and planned to present it to his hostess. Brought to the party, it would inevitably form a topic for conversation into which Sir Gordon must be drawn. Thus he would make his chance.

The Allison children and four or five others—the patrol officer's two and a Sanderson and two Emmets—were on the mission schooner with Layoni when he came to meet her. She was a slim child, primly dressed, with pipestem legs and neat polished shoes, and she stood a little behind the others, ignored by them, clutching her case in both hands, with her head downcast. Her voice, when she spoke, was tiny but musical.

Mrs. Allison, having gathered her brood about her, nodded a bright farewell. She was a big, heavy woman, briskly pleasant.

"We'll expect to see you on Christmas Day then, Mr. MacGregor," she said. "Come in the afternoon. The children will be having their party then, and we'll expect you to stay for ours in the evening." She looked at Layoni. "Someone at Lamari can look after Frank's child," she added. "I doubt that she'd get on too well with our lot."

The little girl dropped her chin on her chest again and looked at the ground. MacGregor felt her register the snub, brutal and direct. He took her absurdly small case, made his farewells, and they started up the track. When they paused at the summit and sat in the sun by the Fishermen's Rock, Layoni waited awhile before she asked, "Will my daddy be home for Christmas?"

"I'm afraid he won't be," MacGregor said absently. "He'll have to stay in Samarai until his boat is fixed.

"And, if I was perceived to be naughty this year, it's only because I was misled by my advisers."

A couple of weeks, maybe."

He suddenly sensed Layoni's disappointment and looked at her closely. For the first time he noticed the dusky glory of dark hair, the smooth olive complexion, the incredibly beautiful, liquid brown eyes. There was something a little pathetic, he thought, in the way she looked down at her toes. Suddenly realizing she was at home, on her own ground, away from the disciplined days of mission school, she reached forward, undid her shoe fastenings and stripped off shoes and socks. MacGregor thought, uncomfortably, of another disappointment.

"I'm afraid there won't be any Christmas presents either," he said. "No party. Your daddy was going to bring all the things back with him, and now he can't."

There was a long pause this time, while the movements of her hands were arrested, and then she said gently, "It doesn't matter." She looked up. "We did have a party at the mission, and it was nearly Christmas," she said. "Some of the girls there don't have any parties but mission parties." Later on, when they were walking down the track, she said, "The girls who have parties will tell us all about them when school starts."

"I thought Mrs. Allison might have asked you to come to her party," MacGregor said, and Layoni shook her head.

"She never does." She had the utmost composure and poise. "Maybe daddy will bring a party back with him," she said. "It won't be very far from Christmas, will it?"

She looked up at him, and her beautiful eyes belied these Pollyanna sentiments, for they were close to tears. He began to feel a real interest in this little scrap of humanity. Suddenly he made a resolve that she should have her party.

At night, after he had sent Layoni to bed, MacGregor sat and smoked his pipe. *What on earth does one do,* he thought, *to please a child at Christmas?* Most of his memories came from the commercial artwork he had done in student days for city stores. There would have to be a tree—well, that was simple. He could manage that. But there were no toys, no ornaments, no strings of lights. Playmates would be no problem. And he could keep the party a surprise—last-minute invitations would not worry the native children of the village. There should be an angel for the top of the tree. He tried to remember what else.

The village of Paladau, in the south of the island, was renowned for its wood carvers. They were simple artisans who cheerfully tackled the job of making, say, a three-legged table; chopping it with most intricate design out of a heavy, solid tree trunk, using tiny adzes of their own manufacture, smoothing the cuts with the sandpaper skin of a stingray and adding the final

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JEANE KIRKPATRICK: IDEALS COME FIRST

Ideals and what's good for the country are more important than party affiliations to our no-nonsense United Nations ambassador.

by James R. Whelan

Three-quarters of a century ago, Theodore Roosevelt wrote a letter to the Walter Cronkite of that day, Richard Harding Davis.

"There are," the President wrote, "a large number of well-meaning ambassadors. . .who belong to what I call the pink-tea type, who merely reside in the service instead of working in the service."

The Rough Rider surely would have approved of Jeane Jordan Kirkpatrick, America's ambassador to the United Nations for the past four years. Mrs. Kirkpatrick rarely takes time out for tea: She is far too busy crusading for America, and in the process, infuriating those who claim that plain talk—and not implacable Communism—is the enemy of peace in our time.

Sometimes timid Jeane Kirkpatrick (left) seemed startled at the shouts of "Jeane Is Great for '88!" at a reception for her in Dallas during the GOP convention. The *Post*'s editor relates to Jeane's confession that though a professional woman she was "hit hard by the stirrings of motherhood." Dr. Kirkpatrick took a nine-year semi-sabbatical to rear three sons.

Together, those two qualities—her no-nonsense approach to her life and her job, and her persistence in pointing out that important differences exist between "the virtues of the democracies and the vices of the totalitarian systems of the East"—raise the hackles of the media and the other "intelligentsia" who create and control images in the modern world.

They have also earned her the deep respect and affection of millions who share her belief that if "it is no longer possible to distinguish between freedom and despotism, between consent and violence, between open and closed societies, then the erosion of the foundation of a distinctively Western, democratic civilization is already far advanced. . . ."

" 'You need the chaps circulating in the bar,' a pro-Western Asian envoy said. An Arab diplomat grumbled: 'She isn't one of the boys.' "
—Anonymous sources cited by the *New York Times Magazine* in an April 1982 cover story on Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

"When she walked into the room, it was as if someone had flicked on a light switch. They jumped to their feet, and started clapping and kept it up. It was the only time that happened."—Former National Security Adviser Richard V. Allen, describing the scene in Dallas, during this summer's Republican National Convention, at a seminar he had organized for more than 200 foreign political leaders attending the convention. (Among the others addressing the same seminar: Secretary of State George Shultz, Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker and a presidential counselor, Edwin Meese.)

The first thing to know about Mrs. Kirkpatrick is that a great deal of what is written about her is false. She is not a warmonger; she is not an apologist for right-wing dictators; she is not even "a Latin American specialist"; her voice is not harsh, hectoring—hear it from Anne Tremblay, writing in *Working Woman* magazine a year and a half ago: "Nor is her voice the one we hear on the evening news—that semibaritone bearing down on us like an MX missile. She speaks evenly, in a Midwestern drawl, letting hard consonants slide away. . . ."

Nor, in person, is she the forbidding figure so many have come to expect. She has, in fact, a certain shyness, startling in view of the boldness of her ideas. Tremblay sensed it: "Photographs do not do her justice; they don't capture a certain timidity that softens her features."

The French magazine *Madame Figaro* once said of her: "This woman is Ronald Reagan's iron man." *Iron man*—this woman who without hesitation abandoned a budding academic career when, in her words, she was "hit very hard by the stirrings of motherhood"? Iron man?

Madame Figaro is to be forgiven. There is more than a little riddle about Jeane Kirkpatrick, not all of it of media manufacture.

How did this woman, fluent in Spanish and French, possessed of an Ivy League education, far more familiar nowadays with the salons of Paris than with the prairies of Middle America, remain, nonetheless, so incurably, unmistakably American?

How did this woman, whose "passion is figuring things out," leave the

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solitude of the study behind for bruising, incessant, raucous combat in defense of ideals?

How did this woman, born to Southern Democrats and married into a family of Humphrey Democrats, emerge as the most outspoken champion of Ronald Reagan's ideas about the world we live in?

We are at the Cosmos Club, in the heart of Washington's Embassy Row, the day before Ambassador Kirkpatrick is to present the President of the United States to the U.N. General Assembly, the day before she will join him in a warm-up meeting with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. With us is her closest friend, Anne de Lattre of Paris, a woman who, in large measure, set Jeane Kirkpatrick on the international course she has followed ever since their student days together at Barnard College.

Jeane and I have known each other for several years; we are friends. There is no hint of self-consciousness in the conversation, not because of the important role she is to play tomorrow—Jeane Kirkpatrick wears the robes and responsibilities of power gracefully—or because of the tape recorder that continues whirring through lunch. The talk turns easily to her childhood. Deep American roots, strong native values are projected. The riddles melt away.

Although some say photographs fail to capture a certain reserve that softens her features, Jeane Kirkpatrick has emerged as the most outspoken champion of Ronald Reagan's ideas about the world we live in. In fact, the French magazine *Madame Figaro* once said of her: "This is Ronald Reagan's iron man."

She speaks of a childhood move that helped to shape and deepen her understanding of life's complexities. The move took the Jordan family from Duncan, Oklahoma, an intensely Southern town where Jeane was born on November 19, 1926, to Vandalia, Illinois.

"My grandfather," she tells me, "was horrified at the idea of my father moving the family to Illinois. Even down to the night before we were to move, my grandfather was still trying to talk my father out of it, and he called him one last time and said, 'Don't you understand that your family, your children, are going to grow up to be—*Yankees*?' "

Her grandfather's "apprehensions" proved justified. Vandalia was not only above the Mason-Dixon line, it had been a station on the underground railway. Furthermore, Lincoln had served in the Illinois

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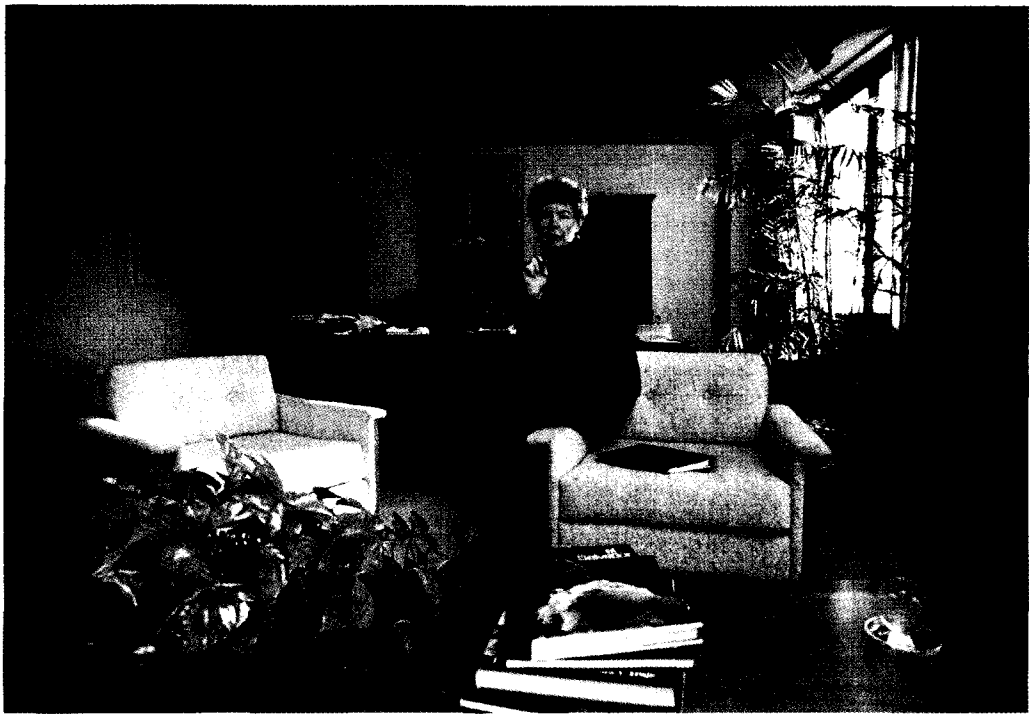
legislature there, when Vandalia was still the capital of the state.

"All of a sudden," she continues, "the bad guys of Southern history became the good guys of Northern history, and the good guys the bad guys. It was quite a lesson in perspective, in historiography."

Images of her parents float into the conversation. Her father, Welcher F. Jordan, was an oil-drilling contractor. ("He owned the rigs, the machinery, to drill oil wells; mainly he drilled for major companies. He was not a wildcatter, as so many people have written." She clarifies the point with emphasis, then adds: "He was a very prudent, cautious, sensible man.")



"My father, were he alive, wouldn't be very impressed with my being ambassador to the United Nations, or even a member of the President's cabinet," says Kirkpatrick. "But being inducted into the Oklahoma Hall of Fame!—that, I think, would have impressed him."

Oklahoma in the '30s suffered not only the devastation of the Depression, but also drought-induced dust storms. Even the oil industry faltered, which is why Jordan, encouraged by contracts from Standard Oil's principal drilling subsidiary, Carter Oil, took his family to oil-booming south-central Illinois.

"It was," Jeane remembers, "a very good economic opportunity." Another clarification follows: "Now, we didn't live in a boom town, because my mother wouldn't ever permit us to live in a boom town. They chose a town to live in on the quality of the schools."

It is a theme she would return to. "My mother always insisted that we live in solid towns with solid school systems." After only one year in "Northern" Vandalia, the family moved to Mount Vernon, Illinois, only 50 miles down the road but light years away in its Southern attitudes and outlook.

The mention of mother again triggers a question. "Was your mother the dominant intellectual force in your life?" I ask.

"There were no intellectual forces in my life," she responds, adding later: "My mother encouraged me enormously, to be anything I wanted to be." A copy of Jeane's book *Dictatorships and Double Standards* is on the table beside me. I tap the book and remark that "forces" have no place in Jeane Kirkpatrick's world. The three of us share a chuckle. In the famous 1979 essay of the same name, the essay that catapulted her to her present prominence, she faulted latter-day Democrats most severely for believing that we are, all of us, at the mercy of world-wide "forces" we cannot oppose.

Mount Vernon—where her parents would live until their deaths (her father in 1973, her mother in 1979)—was, she remembers, somewhat larger than Vandalia. "It had a really outstanding public-school system in those days, always winning awards." Though brief, the Vandalia experience was also important and fired her interest in history. She still remembers Miss Elam, a history teacher who doubled as principal of her junior high school in Vandalia—"and who is still alive," she adds with relish.

"My parents," she goes on, "were really both very dedicated to the importance of education for their children—you know, like good Americans, a better life for their children, that sort of thing, for my brother and me. My father used to say his friends couldn't get their children to go to college, and he couldn't get his children to stop."

Did they encourage a career in public life? No, she answers, adding that although neither lived to see her achieve her present eminence, her mother did live long enough to see her become successful in academic life. "The last year she was alive, her last Mother's Day, one of the nicest things happened: I was selected to receive the distinguished-alumna award at Stephens College and give the commencement address. She was terribly pleased. This seemed to her the embodiment of great success. She took great pride in my accomplishments, there's no doubt about that, and there's no doubt that she would take even greater pride in this."

The clarification process—a Kirkpatrick hallmark—takes over: "You know, my parents, but especially my father, taught me never to be overly impressed either by my own or especially anybody else' success." Then, the equally characteristic pinch of humor: "A few years ago, I was inducted into the Oklahoma Hall of Fame. My father, were he alive, wouldn't be very impressed with my being ambassador to the United Nations, or even a member of the President's cabinet. But—being inducted into the Oklahoma Hall of Fame—that, I think, he would have been impressed with."

A *Vogue* magazine writer once observed: "If brains are sexy, then

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Jeane Kirkpatrick is the Sophia Loren of diplomacy." That "sexy" side of her—taking shape in high school, where she was a straight-A student, active in drama and the school newspaper—exploded in college.

Jeane began at nearby Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri, with the announced intention of becoming a spinster teacher. She once told an interviewer: "My mother encouraged me to study, and my father hoped I would marry the boy next door and settle down across the street." Stephens, with its finishing-school aura, was to have paved the way.

Jeane Kirkpatrick and former Secretary of State Alexander Haig looked eye to eye but didn't see eye to eye on many issues. The infighting, which reached its peak during the Falklands crisis, twice brought her to the point of resigning. Later, Haig would remark, "I have nothing but good to say about Jeanie."

Instead, after two years at Stephens, Jeane transferred to the intellectually demanding Barnard College in New York City and earned a B.A. in 1948. Two years later, she added an M.A. in political science from Columbia University. While at Barnard, influenced in part by Virginia Woolf's *A Room of One's Own*, she developed her own version of feminist views. She once told Maureen Orth, a writer: "My attitude today, which is basically what it was at 18, is that women really ought to be able to be free to do anything they want to."

For *Who's Who in America,* she appended this to her biographical sketch: "My experience demonstrates to my satisfaction that it is both possible and feasible for women in our times to successfully combine traditional and professional roles, that it is not necessary to ape man's career patterns—starting early and keeping one's nose to a particular grindstone, but that, instead, one can do quite different things at different stages of one's life. All that is required is a little luck and a lot of work."

We touch only briefly on the subject; questions about sex roles (who cooks, who does the dishes) bore this "postfeminist feminist."

"My approach to life," she begins, the words chosen carefully, self-correcting clauses inserted as she goes along, "would be a 'both-and' approach. If I could sum it up, for example, the matter of traditional roles versus untraditional roles for women, I think one should refuse to choose. I think if one wants to, one should be *both* a wife and mother, *and* a professional if one wants to be." Her voice, at the end, has a lilt to it, a musicality missing from the crisp Kirkpatrick the public hears.

Barnard also brought another dimension to Jeane Kirkpatrick's life. It was there she met Mme. de Lattre, who eased her into the French language and became her tutor as well as lifelong friend. "She was a harsh teacher, always criticizing," Jeane teases. While Jeane is away from the table, Mme. de Lattre confides: "She was an excellent student." Then: "Jeane is very thorough, very scientific. She is not ideological. She wants to establish conclusions on the basis of knowledge."

The two women shared remarkable later similarities: both married men 15 years their senior; each woman had three children, Anne three girls, Jeane three boys; both would ultimately pursue international careers, Mme. de Lattre beginning earlier with the Paris-based Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development.

Their friendship also sparked Jeane's lasting romance with France—virtually every summer since their marriage, the Kirkpatricks have spent at least a month in the south of France. France also awakened her interest in international affairs.

At Columbia, the faculty adviser on her master's thesis, Franz L. Neumann, gave her a letter of introduction to two State Department officials. One was Herbert L. Marcuse, whose writings enthralled radical leftists and fathered the student-revolt movement of the 1960s. The other was Evron M. Kirkpatrick, a close friend of Hubert Humphrey's. "I liked Kirk [as she and everyone else calls him] better," she told an interviewer. She went to work for him and analyzed reports of refugees from Eastern Europe.

Kirk found much to admire in his young colleague, too. "She was a talking partner in the beginning, a very smart gal, and I found that very attractive." During her two-year stint in the State Department, the two found themselves chatting increasingly over lunches, then dinners. In 1952, she won a French–government fellowship to study at the Institut de Sciences Politiques in Paris. Kirk finagled a project that took him frequently to France that year.

Back in the United States, in 1955, the couple married. Jeane went to

New U.N. Ambassador Kirkpatrick quickly took the offensive against nations accustomed to unchallenged hit-and-run attacks on the U.S. Observing that the United States was "ignored, deplored, despised and reviled," she answered every attack on our nation "in language as pungent as it was clear."

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work for the Defense Department and reviewed reports of Communist Chinese prisoners captured during the Korean War who refused to be repatriated. "They were terrible stories, like the Ancient Mariner's," she once told *National Review*. That experience, plus the earlier one involving Eastern European refugees, cemented her aversion to communism.

Through Kirk she became active in Democratic party politics, wrote speeches and analyzed polling data in Hubert Humphrey's senatorial and presidential campaigns. She also served on several party commissions, most recently (1975-1978) the Democratic National Committee's Commission on Party Structure and Presidential Nomination, and the National Credentials Committee at the 1976 convention. But by then, her disenchantment with the Democratic party was deep. Her dismay dated back to the rise to power of those who nominated George McGovern in 1972.

Together with like-minded intellectuals who feared that the "Democratic party and the country were going to hell," she was a founder of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority. Many from that group would emerge as leaders of the neoconservative movement, straddling both major parties, their works showcased frequently in *Commentary* magazine.

But political activism and a strong academic career would still take a back seat to motherhood. In 1956, the Kirkpatricks' first son, Douglas, was born. Within 24 hours, Mrs. Kirkpatrick committed herself to child-rearing over career—and remained mainly at home for nine years, until her third son, Stuart, went off to the first grade.

"I was hit very hard," she would later reflect, "by the stirrings of motherhood. I had mixed feelings about getting married, getting pregnant; and then suddenly here was this incredible creature, and it was like being infatuated. But it doesn't end." To another interviewer, she once said: "I think any woman who voluntarily deals herself out of motherhood is making a terrible mistake. Similarly, though, if a woman declines to develop her intellectual, aesthetic or professional skills, she is also dealing herself out of major life experiences."

A born-and-bred Democrat, Jeane attended the 1968 Democratic convention in Chicago with her husband and her son Douglas. Sixteen years and four presidential administrations later, in a fiery address to the Republican convention in Dallas, she delivered a blistering attack on the "San Francisco" Democrats.

Those child-rearing years were also ones of intellectual growth for Jeane. "It was," she told an interviewer, Bernard D. Nossiter, "the most fascinating, absorbing, rewarding period of my life. I never gave up anything. I had intellectual interests. I married one of the best libraries in the world."

Like Jeane, her husband was an academic as well as a government official. He had taught government to Humphrey at the University of Minnesota before joining the State Department. He left the department in 1955 to become executive director of the American Political Science Association, a post he held for 27 years. He now lectures at Georgetown University, is president of the Helen Dwight Reid and Hildreth foundations, and a fellow of the American Enterprise Institute. He is also, as Jeane says, "my most trusted adviser."

She began teaching part-time at Trinity College in Washington in 1962, later (in 1967) at Georgetown University and eventually became Leavey Professor of Political Science at Georgetown. (She is on leave of absence from the prestigious post.)

In 1967, she also picked up the obligatory (for a career in academe) Ph.D., from Columbia University. Her dissertation, on the Argentine dictator Juan Perón, would give rise to later, and inaccurate, claims that she is a specialist on Latin America.

"My interest in Argentine politics," she explains, "really developed as a consequence of my interest in southern European politics, with Mediterranean politics more accurately. And I saw Argentine politics as an interesting kind of version of Mediterranean politics under frontier conditions."

She clarifies: She does not disdain Latin America—her primary interests have simply been American and European politics. "I never taught a course on Latin America in my life. There was only one foreign country I offered courses in in my teaching career, and that country was France. I have said many times and in many places—I am not a Latinist. I have a lot more sympathy for Latin America than most Americans do."

Images are, however, hard to shake. Even Alexander Haig, secretary of state (and frequent antagonist) during her first year and a half at the United Nations, refers to her in his new book, *Caveat*, as "a specialist in Latin questions."

But what difference does it make?

Plenty, she responds—primarily because of the tendency to then pigeonhole her, and what's worse, obscure her area of authentic expertise—Europe. "Charles Percy [senior senator from Illinois and influential chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee] once wrote a column—it was during the Falklands crisis, when Al Haig was attacking me directly—" she recalls, "saying I ought to resign, that I had so many deep emotional attachments to Argentina that disqualified me from participating in our policy process, that I had gone to school there and that all my best friends were Argentine." By now, her voice is tinged with mirth, and the last part of the anecdote is giggled more than spoken: "This is, you know, sheer, total poppycock. . . ."

Yet Latin America would vault her to her present position—though not for the reasons commonly given, and not in the fashion commonly reported.

"I was on vacation in southern France for three months, in 1978. I had enough leisure to begin to think, and I said the Nicaraguan government is falling apart. The French em-

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phasize maps a lot more than we do. They kept publishing maps of Central America, and it hit me, all of a sudden, like a ton of bricks, that this area was really vitally important to us.

"That's how I became involved in Central America. I started studying Central America after I became convinced that it was vitally important to us, not before."

Out of these ruminations would come a stunning document, a 10,000-word article titled "Dictatorships and Double Standards," published in the November 1979 issue of *Commentary*. The opening paragraph reveals just how deep was her disgust for those then in charge of the Democratic Party:

"The failure of the Carter administration's foreign policy," she began, "is now clear to everyone except its architects, and even they must entertain private doubts, from time to time, about a policy whose crowning achievement has been to lay the groundwork for a transfer of the Panama Canal from the United States to a swaggering Latin dictator of Castroite bent. In the 30-odd months since the inauguration of Jimmy Carter as President there has occurred a dramatic Soviet military build-up, matched by the stagnation of American armed forces, and a dramatic extension of Soviet influence in the Horn of Africa, Afghanistan, southern Africa and the Caribbean, matched by a declining American position in all these areas. The U.S. has never tried so hard and failed so utterly to make and keep friends of the Third World.

"As if this were not bad enough, in the current year [1979] the United States has suffered two other major blows—in Iran and Nicaragua—of large and strategic significance. In each country, the Carter administration not only failed to prevent the undesired outcome, it actively collaborated in the replacement of moderate autocrats friendly to American interests with less friendly autocrats of extremist persuasion. . .there are no signs that anyone is giving attention to this nation's role in Iranian and Nicaraguan developments."

This was not the first time she had gone public with criticism of Carter's foreign policy. The year before, she had published a cautious but cutting reply to Carter's Notre Dame speech, in which he spoke of our "inordinate fear of Communism." Inevitably, I wondered whether she had been considered for a post in the early days of the Carter administration; she confirmed rumors that yes, she had received a call from the White House

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"I think one should be both a wife and mother and a professional, if one wants to be," states wife, mother and ambassador Kirkpatrick. She is the wife of Evron M. Kirkpatrick ("my most trusted adviser") and the mother of three sons: Stu, John and Doug. She is also on leave from her post as Leavey Professor of Political Science at Georgetown U.

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A CREATURE WAS STIRRING

When that delicate balance between "his" and "her" Christmas gifts suddenly becomes lopsided, he risks life and limb in some last-minute shopping.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

What do you give a woman who has everything?—with me to boot. Which she does. Frequently. I keep thinking of a friend who tried to get out of Christmas shopping by giving his wife a pound box of Brach's miniatures and a paperback edition of *How to Keep Your Husband Happy*. She gave him an electric golf cart. This gave him such guilt pangs that he risked life and limb in the gift-exchange mob the day after Christmas and blew $695, plus tax, to buy her a washer and dryer.

Fortunately, we don't need a washer and dryer. I married a washer and dryer. But to avoid my friend's costly pitfall, I have been resorting to a little pre-Christmas strategy that, for want of a better word (I *do* wish I could come up with a better word), we'll call snooping. What it does is give me a chance to match—size-wise, at least—gift for gift. And it has worked so well that you'd have thought someone smarter would think of it. Until last year, that is.

I even had last year in the bag, right until store-closing time on Christmas Eve. What happened then, I'd rather forget. But if you insist. . .

Now, I am not the typical last-minute male shopper I used to be. There's nothing like those last-minute, half-price bargains to arouse the competitive spirit in the human breast. And when it comes to the thrill of victory, nothing can top winning a tug of war over the last size-36 sleeveless sweater on the counter.

But I gave up Christmas Eve competition years ago. It's so hard to convince some women that you didn't know the sweater originally had sleeves. Or that the third sleeve on a blouse will make a dandy matching neckpiece. I had a worse time explaining how a jigsaw puzzle with seven border pieces missing offers an even more exciting challenge. As for the exercise bike with the missing seat, which I patiently pointed out would take pounds off even faster because she'd have to stand while pedaling, I got it in the end. And she made me exchange the retarded parakeet for two goldfish and a tank. For my money the fish are even dumber than the bird.

But as I was saying, I had last Christmas all wrapped up. I had located her neatly wrapped cache of "To Maynard from Lois" packages and taken a guess at what they were. The 2″x7″ box, surely a Cross pen, I balanced with one of those thermometers that let a woman know when her turkey is cooked. The 2x3-footer that I guessed to be a shirt-tie combo I counteracted with a nightgown and a box of matching Kleenex. The square package that I concluded must be an electric pencil sharpener I equalized with an electric can opener. The fishing rod, with an umbrella. The dozen golf balls, with a dozen soap balls. But you get the idea.

So, with the score at least tied (or I might even have been ahead—the can opener also had a convenience for sharpening shears), I was cavorting about the living room, shouting encouragement to the house plants, joking with the goldfish, occasionally splashing into their tank a bracer from the glass with which I was toasting my success.

Then, as in pride goeth before a fall, Lois suddenly screamed that the cat had caught a fish. But the fish had escaped and was flapping toward the bedroom. In trying to intercept it before I'd be called upon to render mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, I found myself plunging into the jungle of Lois' closet deeper than I had ever plunged before.

You guessed it. Behind the moth motel that had once served as a fur coat was a "To Maynard from Lois" package four feet long by two feet wide. I measured it. In retrospect, I should have torn the paper, peeked and blamed it on the cat. But stores would be closing in 30 minutes, and I still had to make the cat cough up the goldfish before dashing out to grab up a 4x2-footer. Or better.

Trying to avoid office-party celebrants weaving their way homeward, I had little time to concentrate on the kind of gift I would have to beat. Maybe she'd gotten me one of those boards on casters that would let me roll under the car to check the valve

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compression, or whatever it is other men roll under the car to do. Naw. I couldn't tell a valve compression from a piston replacement and Lois knows it. A grandfather's-clock kit? Not when she's still waiting for me to figure out how to install the knob on the kitchen door. Too short for a toboggan, too long for a cribbage board, it hadn't rattled, glugged, bent, jingled, jangled, snapped, crackled or popped. I'd just have to go by size and hope that, cost-wise, I wouldn't be too far off.

By dint of a final, all-out sprint across the parking lot, I managed to beat closing time at the drugstore by a full five minutes. The manager, however, probably wanting to begin his own Christmas shopping, was letting people out but not in.

"I left my grandson in the comic-book section!" I gasped, whipping past and heading for the turnstile.

I remember quite clearly flinging myself against the arm of the turnstile. But after that things get foggy. All I know is the turnstile failed to turn. I vaguely recall hitting the thing groin-high at about 15 miles per hour and being catapulted into a display of Christmas-tree ornaments across the aisle.

The manager, who heard the crash and came running to help me out of the merchandise, said I was lucky the ornaments had been reduced to half price. Even at that, the bill came to $18.45. The $20.00 I had brought with me left but enough for a marked-down bottle of Maybe Tonight perfume.

"And just why did you buy this, whatever it is?" Lois asked upon unwrapping the first sack of busted ornaments on Christmas morning.

"They're to glue on your blue evening dress," I said. "I thought it would look even prettier with a bunch of sequins."

Before she could ask about the second sack, I said, "You've been wanting something to put under the glass top of the coffee table. There you are." And when she couldn't talk at all after opening the third sack, I explained that the goldfish tank needed a little brightening up. I said it would cheer up the fish the cat had intercepted.

And for what had I sacrificed the serenity of my Christmas Eve, to say nothing of risking internal organs on a wrong-way turnstile? A mirror! A lousy hall mirror!

"I've been wanting a mirror in that hallway ever since we moved here," Lois said, as soon as she was able to talk.

I still don't know if I was out-gifted or just plain hustled. It's not easy to believe that when a man and a woman have united their plights in the trough of holy wedlock, or however that goes, for as many years as we have, the woman would resort to out-and-out deception, fraud, malfeasance or otherwise dirty pool at this season of the year.

I'm taking no chances, however. What I'm doing this year is wrapping an electric typewriter that I've wanted ever since we moved here, labeling it "To Lois from Maynard" and hiding it on top of the bureau. Maybe a couple of weeks before Christmas. That should give her plenty of time to come up with a comparable gift for me. Provided she's caught the spirit of this thing, of course.

If she matches it with a portable sewing machine, I'll have the answer.

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THE CHRISTMAS STORY

This read-aloud children's story is excerpted from Charles Dickens' letters, originally handwritten for his own children so that "they might know more of the best that ever was in the world." It was his last work.

by Charles Dickens

My Dear Children,

I am very anxious that you should know something about the History of Jesus Christ. For everybody ought to know about Him. No one ever lived, who was so good, so kind, so gentle, and so sorry for all people who did wrong, or were in anyway ill or miserable, as he was. And as he is now in Heaven, where we hope to go, and all to meet each other after we are dead, and there be happy always together, you never can think what a good place Heaven is, without knowing who he was and what he did.

He was born, a long long time ago —nearly Two Thousand years ago— at a place called Bethlehem. His father and mother lived in a city called Nazareth, but they were forced, by business to travel to Bethlehem. His father's name was Joseph, and his mother's name was Mary. And the town being very full of people, also brought there by business, there was no room for Joseph and Mary in the Inn or in any house; so they went into a Stable to lodge, and in this stable Jesus Christ was born. There was no cradle or anything of that kind there, so Mary laid her pretty little boy in what is called the Manger, which is the place the horses eat out of. And there he fell asleep.

While he was asleep, some Shepherds who were watching Sheep in the Fields, saw an Angel from God, all light and beautiful, come moving over the grass towards Them. At first they were afraid and fell down and hid their faces. But it said "There is a child born to-day in the City of Bethlehem near here, who will grow up to be so good that God will love him as his own son; and he will teach men to love one another, and not to quarrel and hurt one another; and his name will be Jesus Christ; and people will put that name in their prayers, because they will know God loves it, and will know that they should love it too." And then the Angel

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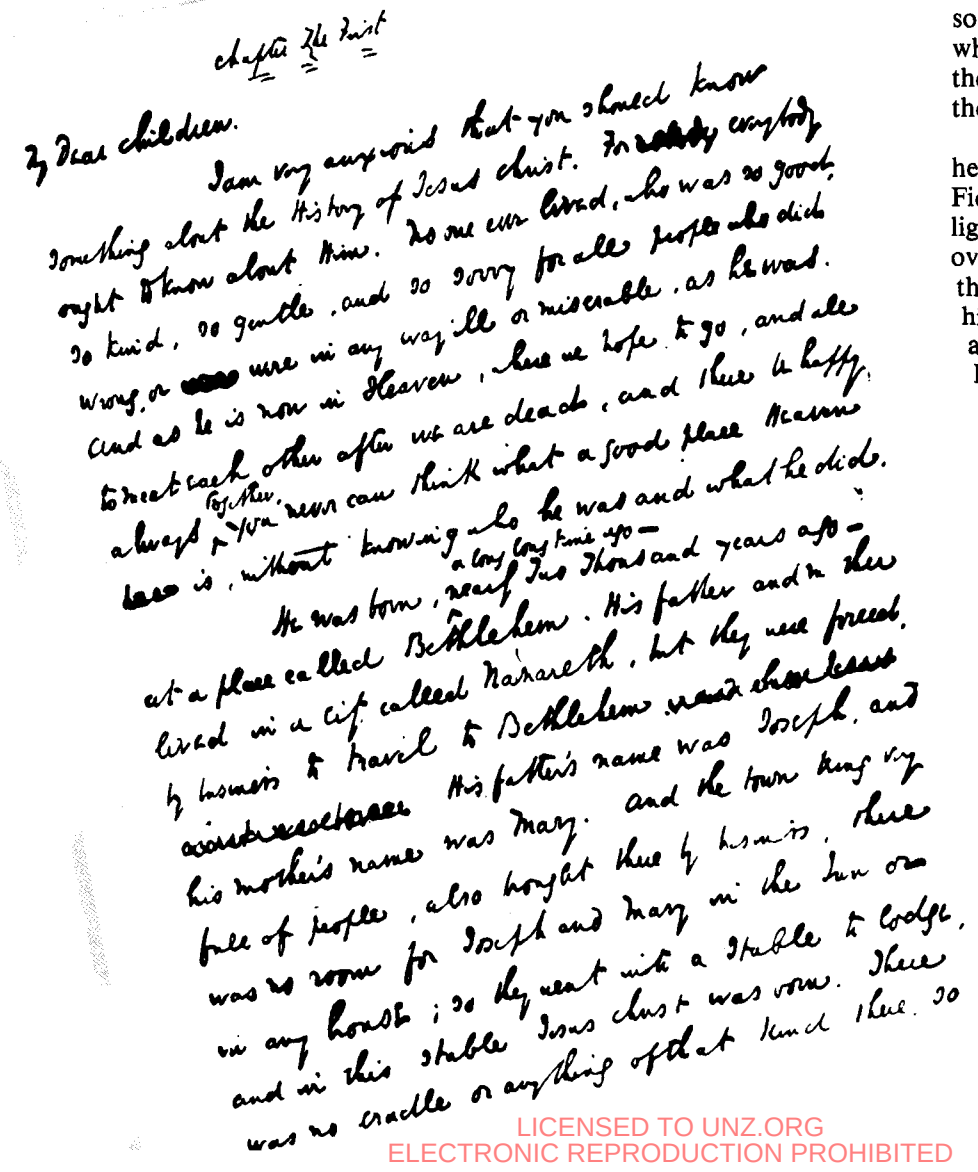

This is page one of Dickens' labor of love. The pages lay hidden from the public for 85 years until after the death of his youngest child—then his descendants voted to permit the publication of this very personal religious communication.

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This charming and nostalgic portrait is of Dickens' four children to whom his letters about the life of Christ were written. The painting was done by Daniel Maclise.

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CORRAL A HORSE FOR CHRISTMAS

This homemade steed-for-all-seasons will make a hard-bucking hand-me-down for generations of young riders to come.

by Michael Allen

If you have already discovered the truth in the adage "it's more blessed to give than to receive," just wait until you give something made by your own two chisel-scarred, varnish-stained hands. You'll find even more satisfaction when, instead of the usual polite "That's nice" (only to have the store-bought thing shelved after a cursory examination), your child or grandchild joyously puts your handmade gift to use—and over the years lovingly wears it out and as lovingly puts his hand to rebuilding it.

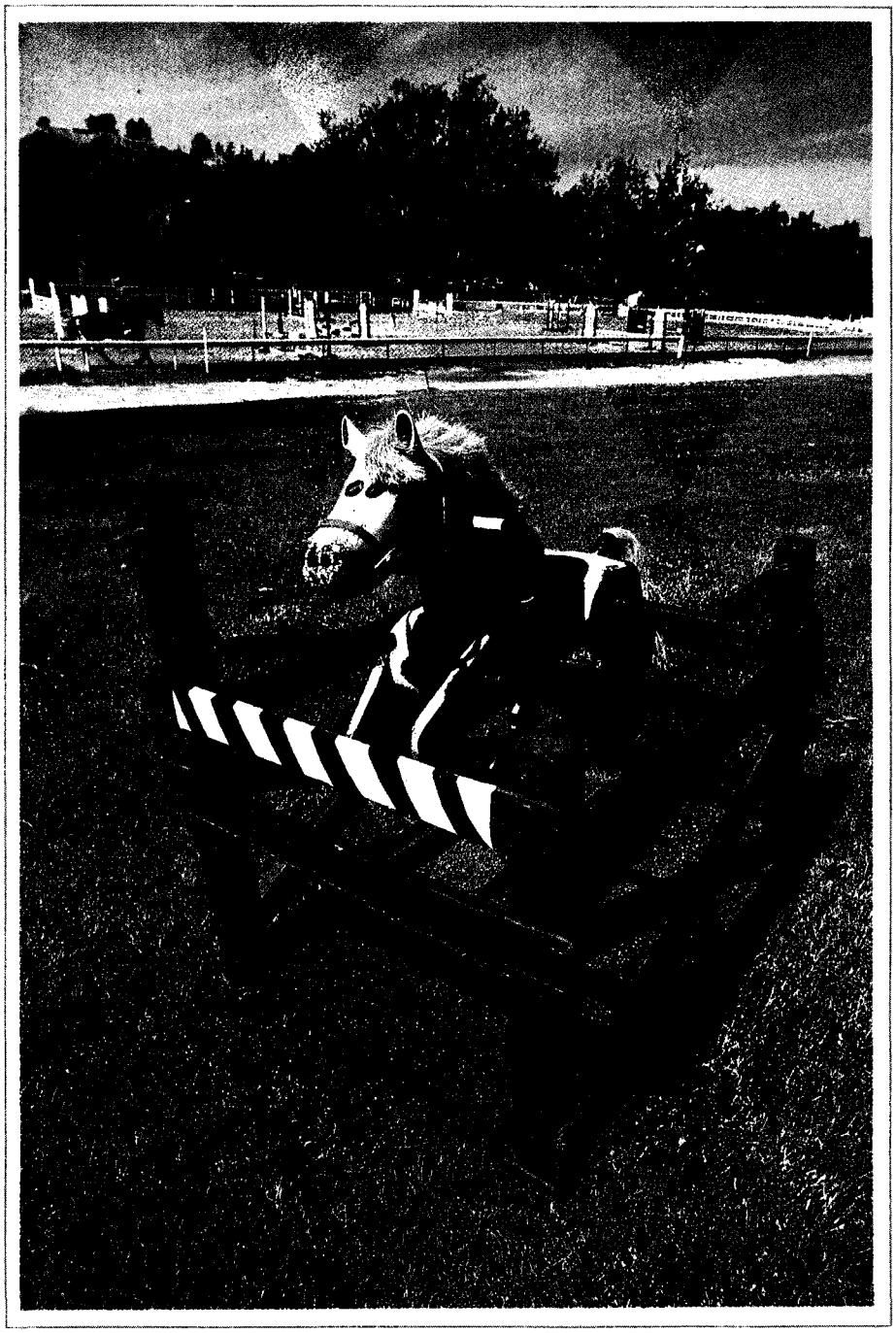
You say the only thing you ever tried to make was a doghouse? And the dog left home the next day? Not to worry. Thanks to Peter Stevenson's *Wood Toys and Dollhouses* (Chilton Book Co., Radnor, PA 19087 205 pp., $15.95), you have the plans for constructing long-lasting toys from rough-and-ready materials that gain appeal with time. All you need for this labor of love is a one-quarter-inch electric drill, a hand-held circular saw and an electric saber saw, with maybe a little help from tools already in your kitchen drawer: hammer, pliers, screwdriver, chisel and wrench.

You'll need the wood, of course, to begin with, and the varnish or paints to add the final touch. But Stevenson generously supplies the accurate line work, a materials list and cutting and finishing techniques for all the 15 "old faithful" toys in his carefully illustrated book.

Although we lingered longest over the Dump Truck, the Steam Shovel, the Dollhouse and the Log Cabin, nostalgia finally led us to decide on the Jumping Horse. Mr. Stevenson warns that because the jumping horse, suspended on tension springs, is high-spirited, it should be used with adult supervision. But don't overdo it. Once you have proudly presented your handsome handmade gift to the lucky rider-to-be on Christmas morning, do get off and give the kid a chance. Kids catch on pretty quick nowadays.

Materials List

4 ′x4 ′ ACX exterior-grade plywood panel, ¾ ″ thick
1 ′ length of rough redwood 4x4 stock
8 ′ length of rough redwood 2x2 stock
6 ″ length of fir, cedar or redwood 2x6 stock
Two 10 ′ length of fir, cedar or redwood 1x3 stock
8 ′ length of fir, cedar or redwood



This miniature of the horse species is just the right size, has a springy gait and will stay in line at a trot or a gallop. He rides over a trail of plastic grass and can be corraled either inside or out.

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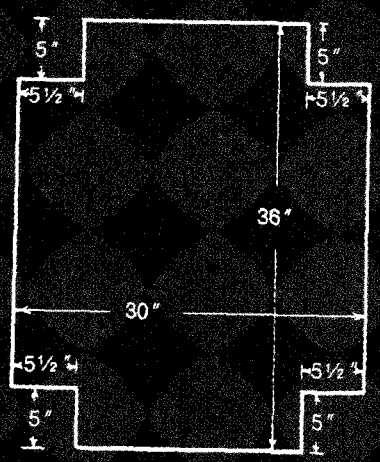
Figure 2



The Jumping Horse is suspended over plywood and enclosed in a corral of redwood or cedar.

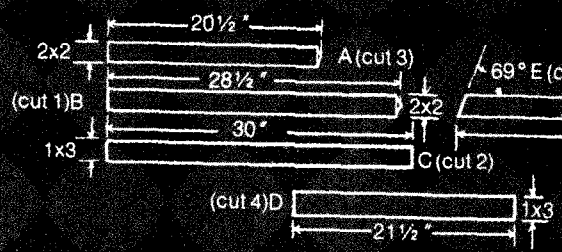
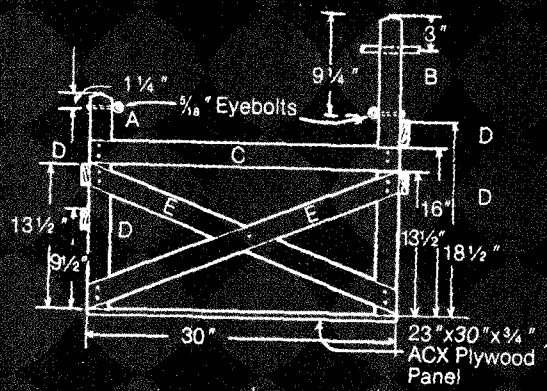


Figure 1



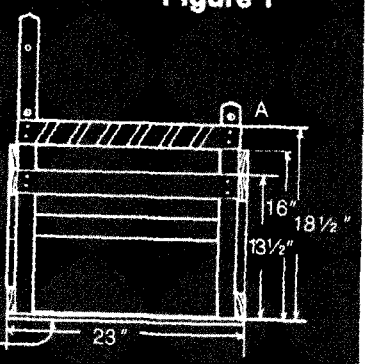


Figure 3

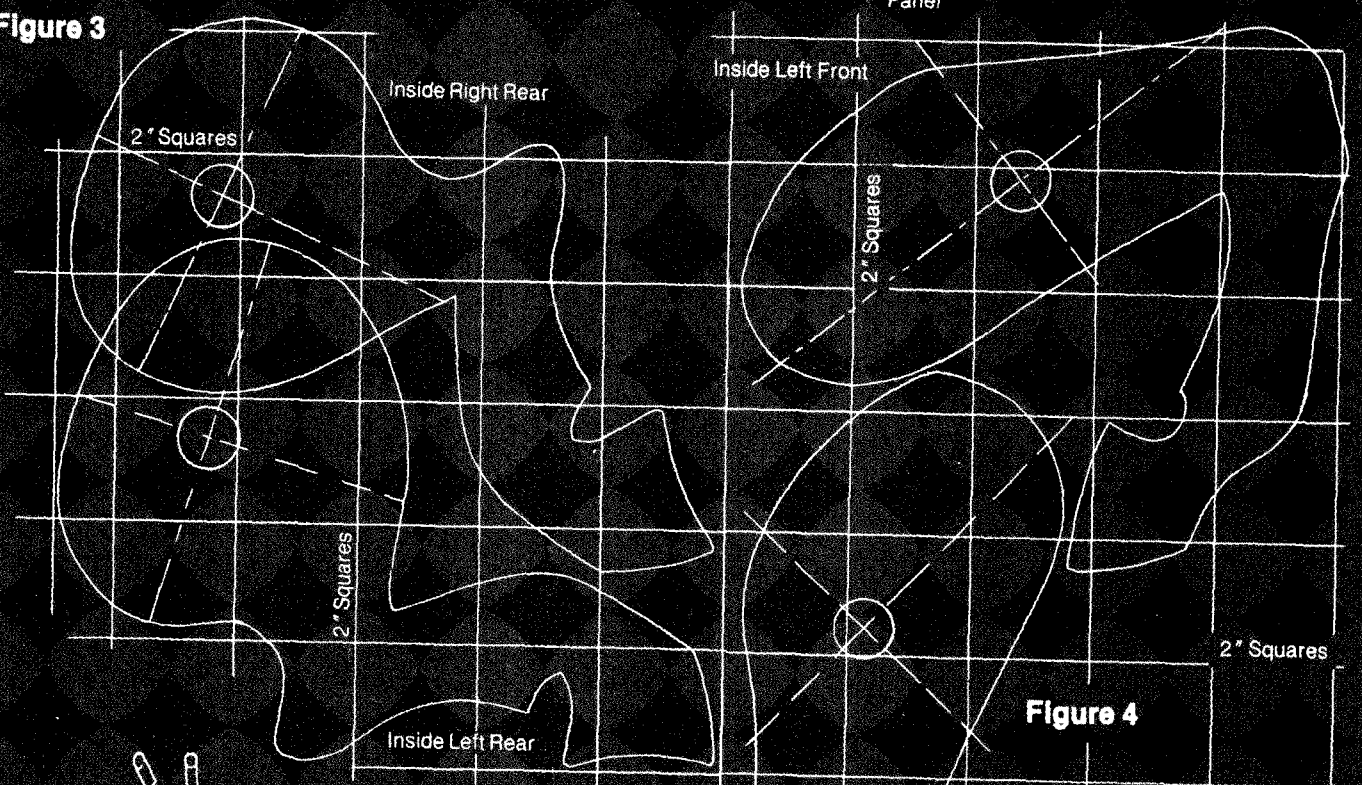
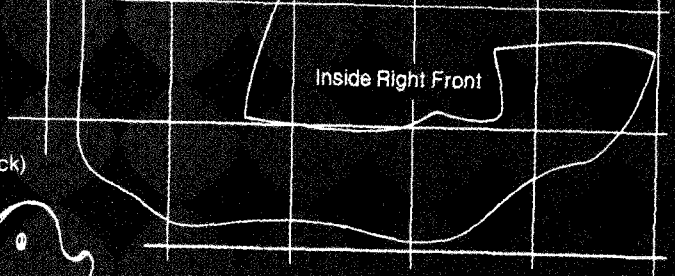
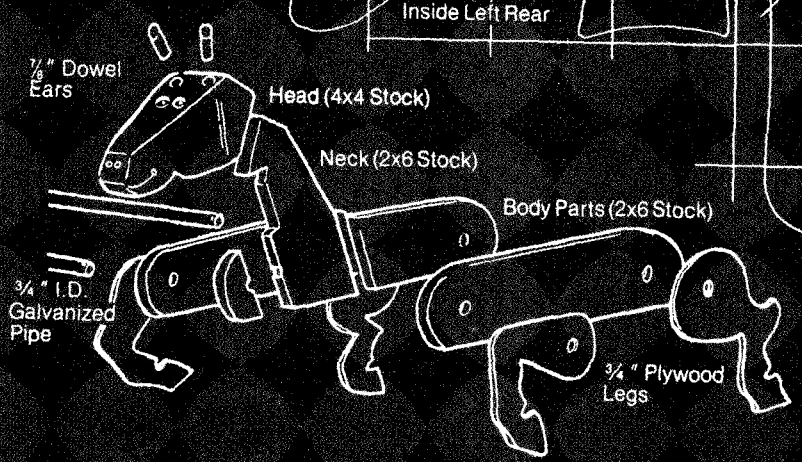


Figure 4





A two-inch grid pattern should be used to draw the horse' legs, which are cut from ¾-inch plywood. (Above) All the body components fit together as shown (left).

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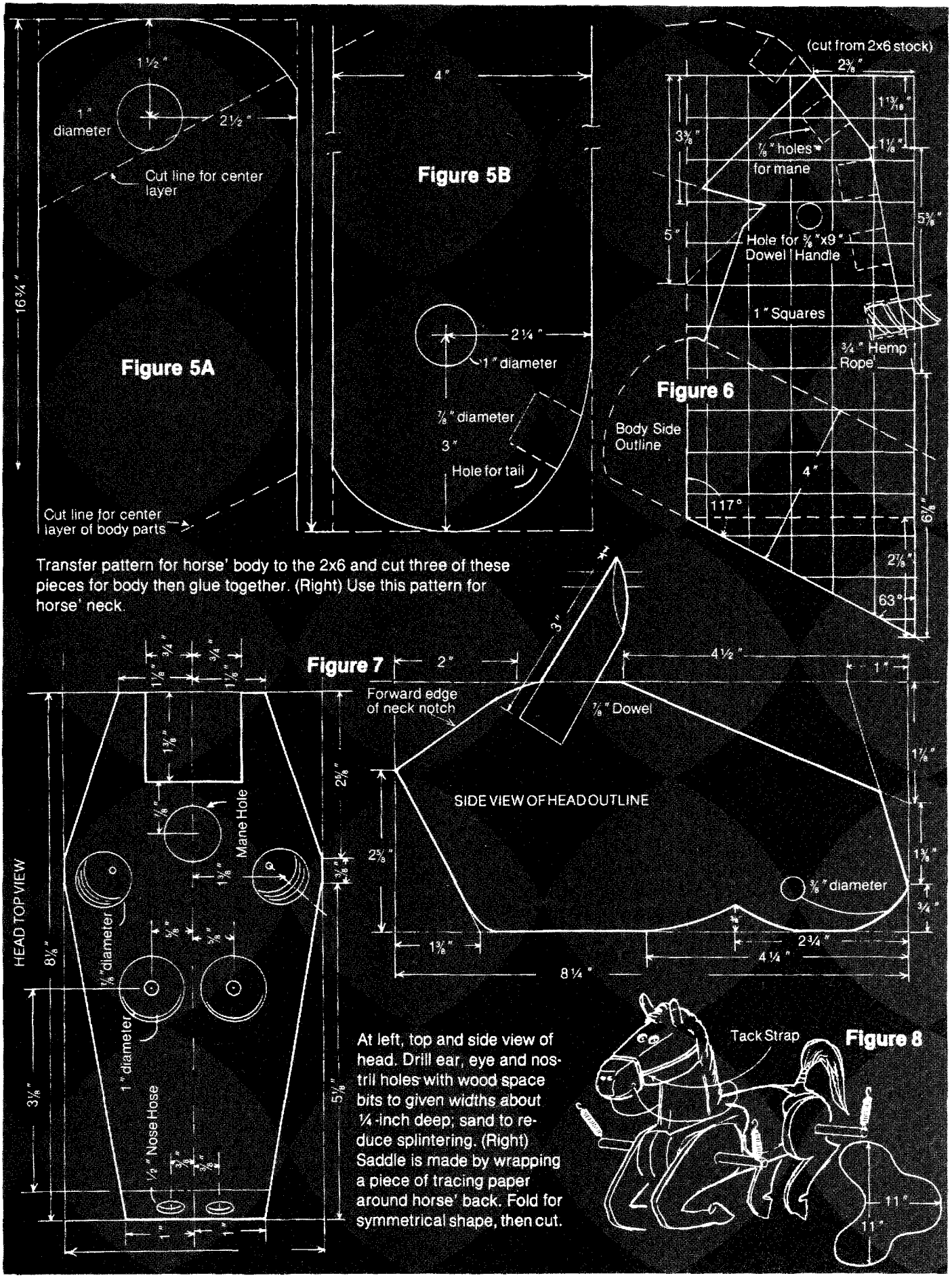

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1x3 stock
6″ length of ½″ dowel
9″ length of ⅝″ dowel
6″ length of ⅞″ dowel
3′ length of ¾″ I.D. galvanized pipe
Four 6″ heavy-duty tension springs
Four 4″x⅝″ eyebolts, nuts and double washers
One hundred 1½″ #8 flathead wood screws
30″x36″ rectangle of plastic grass carpet
4′ length of ¾″-diameter hemp rope
One pound of 3″ galvanized box nails
Roll of ¾″ plastic tape
Dog leash
12″x12″ square of dark-colored Naugahyde
12″x12″ square of red felt
⅝″ staples

The jumping horse is suspended on tension springs attached to the surrounding corral fence and provides lively jumping action for young children in a wide range of ages. However, because it *is* high-spirited, it should be used with adult supervision.

The body of the horse is made of three layers of 2″x6″ redwood, cedar or pine (or any other medium soft-wood stock), with ¾″ plywood legs. The head is cut from a redwood 4x4.

Cutting and drilling

The corral: The first step in building the jumping horse is to cut the corral posts from rough redwood or cedar 2x2s. These can be sanded to prevent splintering, but use rough-cut stock to get the extra-large size of lumber. (Finished 2x2s will measure 1½″x1½″ and are too small.) The rails and crosspieces can be cut from finished or rough 1″x3″ stock (or split grape stakes with a crosssection size close to this size).

Cut the 30″x23″ plywood base. (We used ACX for better weather protection.) Then cut three 20½″ posts and one 28½″ post from the 2x2 and trim the top ends to a blunt bevel with a crosscut saw. Drill ⅛″ pilot holes through the base at the corners so that the bottoms of all four posts can be attached to the base ¾″ in from the long-side edges and flush with the end edges. Drive 3½″ nails up through the bottom of the base and into the end grain of the posts.

Drill pilot holes for the wood screws through the rails and crosspieces and screw them to the posts (fig. 1). Notch the crosspieces at the midpoint and bend them slightly so they can cross without being notched. Screw the two crosspieces together at the corner to add stability to the corral frame.

Next, drill with a 5/16″ bit through the four posts in the positions shown, then insert a 5/16″ eyebolt in each hole from the inside of the corral. Bolt them tight with a washer and lock nut and trim the bolt flush with the nut (filing the ends to round off). Drill a ½″ hole through the "hitching post" as shown; then cut and insert a 6″ length of ½″ dowel. Sand all sharp corners and potential splinters at the edges with 80-grit, then 150-grit sandpaper. Apply two coats of satin-finish, exterior-grade varnish.

After varnishing, cut a 30″x36″ rectangle of plastic grass carpet and notch to clear the posts (fig. 2). Wrap the edges of the grass carpet under the base and staple it in place with ⅝″ staples. The top rail at the front of the corral (the hitching-post end) can be wrapped with alternating spirals of red and white plastic tape to provide the look of a competition jump. Hook the heavy-duty tension springs on to the eyebolts at the corner posts and use a pair of pliers to open the spring eyes. Use the pliers to crimp the spring and eyes after mounting to prevent the springs from becoming detached during a ride.

The horse: To build the horse, start by making the patterns for the front and hind legs and transfer them to the ¾″ plywood. Drill holes for the 1″ pipe-hanger poles as shown in figures 3 and 4.

Make the pattern for the body and follow the dimensions in figures 5A and B. Transfer the pattern to the 2x6 and cut three of these pieces for the body. Select one piece to form the center layer, then mark the dotted lines showing the position of the neck at the center layer (5A). Mark the positions of the 1″ holes for the pipe hangers and drill through all three layers with a 1″-diameter spade bit for the power drill. Next, mark the dotted cutoff lines on the center layer of the three body pieces and cut along them to provide a mounting slot for the next piece of 2x6.

Make the pattern for the neck piece and transfer it onto the remaining 2x6 stock (6). Then place the legs in position on the two outside body layers and mark the outlines onto the body parts. Nail and glue (driving pilot holes through the other layers, if needed, to prevent splitting) each side layer to the center body layer and to the neck piece. Align all parts flush at the top surface of the body (the jumper's back) and position the nails within the outlines of the legs so that the heads will be hidden when the legs are attached.

The next step is to cut the 18″x¾″ inside-diameter pipe hangers. Then drill 5/16″-diameter holes through one side of the pipe, the center of the holes spaced ½″ in from each end of each pipe. Insert the pipes through the holes in the body, then slip the legs over the ends of the pipe and slide them up to the sides of the body. Screw or nail them in place with glue. Wrap the hanger pipes with ¾″ black plastic tape next to the sides of the jumper to a thickness of about ⅛″ to prevent side slip.

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THE HEISMAN TROPHY—UP FOR GRABS

The smart money may still be on the players who touch the ball, but don't count an interior lineman out of the running.

by Ken Rappoport

When Jay Berwanger received a telegram at his fraternity house at the University of Chicago in 1935, he became part of American football history, although he didn't know it at the time.

"It really had no significance for me," he recalls of his notification as the first winner of the Heisman Trophy. "I got a wire at my frat house and tickets to go to New York. I looked forward more to that than to the award."

Things have changed since then, of course. Winners of the Heisman Trophy have become members of an exclusive club—in O. J. Simpson's words, "the most coveted [award] in sports. Once you're a part of it, you become a part of the history of the sport. You become a part of the game's lore. I knew that if the game endured, my name would endure, too."

So it is that one of the most venerable of individual awards in American sports will have its 49th anniversary this December in New York, when the Downtown Athletic Club presents its prestigious prize to the college football player voted the best in the country.

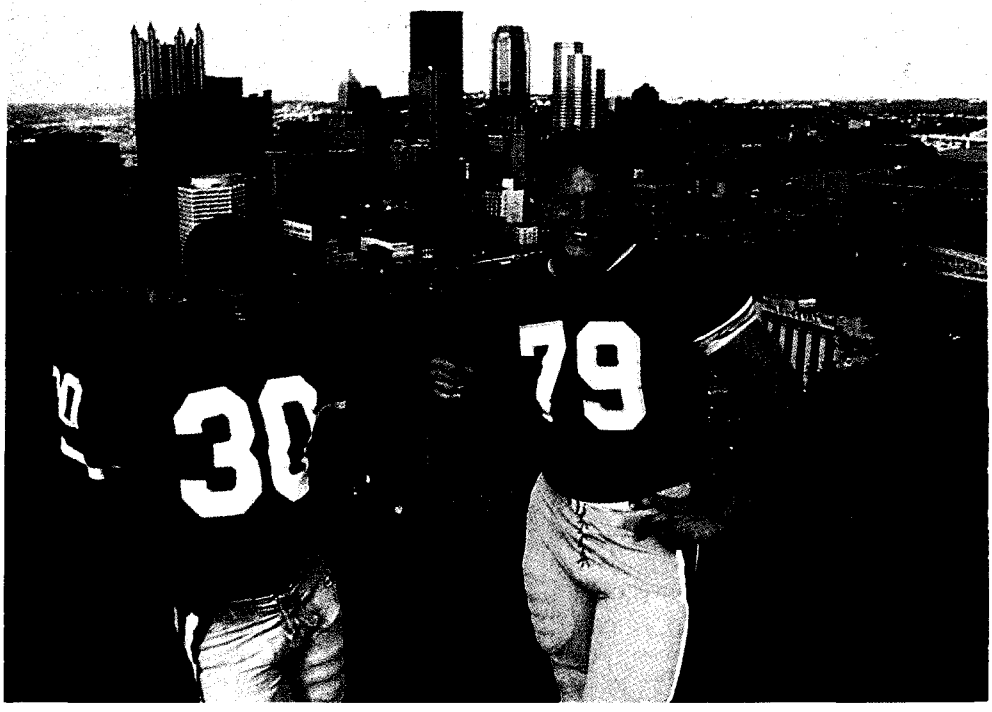
Barring injury, this year's likely candidates include quarterbacks—Doug Flutie of Boston College, Chuck Long of Iowa and Bernie Kosar of Miami—and a group of running backs headed by Keith Byars of Ohio State, Greg Allen of Florida State and Allen Pinkett of Notre Dame. Bo Jackson of Auburn and Napoleon McCallum of Navy, two other top runners, were knocked out of Heisman consideration by early-season injuries.

Despite abundant talent at other positions, such as the Pitt offensive tackle Bill Fralic, the Southern Cal linebacker Jack Del Rio and the Texas safety Jerry Gray, it is assumed that the winner of this year's award will be a player who touches the ball. Since Berwanger was first given the Heisman Trophy in 1935 by a vote of selected media representatives across the country, a total of 33 running backs, 14 quarterbacks and 2 receivers, all players at the so-called "skilled positions," have won the award.

"A lineman will never get to win the trophy the way the present game is played under the free-substitution rule," says Leon Hart, who, as the 1949 Heisman winner from Notre Dame, is one of the two pass-catching ends to get the award. "For a lineman to win it, he'd have to play both offense and defense. As it is now, it's only exposure for half a game. But, realistically, he just doesn't have the overall exposure the running backs and quarterbacks get. Now they just look at the stats."

Running backs especially have had a strong grip on the Heisman in recent times. They have won the award for the past 12 years, following the Auburn quarterback Pat Sullivan's selection in 1971. As for players at other positions, only two interior offensive linemen (players who spend most of their time blocking) have finished in the top five in the Heisman voting—Dave Rimington of Nebraska wound up fifth in 1982 and John Hicks of Ohio State, who probably came closest to winning it, finished second to the Penn State running back John Cappelletti in 1973. The Pitt defensive end Hugh Green was another Heisman rarity, finishing second to George Rogers, a running back from South Carolina, in 1980.

When Berwanger won the



Mike Rozier and Bill Fralic pose with Mr. Heisman (center) atop Pittsburgh's Mount Washington. Rozier, the 1983 Heisman winner, now plays pro ball in Pittsburgh; Fralic, a Pitt senior, is one of the strongest nonballhandler Heisman contenders ever.

(Right) Allen Pinkett is not only a ballhandler—he comes from Notre Dame. Six Fighting Irish have won the Heisman, a record.

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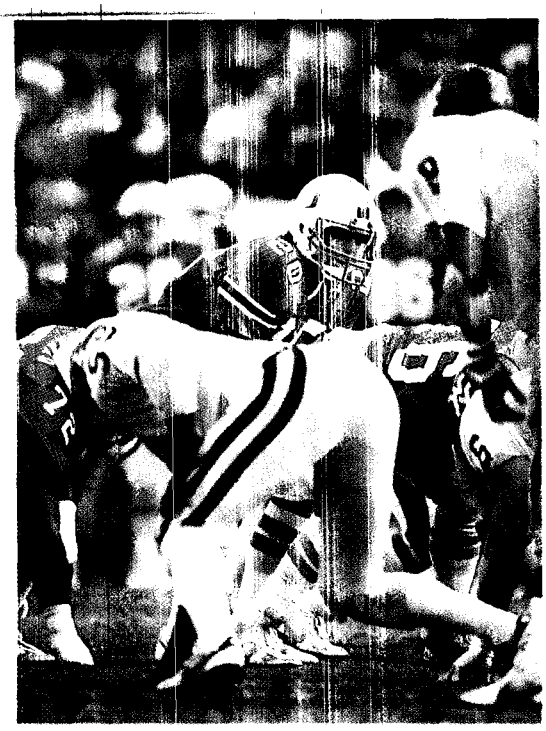
award, it was so new it wasn't even called the Heisman Trophy. At that time it was just the "Downtown A.C. Trophy," and he recalls, "There was no anticipation as there is today." He does remember, however, that they "had a great affair and I was treated royally. I stayed at the Downtown Athletic Club, and out of my window I could see the Statue of Liberty. That was thrilling."

A wide-eyed youngster, Berwanger was taken on a sightseeing tour of New York and remembers the highlight of the trip for him was "the Rockettes at Radio City Music Hall and lunch at the Club 21."

In addition to being the first winner of the Heisman Trophy, Berwanger has the distinction of being the first player drafted by the National Football League. A nifty halfback for the University of Chicago, Berwanger was made the No. 1 pick by the Philadelphia Eagles when the NFL held its first draft of college players in 1936, but he says, "I really wasn't interested in pro ball. They weren't paying any money, something like $100 a game. You couldn't blame them. This was following the Depression and nobody had any money."



Quarterbacks like Miami's Bernie Kosar can order only teammates around—not Heisman voters. No signal-caller has won the award since 1971.

George Halas, the longtime owner of the Chicago Bears, was a friend of Berwanger's and obtained the rights to his contract from the Eagles. That was all he got, the rights.

"We didn't have any real serious talks," Berwanger remembers. "I told him $25,000 for two years, no cut. I was being slightly facetious. He said, 'Good night, it was nice talking to you. Have a good time.' There was no bitterness."

Actually, the first three Heisman Trophy winners (Berwanger and Larry Kelley and Clint Frank, both of Yale) did not play pro football. When the quarterback Davey O'Brien of Texas Christian University signed the first contract for a Heisman winner (with the Philadelphia Eagles in 1939), he received a $12,000 bonus for a two-year contract. O'Brien played two years and left pro football for a career with the FBI.

For a while, Berwanger earned a living as a newspaper columnist in Chicago, a coach on the University of Chicago team and a speechmaker. "I made speeches for $100 to $150, so it came out all right financially for me." Eventually he became a successful rubber and plastics manufacturer. He says that although his Heisman Trophy hasn't opened any doors for his business, "it makes conversa-

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(Above) Navy's Napoleon McCallum in full hype before an early-season injury ended his Heisman chances.

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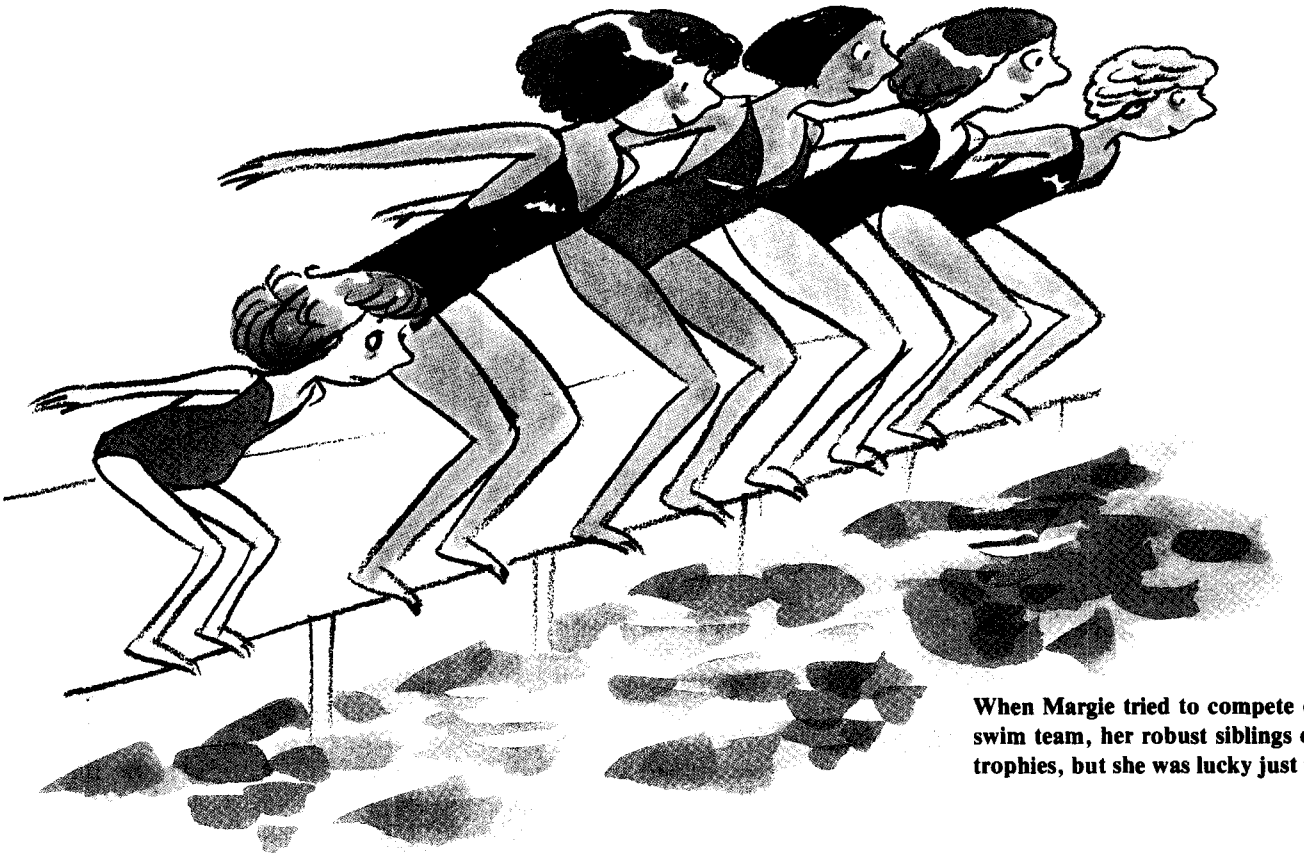

When Margie tried to compete on the swim team, her robust siblings came in for trophies, but she was lucky just to come in.

THE GIRL WHO COULDN'T EAT WHEAT

Why did this little girl not thrive when all her athletic brothers and sisters enjoyed robust health? They called her "Queenie" because she wasn't required to help with the work.

by Cory SerVaas, M.D.

Illustrated by Don Trawin

I knew Margie Leland as a youngster because she swam, or tried to swim, competitively on our club's swim team. Her brothers and sisters were all winners. Margie had six brothers and sisters at the club—all handsome and beautiful, well-developed youngsters. They came in with firsts in the backstroke, breaststroke, freestyle and butterfly in every age group. Margie was about in the middle. I didn't know Margie's parents well at the time, but I used to wonder why, in this remarkably athletic family, little Margie was so underdeveloped. She had a protruding abdomen, dark circles under her eyes and no developing bosom like the other girls her age. She always came to team workouts wearing her father's loose-fitting, white T-shirts over her revealing team tank suit. When she took off the shirt, it was easy to see why she was trying to hide her little profile. Her ribs showed, her shoulders stuck out and her pelvic bones protruded. As she lined up to compete, her scrawny little legs were pathetic. No matter how hard she worked she could never come in for a ribbon. More often she was last. Sometimes she would stop, halfway down the racing lane, which I later learned was because of the riling pains in her abdomen.

A few years later, I happened to mention Dr. Philip Christiansen, a professor of gastroenterology in a course I was studying, to Margie's mother, Hazel Leland. "I could kiss Dr. Christiansen!" she cried. Coming from reserved and proper Hazel Leland, this outburst needed explaining. And what a happy-ending explanation it was. I felt good all over when she finished the "Margie story," as I hope you will when you read it.

Margie had been an active, bright baby, but through the ensuing years —until she was 13—she did not grow normally. She tired easily, and in spite of regular visits to the pediatrician, no one could identify her problem. Friends and relatives all made suggestions about what might be causing little Margie's failure to thrive. Margie's mother felt that it must be related to her diet. So she tried withholding one food after another. "I kept trying diets at home," she explained. "You know how you eliminate all the things you think are—too rich—and then you eliminate the roughage. Chocolate or nuts and that sort of thing were never big at our house, but we did have dessert at the end of dinner—angel food cake or something. I just kept experimenting, hoping to find what was irritating her."

Through the years, the mother shared her child's suffering and her day-to-day struggle. Among her

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problems were sores on her hands and feet. She took extra white socks to kindergarten because her feet sometimes bled. She wore white gloves to school to keep the chalk and crayons and the paste from irritating her hands.

"Through her childhood ordeal, Margie was such a good little student," Hazel said. She was the only child who answered every question in the *World Book*, with its 1,100 questions. Not having the extra energy for sports, she loved to sit and do any kind of book work.

Margie didn't have a normal relationship with her brothers and sisters because she wasn't able to do her share of the family chores. She would have to sit and study or read a book while they did the household work. "Queenie," they would derisively call her. And it wasn't until they learned of the cause of her lethargy years later that the relationship changed and she was understood and accepted by the robust members of the clan.

Margie would get terrible stomach pains and explosive bowel movements. She would not tell her mother about these pains and begged her sister, "Please don't tell or I won't get to go to parties."

Ironically, Margie's pediatrician was concerned about her getting too much attention because she was different. He really didn't know what to do about her.

Then one day Margie brought the heartbreaking question to her mother: "Mother, what's wrong with me?" The little girl wanted so much to be like everyone else.

Margie's grandmother had told her daughter: "Hazel, we're going to lose Margie if you don't do something about her." Hazel became even more concerned for her child's health. It was at a time when her husband had received a major opportunity to advance in his career, which would require moving the large family out of the Midwest all the way to Vermont. It was a family decision to be pondered, but Hazel found herself far more concerned about Margie's health than where her husband's work would take them. The move was not made.

At the state library Hazel pored over the medical books until finally she turned up pictures of children with appearances similar to her child's. She took the pictures to the child's doctor and suggested, "Could this be the trouble with my little Margie? These children in the book look just like her." He looked at the pictures and said, "Oh, she could not have lived past three years if she had had that."

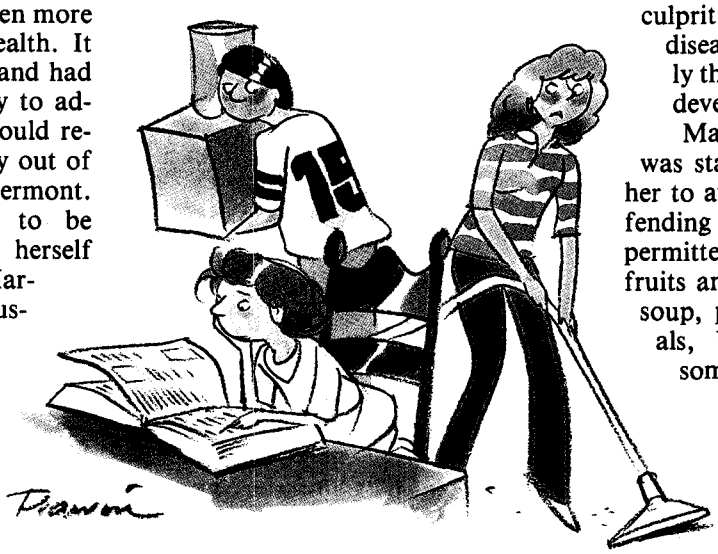
Both Margie and her mother had noticed a peculiarity about Margie's bowel movements. They looked like custard, always had a strong odor and would float in a way that would take several flushes to get them out of the toilet. This had to be a key to the mystery of why Margie could eat a good diet and appear to be starving.

In desperation, Hazel then called a friend, Dr. Glenn Irwin, the dean of the state medical school at the time. "Glenn, I am so afraid we're going to lose Margie." She told him all about Margie's problem.

Dr. Irwin listened patiently and then said, "Hazel, we have a new man, Dr. Philip Christiansen, who has joined the faculty recently and has done research on that kind of problem."

Arrangements were soon made for Dr. Christiansen to see Margie. He examined her and asked many questions about her health, her diet, her activities. Tests were taken, including one that Dr. Christiansen helped develop for the diagnosis of intestinal ailments. Then a biopsy of the lining of Margie's small intestine with a newly developed tube was done. For this Margie had to swallow a rather large capsule attached to a long, rubber tube. When the tube had passed into her small bowel, a syringe on the free end of the tube triggered a tiny, spring-loaded knife that cut and captured a small portion of the intestinal lining.

Margie's inability to help with the household chores caused friction with her brothers and sisters that added to her misery.



Subsequent examination of this tiny tissue fragment gave Dr. Christiansen a firmer diagnosis. Margie was a victim of celiac sprue disease. The proof would be how she responded to a special diet. He explained that gluten, the protein found in wheat (and to a lesser extent in barley, oats and rye) was damaging Margie's bowel lining so that it could not absorb the nutrients from her food. She had been absorbing only a fraction of what she ate. She was not getting her vitamins and minerals or proteins. The unabsorbed fat was causing her stools to smell and of course to remain on the surface of the stool water even during flushing.

It was the early '60s, and word hadn't yet filtered around medical circles about this affliction that caused serious illness in some people, who couldn't eat wheat. Dr. Christiansen told Hazel that the relationship between cereal grains and finally gluten had been established only in the previous ten years or so. A Dutch physician, Dr. Dicke, had reported his observations that during World War II the incidence of celiac sprue was less and that the patients' symptoms were decreased. During this period wheat and rye flour decreased in availability markedly. After the war the pre-war frequency and severity returned. Subsequently, Dr. Dicke and his colleagues established that the gluten portion of the grains was the culprit. Simple tests to suspect the disease were developed, and finally the intestinal-biopsy tubes were developed.

Margie, 13 years old at the time, was started on a diet that required her to avoid wheat and the other offending grains religiously. She was permitted potatoes, corn, rice, meats, fruits and vegetables, but no canned soup, puddings, ice cream or cereals, because they all contained some wheat products.

In one month, a second biopsy showed dramatic healing. In the six months between June and Christmas of that year, little Margie

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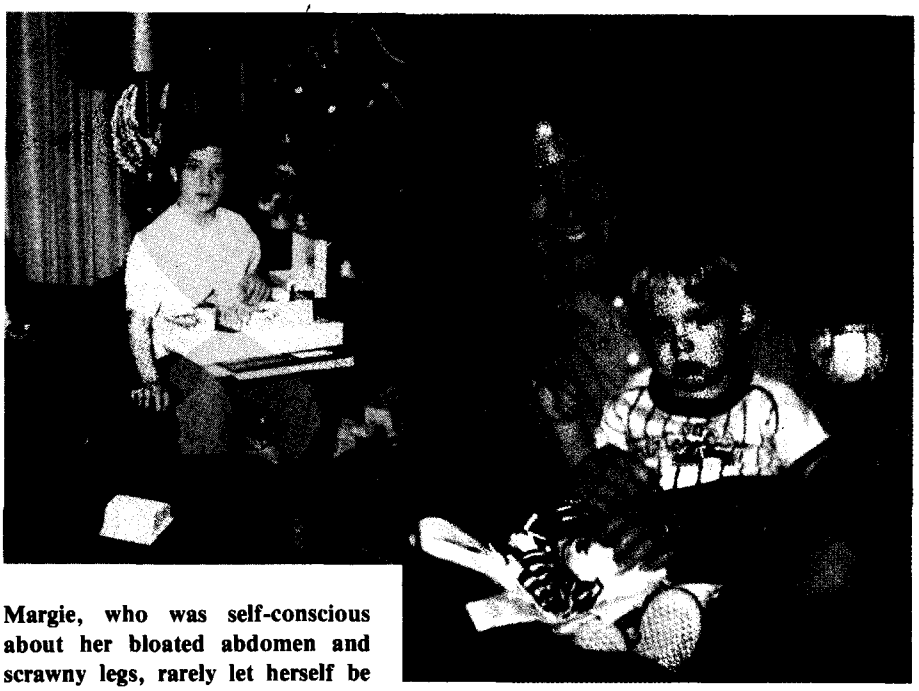

Margie, who was self-conscious about her bloated abdomen and scrawny legs, rarely let herself be photographed. Today, the one-time ugly duckling is a beautiful young lady, with a husband and two sons. She enjoys robust health, with dietary restrictions —such as no beer or hamburger buns.

went from 70 pounds to 100 pounds, and she grew 2½ inches. Today Margie is 5′7″. She has gorgeous dimples like her father, and she is a big smiler—just a beautiful girl.

"We consider Dr. Christiansen one of Christ's disciples," Hazel declared.

Margie went with her friends to Guilford College in Greensboro, North Carolina. "Knowing Margie, I think she just had one good time in college because she had her energy, and the boys liked her!" said her mother. "She majored in sociology and minored in history. She then took a job as a secretary to the president of an accounting firm."

Margie, now 30, has two small children and enjoys good health by carefully avoiding foods containing gluten.

I called Margie the other day to get her version of her illness and remarkable recovery.

"I couldn't believe how quickly I felt good after I changed my diet," she said. She finds that she gets her old problems anytime she neglects her doctor's restrictions and eats as much as a bun. "Sometimes I get tired of going to a McDonald's and asking for a hamburger without the bun," she said with a laugh. "But then it's a small price to pay."

In college she thought she would try to drink a beer with her friends and soon found that she was immediately punished.

The gluten in the beer led her quickly back to the ladies' room, and she adhered to the "no-beer" restriction thereafter. If she wanted to drink, vodka made from potatoes wouldn't harm her, but she doesn't find abstaining from alcoholic beverages a problem any longer.

Hazel's sister is now suffering from problems similar to Margie's but to a lesser extent. In her case there is some depression involved. Hazel believes that, in retrospect, her mother also had some inability to absorb gluten, but not to the same degree as Margie.

Dr. Philip Christiansen, a noted gastroenterologist, diagnosed Margie's condition. "We consider Dr. Christiansen one of Christ's disciples," says Margie's mother.

Celiac sprue is the name given to the condition of severe intolerance to the protein of wheat, barley, rye and oats. More exactly, it is intolerance to a part of the gluten protein in the grains called gliadin. Specifically how this food substance injures the lining of the bowel is yet unknown. A chronic diarrhea results from the continued consumption of foods containing gluten.

The bowel injury that happens in susceptible individuals results in a failure to digest and absorb the food that has been eaten. Many important nutrients such as vitamins, proteins and fats fail to be absorbed; as a result, malnutrition develops.

It is estimated that in the United States about one person in 3,000 has the fully expressed disease. Estimates from England suggest one person in 8,000 has celiac disease. In Sweden it is believed to afflict one person in 982, and in west Ireland one person in 303 suffers from the problem.

The treatment for celiac sprue is a diet devoid of all foods containing gluten. This covers most bakery products, bread, cakes, cookies and crackers, as well as pancakes, bagels, buns, pizza, pastas, canned soups (where wheat and barley are used as thickeners), many processed cheeses, some processed meats, ice cream, puddings, Postum® and Ovaltine®. Gluten also shows up in whiskey, rye whiskey and beer and causes problems for celiac sprue patients.

This still leaves a long list of foods that may be eaten by celiac victims: All fish, poultry and fresh meats if not breaded for cooking or eaten with gluten-containing gravies or sauces. Potatoes, corn, rice, beans and peas provide carbohydrates that are gluten free, as do dairy products, milk, cottage cheese, yogurt, hard cheeses. (Some ice creams are gluten free while others are not.) All plain, fresh and frozen vegetables and fruits may be used as well as canned ones. Fruit preserves, jams and jellies are allowed, as are dried fruits, raisins, dates, figs and nuts. Permissible beverages include coffee, tea, hot chocolate, fruit juice, Kool-aid®, milk and buttermilk and alcoholic beverages made from grapes, as well as rum, sake, tequila, corn whiskey and vodka, all gluten free.

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Success·N·Life Chapters are blossoming all over America, where business and community leaders are planning exciting events for local men and women who want to achieve their maximum potential in life. Top keynote speakers, (such as Dr. Denis Waitley, Og Mandino, Zig Ziglar, featured along with major performing artists), are being broadcast **LIVE** via satellite on giant screens to Dinner/Program events in locations across the nation. These events will help you capture and conquer your most fervent dreams for you and your family.

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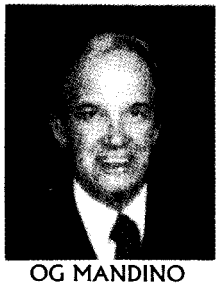
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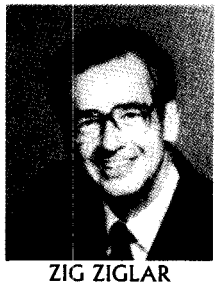
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THE POST PICKS EXCITING GIFT ITEMS

A gallery of gifts with unique features that will make them real conversation pieces around the Christmas tree.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

In shopping the *Post*'s gallery of Christmas gift suggestions this year, you may have one big problem. Whatever you select, giving it away may require more will power than you possess. The answer, as you browse among these items, is to keep repeating, "It's more blessed to give . . . it's more blessed to give . . . ."

Of course, there's no reason you can't add a gift or two for yourself. Or drop a subtle hint to your beloved that you'd be happy to find one of these items under your own Christmas tree.

Some of these innovative gift items may not yet have reached the stores in your area. In that case, you can order them (except for *This Great Land* and the Electronic Learning Aids) direct from Hammacher Schlemmer, New York, New York.

Le Petit Electric Mincer: There will be no mincing around when you see this one. Not unless your gift recipient cooks for threshers. Designed to prepare small amounts of seasonings, vegetables, condiments and garnishes quickly and easily, this French import minces garlic, onions, parsley, hardboiled eggs, cheese, nuts and even coffee beans in seconds. Plugs into household outlet. Pressing

Le Petit Electric Mincer

the container top starts the stainless-steel blade rotating. Container and blade easily rinsed. Height is 6½ inches; diameter is 3¼ inches. It holds one cup. $32.95.

Stock Market Monitor: Let's say hubby drags home all out of sorts because he got his socks beat off in a golf match. And the reason was, his mind had been on the fluctuations of his Widget Mouse Trap stock, and he couldn't concentrate on his game. What a relief if he could only have pulled out his pocket-sized, microprocessor-controlled receiver and received complete, up-to-the-minute financial information wherever he was, without delay. The monitor is capable of storing and displaying data on up to 40 securities selected by him: trading symbol, last sale, net change, high, low, open or close and total volume. Coverage includes the New York and American stock exchanges, NASDAQ, Chicago Board of Trade, Chicago Mercantile Exchange and the CEC.

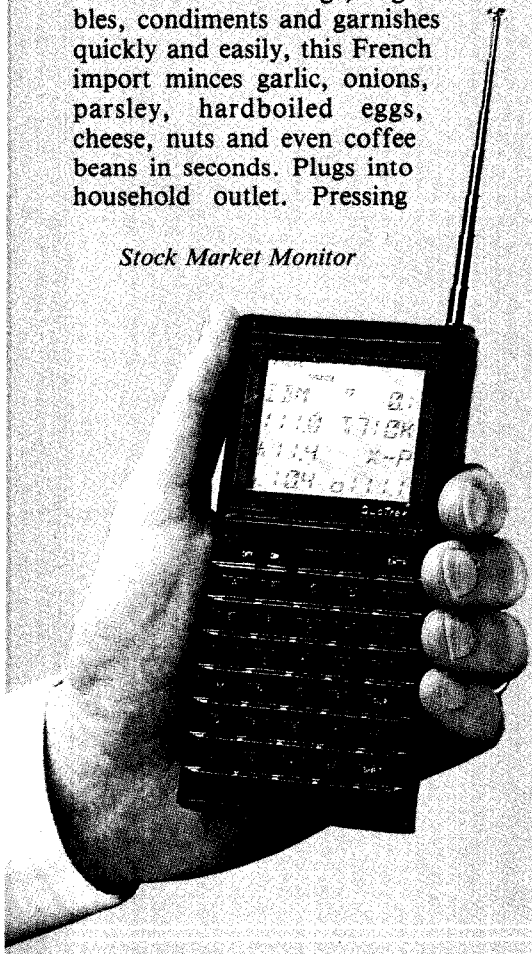
The unit can be used within a 50-mile radius of broadcasting centers in New York, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles and San Francisco, with other cities to be added shortly.

A tax-deductible subscription fee gives access to service. (The fees are $25.00 to $192.50 per month for one year depending on range of services desired.) The hand held monitor is 5⅞ inches long, 2⅞ inches wide, 1 inch thick and weighs 11 ounces. $349.50.

Electric Wok: Compare it with any other device on the market today for precise, controlled stir-frying, deep-frying, steaming, braising and stewing, and you'll find that this one wins in a walk.

It is the best electric wok with a round bottom, so vital to wok cooking because it allows even heat disper-

Stock Market Monitor



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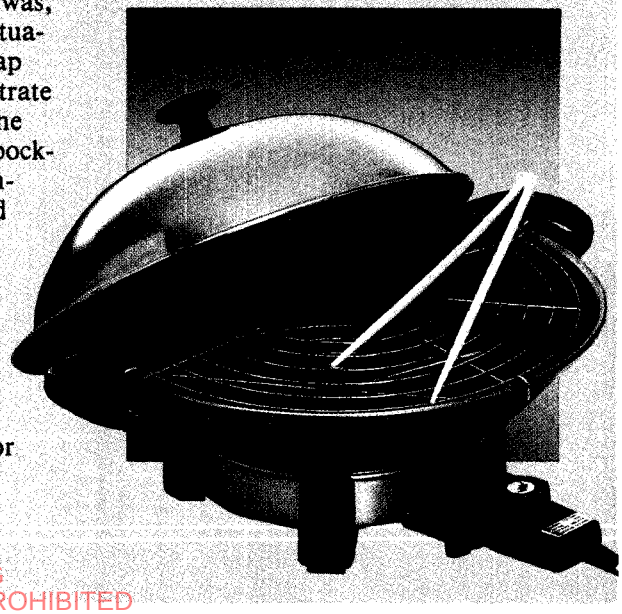

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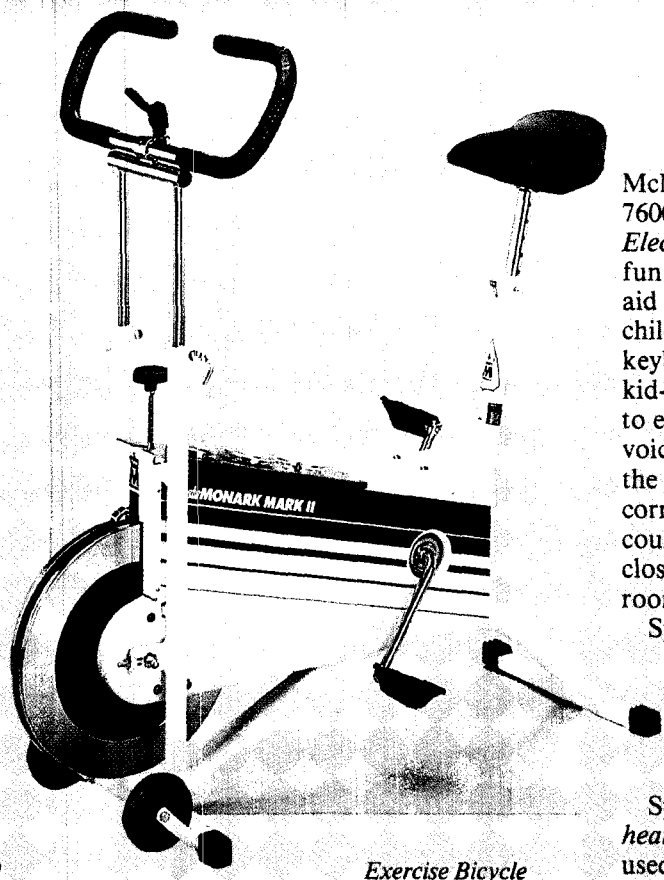
sion, requires less oil and prevents hot spots that can burn food. Its quick recovery of peak heat after adding cold ingredients assures light, crisp, stir-fried food. The hard, steel surface cannot be damaged by cooking tools and the temperature control will not overheat. Comes with stainless-steel lid, chromed-steel steam and tempura racks, 12-inch wooden cooking chopsticks and a manual with 31 recipes by the Chinese chef Martin Yen. $99.50.

Ergometric Exercise Bicycle: If it's exercise and fitness you have in mind, you'll want to take a flyer on this. Its 44-pound, solid-steel flywheel develops more momentum than lighter flywheels, and pedaling is smoother, more comfortable and efficient. Used in exercise centers around the world to develop and evaluate cardiovascular fitness, the bicycle also strengthens tendons, ligaments and the muscles that support the legs and trunk. Its precision resistance settings, 30-minute timer and dial readouts allow the peddler to measure his degree of improvement in cardiovascular fitness. Completely and easily adjustable without tools to fit riders up to 6'4". Instructions for workouts included. $449.50.

Ichi Cooking Table: You name it, this Oriental cooking table can cook it—indoors with electricity or outdoors with charcoal. The hexagonal table, 8½ inches on each side, lets six people cook individual portions or lets you prepare up to six different foods simultaneously. The removable electric element heats to 450° F. near the center and 225° F. at the outer edges to cook and warm foods. For broiling, the platter may be replaced by a steel grill, or you may choose to fit up to six 18-inch wooden-handled, chrome-plated steel skewers (included) into side slots for kabobs. Easily portable; sets up in just one minute. Six 12-inch wooden tongs included. $163.50.

This Great Land: For saving time, money and competition from the madding tourist crowd, nothing can beat armchair travel. And in *This Great Land*, via the breath-taking photos by David Muench, you can travel 5,000 spectacular miles—from the fogbound coast of New England through the endless prairie of the heartland, across the towering Rockies to the pounding surf of the Pacific Coast and on to the lush tropical strand of Hawaii. Accompanying the 130 unique full-color photographs are six essays by writers who evoke the sights and sounds of the regions they love.

If *This Great Land* isn't in your favorite bookstore, you can order it direct from the publisher, Rand McNally and Company, P.O. Box 7600, Chicago, IL 60680. $40.



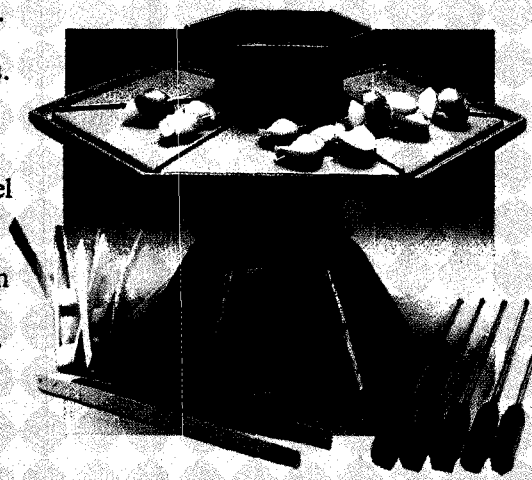
Exercise Bicycle

Electric Learning Aids: Oh what fun it is to learn with an electronic aid that actually talks. Yes, your child has only to touch the keyboard of one of these sturdy, kid-sized electronic learning aids to enter an answer—and get a voice reply. If that answer is right, the instrument will say, "You are correct." If wrong, it offers encouragement. In short, it is as close to having a real tutor in the room as technology can come.

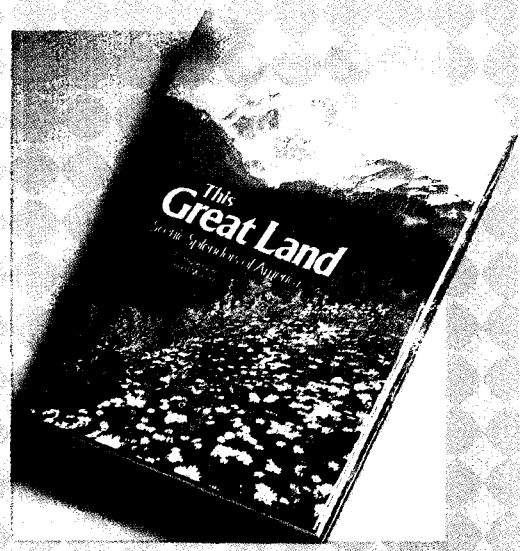
Speak and Spell gives the child a head start in tackling troublesome areas in spelling, such as homonyms, irregular verb endings and words with silent endings.

Speak and Read lets children *hear* words as well as see them used in context.

Speak and Math has 100,000 math problems built in and makes this subject exciting as children practice important mathematical operations and concepts. From Texas Instruments. Retail prices vary from $39 to $55 each in most stores.



Ichi Cooking Table



This Great Land

Chesalturf Putting Green: For those days when a golfer only has time to putter around, he will appreciate finding this putting green awaiting him at the end of the living-room fairway on Christmas morning.

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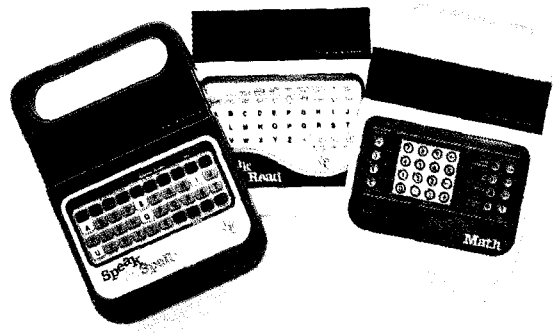
The realistic, deep-textured artificial turf provides the best practice surface for developing a par-putting technique. Carpets, floors or rubber mats simply don't give one the same authentic feeling of speed, line and slope. The 4-inch diameter cups, ¼-inch smaller than regulation, sharpen the aim and are set off from one another for different putting angles. Length allows practice of 9 feet, and a slight incline at the end develops firmness of stroke. It rolls up easily for storage. $43.50.

Electronic Digital Fever Thermometer: The days of having your temperature rise—because you had to wait 3 or 4 minutes for that breakable glass tube beneath your tongue to register—are over. This electronic job of high-impact plastic does it in about 60 seconds and is accurate to plus or minus 130° F. Not only that, it chirps when the temperature is reached, warns audibly when that temperature is dangerously high (above 107° F.) and has an easy-to-read LCD display. It registers oral, rectal or underarm temperatures, comes with disposable probe covers and has a safety lock to prevent children from removing the batteries, which are included. The length is 6½ inches, and it weighs 20 ounces. $26.50.

Travel Steam Iron: If you are considering making a purchase this Christmas for an "old smoothie," or a young one, for that matter, this is it. The owner can say good-bye to professional laundry service by steam-pressing his own clothes. Its nonstick metal sole plate with steam vents has one-third more surface area than other miniature travel irons. Water container snaps out for convenient filling and emptying. Temperature control adjusts for dry- or steam-pressing of the most delicate fabrics. A carrying case is included. $39.50.

Cordless Food Warmer: There's nothing quite like coming in from the cold to a hot meal. And nothing can keep a meal hot quite like this

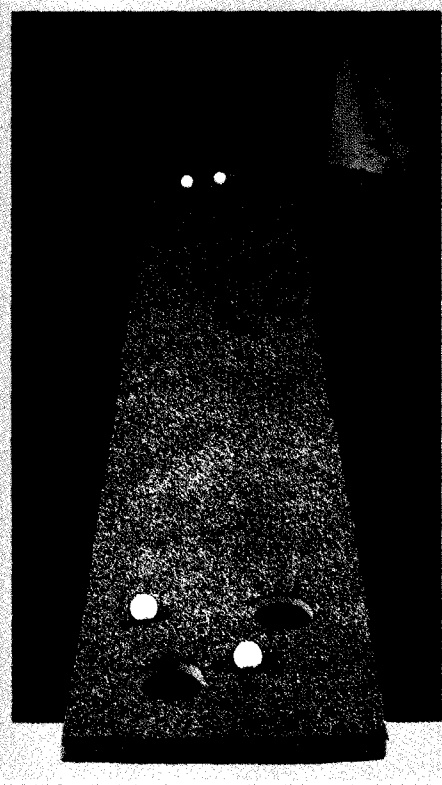


Electronic Learning Aids

convenient, cordless food warmer. The nickel-plated steel exterior houses a block of hardened quartz heated by an electric coil. Plugged into a household outlet, the unit reaches a surface temperature of 248° F. in 20 minutes. When the cord is removed, the tray remains hot to the touch for about ½ hour. The area holds one large or two medium-sized serving dishes. Imported from Germany. $49.50.

Electric Pasta Maker: If you think that pasta as a present has no future, you may be right. But there's no quicker way to a pasta lover's heart than through a pasta maker. And here is one that makes up to 1⅓ pounds from scratch in just ten minutes, in a single chamber, and is the only unit with a blower that helps dry fresh pasta as it's extruded so that the pieces won't stick together. The 11 different dies make everything from spaghetti, vermicelli and fettucini to linguini, lasagne, zite and gnocchi. There are even dies for cookies, bagels, pretzels and breadsticks. There are also a measuring cup, instruction book and 14 recipes. $159.50.

Chesalturf Putting Green



Invisible Dog Fence: For the person whose dog is going to the dogs, or the neighbor's garbage pail, or out in the street to chase cars, the invisible dog fence will change its mind in a hurry.

Harmless and humane, it consists of a nylon-covered copper wire, laid four inches below ground, which carries radio signals from a transmitter inside the house to a receiver-collar around the dog's neck. When the dog approaches the wire boundary, the receiver-collar "beeps" a warning that if ignored results in a mild electric shock.

Because the collar puts out only 4½ to 7½ watts, the shock is mild but still effective in training the dog. The width of the transmission field around the wire can be adjusted up to eight feet on both sides. A temporary string fence (included) serves as a visual cue. With 15 minutes of training each day for a week, the dog learns to stay inside the boundaries, and the string fence can be removed. It is usable by any number of dogs more than five months old (extra receivers available). The receiver is water- and shock-resistant and runs on a seven-volt battery. It costs $695.00 and includes 1,000 feet of wire and materials for installation up to one acre and is not recommended for property less than one-quarter acre. Extra fence and receiver collars are available.

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Heisman Trophy

continued from page 65

tion with the customers."

The same might be said for Angelo Bertelli, another of Notre Dame's record six winners. Bertelli, who won the Heisman as a quarterback for the Fighting Irish in 1943, now runs a retail liquor business in New Jersey and says, "A day doesn't go by when somebody doesn't mention it when they're introducing me."

Bertelli's award was "strictly a Notre Dame situation," he says. "Creighton Miller finished fourth [and Jim White ninth]. We were national champions. It was the second year of the T-formation. Frank Leahy had put it all together. I had finished second as a sophomore and fourth as a junior, so really, they were thanking me for three years."

Bertelli's situation was unique, for he won the Heisman Trophy without actually finishing out the season. He was taken into the service of the Marine Corps during the height of the Second World War after playing most of his senior year at Notre Dame. When told he had won the Heisman, he was on a Marine base.

"We were in the recreation hall listening to the Notre Dame-Great Lakes game," he remembers. "Notre Dame lost at the end, and we were all sad. I walked out of the recreation hall crying. But a guy came up to me and handed me a telegram telling me I had won the Heisman. All of a sudden, I became happy. I was tickled pink. I was happy not only for winning the Heisman, but because I was going to get out of boot camp for a while and see my family."

Bertelli described himself as "a forward passer, not a runner. I did a lot of faking and counter plays. I was also a defensive halfback."

At Notre Dame, he became the main instrument of Leahy's T-formation genius under disruptive circumstances. "There was a lot of controversy then," he says, "because Leahy had broken from the traditional Notre Dame shift by [Knute] Rockne to go with the new T-formation."

Hart, a rugged end who played both offense and defense, also had the good name of Notre Dame to help him in the Heisman voting in 1949. The Notre Dame quarterback Bob Williams finished fifth and their fullback, Emil Sitko, eighth that year. The Fighting Irish were national champions for the third time in four years that season and what little television exposure there was, Notre Dame received it.

At the time, Hart was unaware of the Heisman's significance, as were the rest of the players on the Notre Dame team. "It wasn't pushed, even then," Hart says. "Nobody thought about it. My coach, John Drew, said, 'Leon, you won the Heisman Trophy.' I was really pleased, but then it hit me. I asked, 'Hey, what's the Heisman Trophy?' "

Now, Hart realizes it is "a badge that you wear for the rest of your life" and would be hesitant to put a value on his 25-pound bronze statuette that rests these days on the Notre Dame campus.

"The Freedom Train [in 1976] wanted to put the trophy on display, and I told them the University of Notre Dame now owned it. They asked me what I would insure it for. I said, 'How do you insure something that's irreplaceable?' "

For trivia buffs, Hart became an important part of the Heisman scheme, as the last lineman to win the trophy. (The first was the Yale end Larry Kelley, in 1936.) Hart, now an auto-supplies manufacturer, went on to a successful pro career with the Detroit Lions of the National Football League and also became a trivia subject there: the last NFL player to be named All-Pro on both offense and defense (in 1951).

Hart, by the way, is one of the players to escape the so-called "Heisman jinx" that has haunted innumerable winners through the years. For the most part, Heisman winners have not had successful careers in professional football. A notable disappointment was running back Archie Griffin of Ohio State, the only two-time Heisman winner (1974 and 1975).

"O.K., it's true," says Griffin. "Heisman winners don't necessarily become great pro players. But you have to look at that statement closely. I used to get the ball 30 times a game at Ohio State. I got it about 8 times a game in the pros. It was something to get used to. I used to think I wasn't deserving because I didn't make the yards. But, obviously, I couldn't do with 8 carries what I used to do with 30."

continued on page 80

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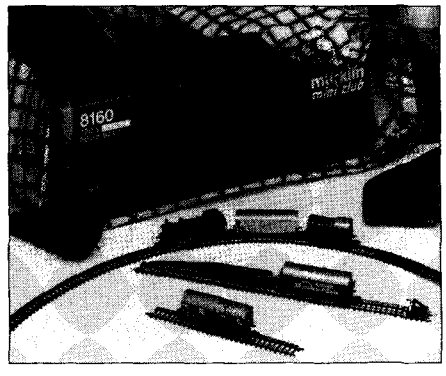

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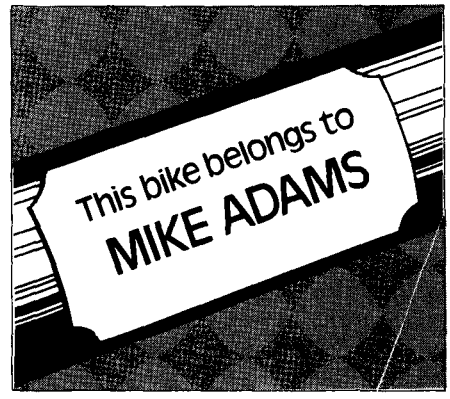

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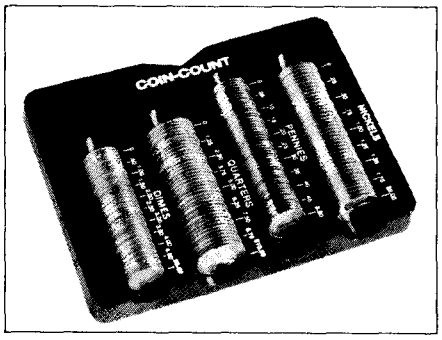

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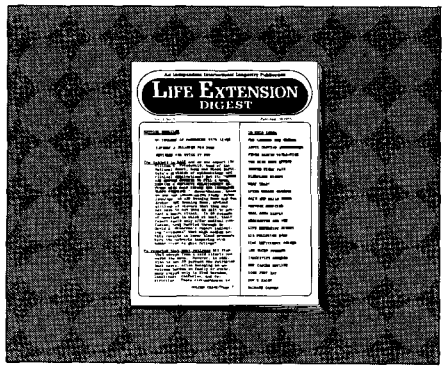

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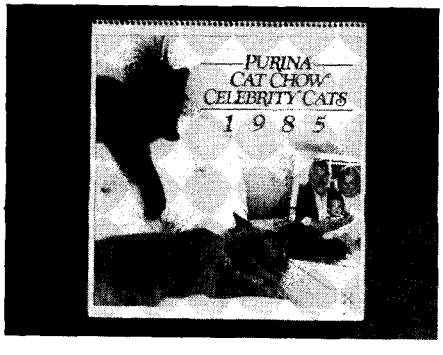

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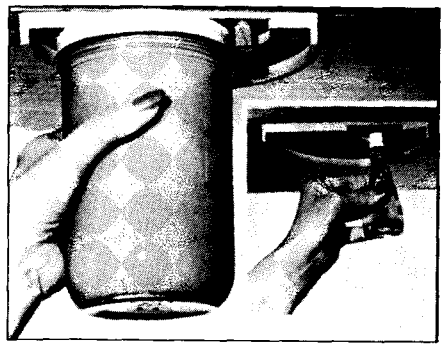

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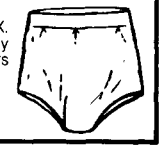

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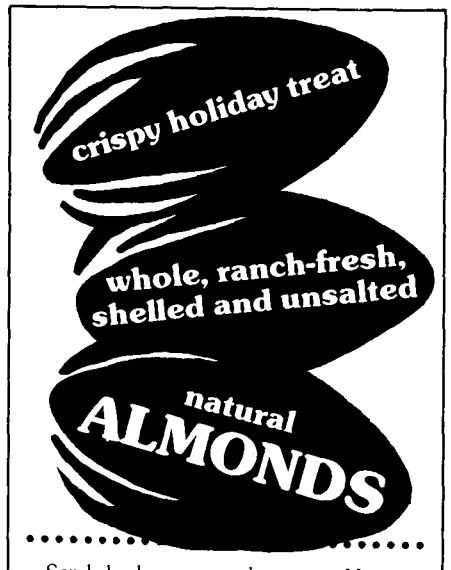

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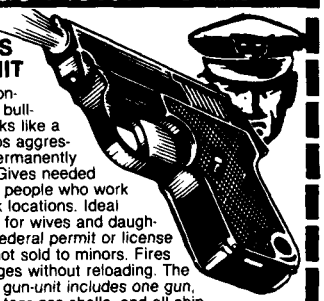

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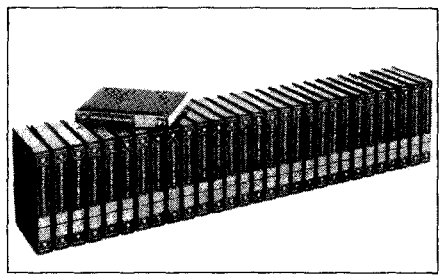

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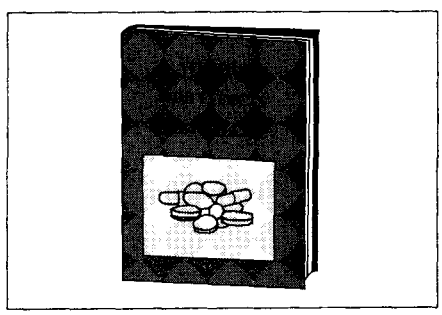

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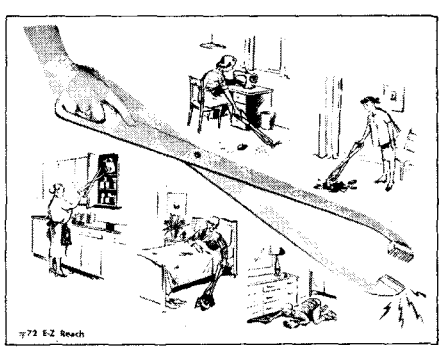
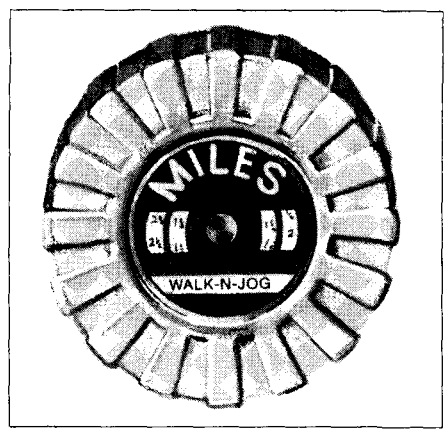
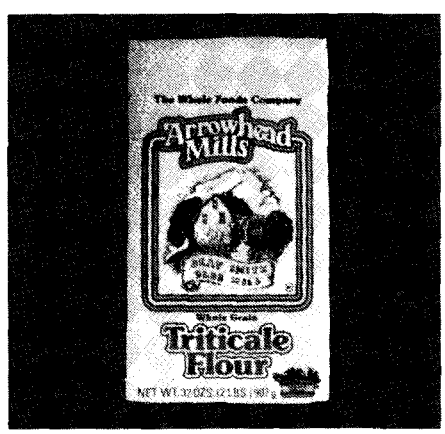


Jog meter



Now! Measure mileage as you walk, run, jog! Meter clips to your pocket or belt. Automatically records every step you take! Money-back guaranteed. Send only $2.99 plus 50¢ postage and handling to: Sterling House, Sterling Building, Dept. JOG-8910, Garnerville, NY 10923.

High-lysine triticale flour



This delicious, versatile flour is becoming popular because it is high in lysine and has a better balance of amino acids. Available at most health-food stores and selected supermarkets. For free information and recipes, write to Arrowhead Mills, Inc., P.O. Box 2059, Hereford, TX 79045.

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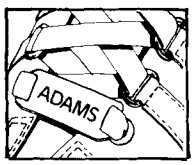

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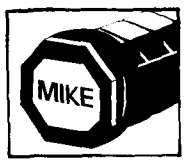

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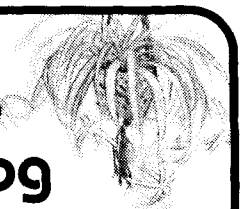

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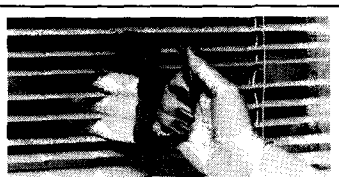

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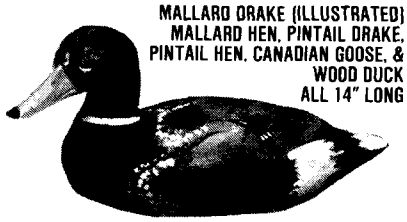

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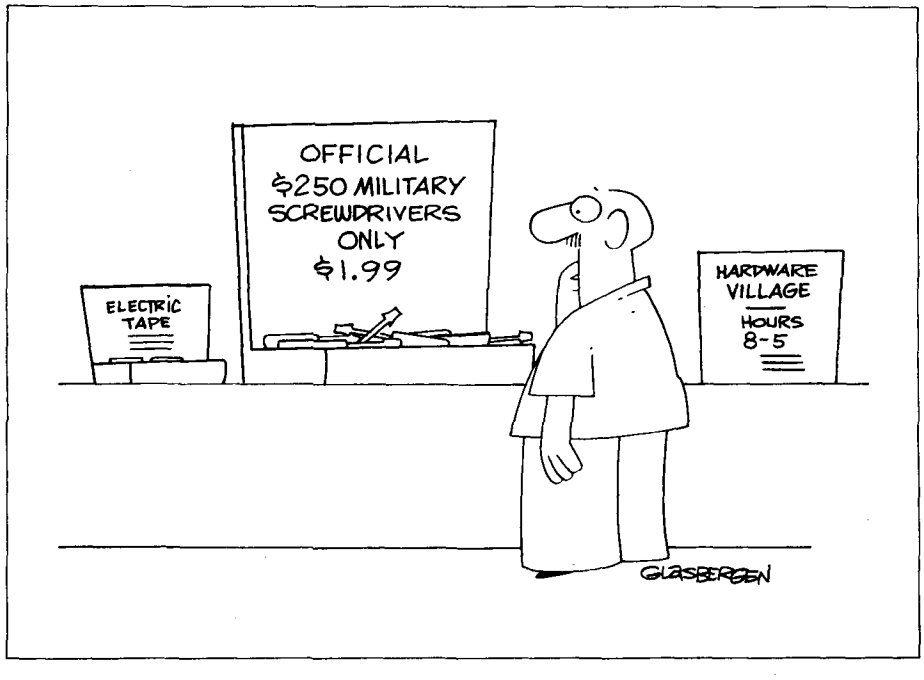

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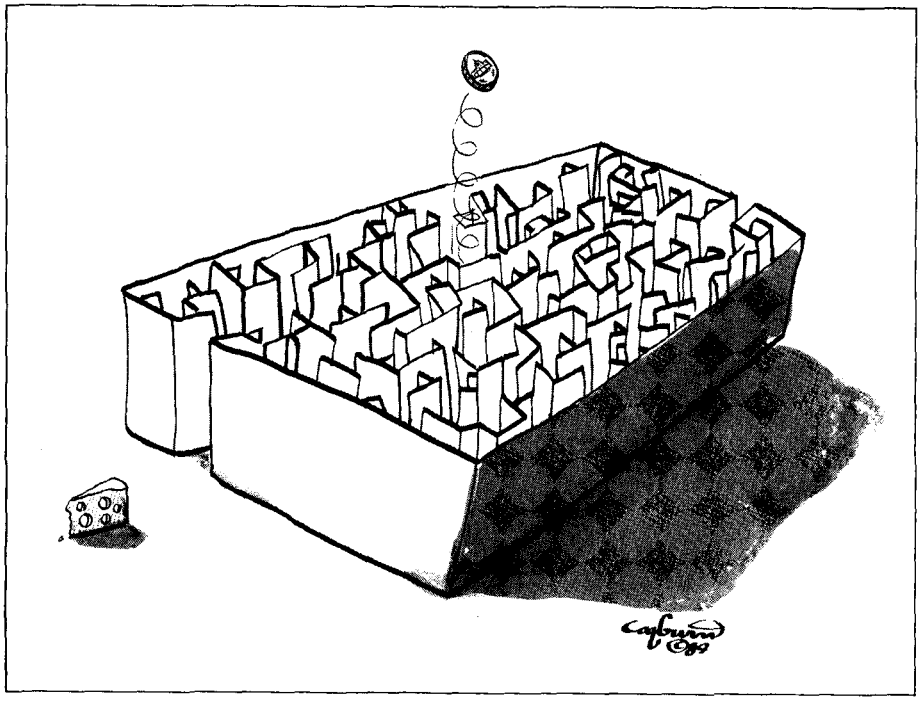

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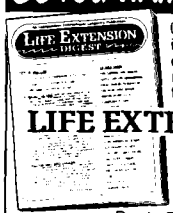

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Heisman Trophy

continued from page 73

Of all the award winners, probably the one who gave the most dramatic speech at the Heisman ceremonies was John Cappelletti, who dedicated the prize to his leukemia-stricken younger brother, Joey, in a tearful speech in 1973. The story of their relationship was so powerful that it was made into a movie for TV.

As the 1,000-odd Heisman Trophy voters, made up of sportswriters and sportscasters as well as former winners, cast their ballots for this year's winner, it is obvious that the trophy has come a long way since even Cappelletti's day and certainly since Berwanger won in 1935. The former University of Chicago star, who says he was born too early to capitalize on the Heisman glory, no doubt would have settled for a contract equaling just the money being spent by schools on candidates these days. The Heisman is generally assumed to be eventually worth a million dollars to the winner.

This past summer, sports-publicity departments at various schools mapped battle plans to sell their candidates. The pitches included elaborate schemes such as the one at Navy, where McCallum was hauled down to the Inner Harbor in Baltimore and photographed in an 18th-century naval uniform, a sword in one hand and football in the other, in front of the frigate U.S.S. *Constellation*. The photo appeared on a poster bearing the legend I HAVE NOT YET BEGUN TO RUN, with apologies to another Navy hero, John Paul Jones.

Boston College, meanwhile, went the route of a packet about Flutie, who is depicted on the red-bordered front cover about to unleash a pass. On the back of the jacket are pertinent comments from coaches about the Eagles' top player.

Still, Flutie knows he has to win it on the field as well as win the public-relations campaign.

"As far as I'm concerned, the only way to judge it is by victories," he says. "If we were losing ball games, I could be throwing the ball from beginning to end and have all kinds of stats and records that I could break. But the bottom line is winning or losing ball games. Who cares if I throw for 400 yards and lose 41-20? It's a matter of winning."

And now. . .the envelope, please.

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Horse

continued from page 63

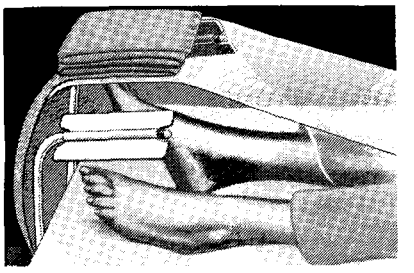
Cut the head from a short length of rough redwood 4″x4″ (Fig. 7). (Cedar or pine can be substituted and the head laminated from six layers of 1″x6″ stock cut in profile, glued together, then trimmed to size from the top view.) The profile and top views can be cut with a handsaw and rounded with a Surform wood shaper or cut with a band saw. Cut the profile first, then the top outline. Finally, drill the ear, eye and nostril holes with wood spade bits to the diameters shown, about ¾″ deep.

The notch for the neck can be cut out, as shown, with a band saw or a hand saw. Use a chisel to cut down the front to remove the wood in the notch. Cut the ⅞″-diameter dowel ears and glue and screw them to the ear holes. Glue and slip down the slot at the back of the head onto the neck and drive screws in through pilot holes, as shown in Figure 7, to mount the head solidly on the neck. With the jumper body complete, use a Surform wood shaper to round off all sharp edges and remove splinters. Sand the body smooth with #80-grit, then 150-grit sandpaper, and either paint or varnish the horse and frame.

Make a bridle and reins from an inexpensive dog leash, as shown in Figure 8. To make a saddle, cut the shape shown in the grid pattern from Naugahyde; then cut another layer ¼″ larger all the way around from the red felt. Glue both layers in place with contact cement. Paint crossbars, hoofs, top of the ears, hanger springs and eyebolts semigloss black.

Drill ⅞″-diameter holes in the neck, rump and top of the head as shown in the patterns to provide anchor points for the mane and the tail. Cut a 9″ or 10″ length of tail and one end with black plastic tape and insert the ends into the holes. To hold the rope in place, angle and drive small finishing nails through it. After anchoring the rope, unravel and fluff it into a continuous mane; trim to length with scissors. Wrap the base of the tail with more tape to help it stand, then unravel the end and comb it out.

Assembly: To mount the jumper, bend the spring ends open enough to slip into the holes on the top sides of the hanger pipes. Close the eyes. Round all the metal parts with a file and tape the corners.



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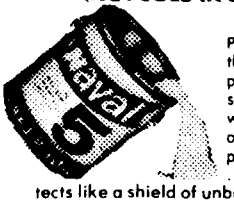

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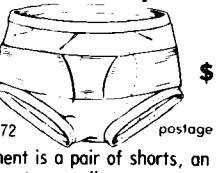

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If you have an antique, this is your chance to turn that conversation piece into a museum piece so that thousands of visitors can appreciate its value. And, your name will be credited on an attractive plaque.

Ben's well-known philosophy was "a penny saved is a penny earned." So it's appropriate that your donation of cash or artifact is tax deductible. A benefit you'll appreciate next April 15.

If that antique you're saving is just collecting dust, turn it into a collector's item. Please send your donation—cash or artifact—to:

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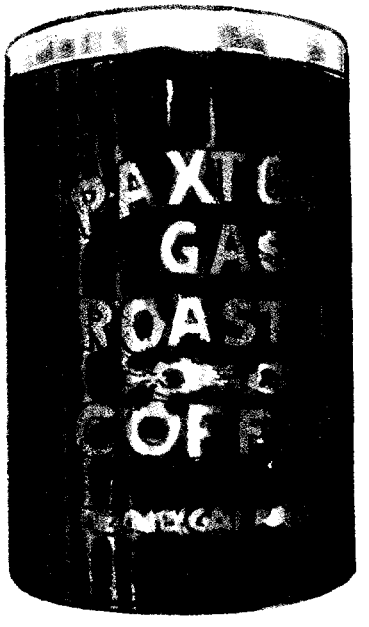

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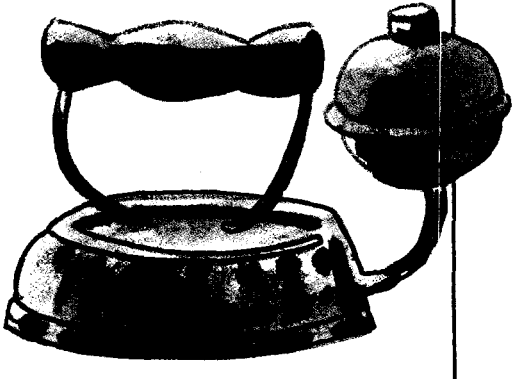

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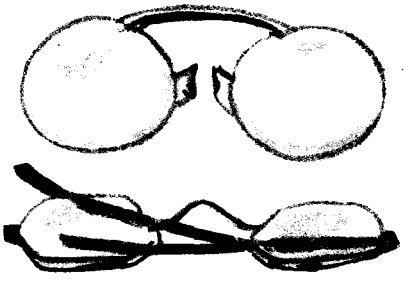

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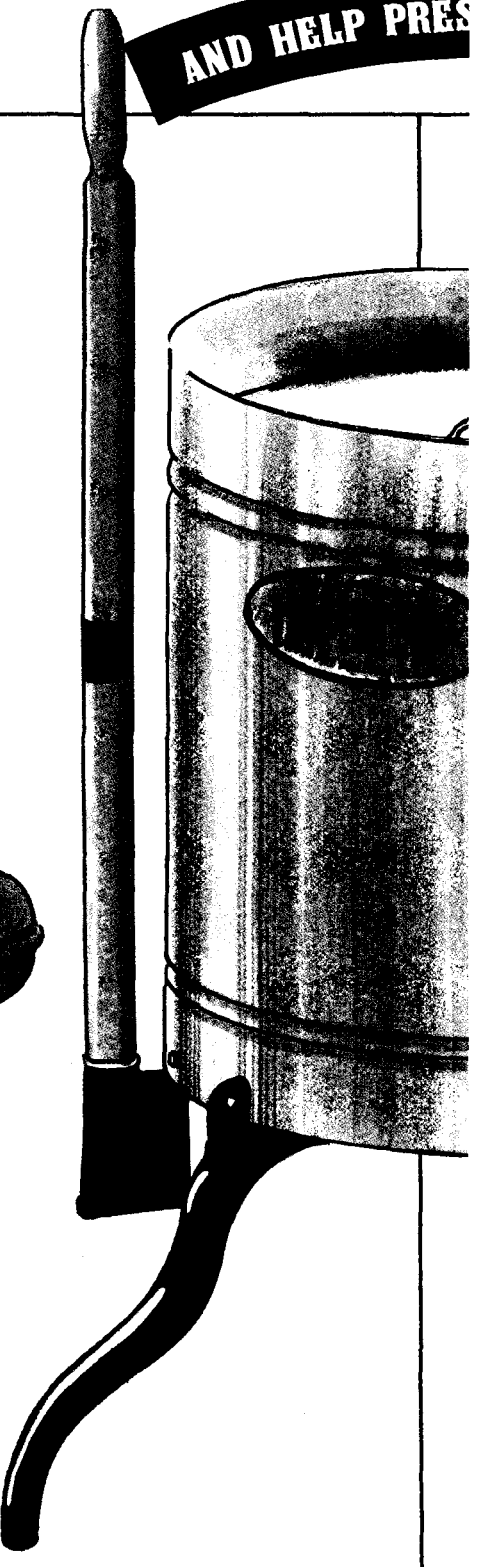

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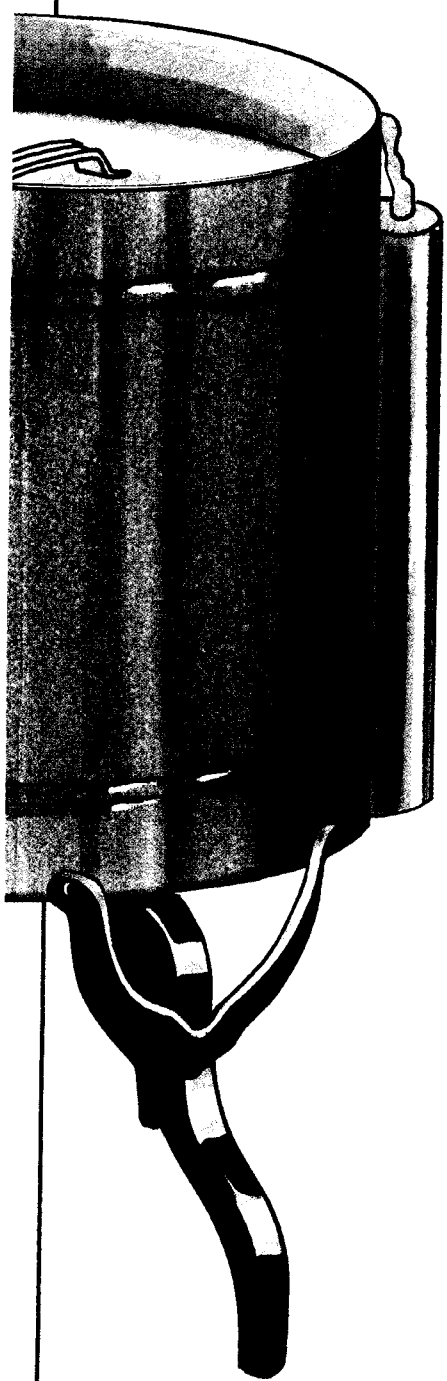

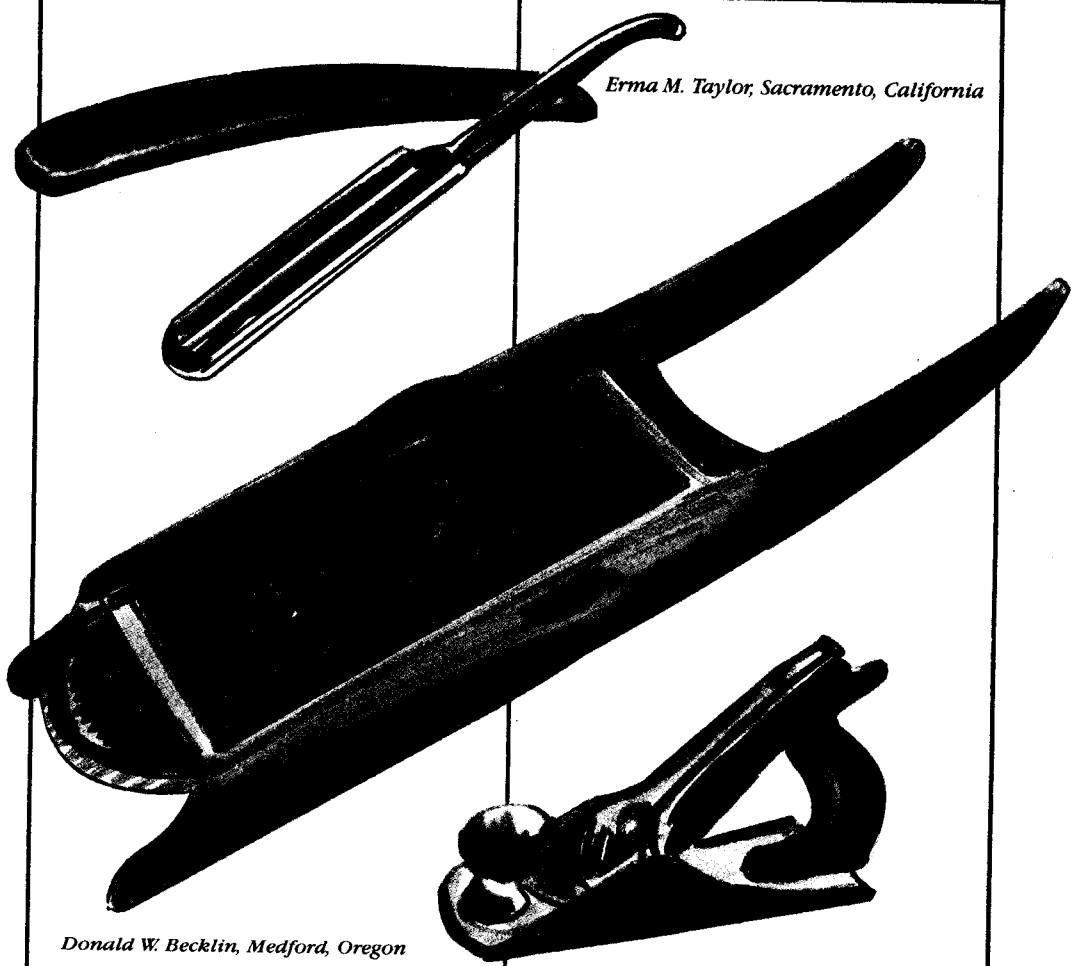

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"There's room at the inn!"

The Trapp Family Lodge:

If you liked Mary Martin or Julie Andrews in The Sound of Music, *why not come to Stowe, Vermont, and meet the real Maria?*

If the Trapp Family Singers still sang, they would spread musical word that their wide-gabled, Alpine-style lodge is once again welcoming guests, following a disastrous pre-Christmas fire in 1980 that leveled the original inn. The *Sound of Music* people may be retired from show business, but their beaming faces are ready and willing to welcome guests to the Green Mountains around Stowe, Vermont.

That frigid December 1980 night, a flash fire forced Baroness Maria von Trapp and her full house of guests to flee their blazing building. The calamity marked the end of a happy era for the landmark mountain resort. "I lost just plain everything," recalls Maria, who was 75 when her annual Austrian Christmas celebration was tragically preempted. Along with the quaint, rambling inn that oozed with the Trapp version of *gemütlichkeit*, Maria lost her home and a lifetime of memories. At dawn, the Trapp Family Lodge was a smoking ruin, and the only salvaged items were the fireplace andirons and an antique chest in the repair shop.

While the embers still smoldered, the von Trapps vowed to rebuild their lodge. Today, following a thorny, three-year refinancing, revamping and rebuilding period, the lodge once again stands sentinel on its original site overlooking one of New England's grandest panoramas: the Stowe Valley and the Worcester Range of the Green Mountains. The lodge is a four-season resort, from blossoming springs spreading over misty, green hillsides to verdant summers and colored autumns. But winter activities are considered the highlight by legions of vacationers who wind their way up Trapp Hill Road during the snow season. This Christmas, the first holiday celebrated since the lodge's official opening in January, visitors will be greeted with a scene true to the Trapps' slogan: "A little of Austria, a lot of Vermont."

The 1,700 acres of the Trapp estate bustle with the activity associated with a world-class resort. But the spot was a remote mountain farm when the home-hunting family visited Stowe in 1941. The buildings, Baroness Maria jokes, "couldn't decide which side to collapse on." Her family unanimously agreed that a house they could build—the spectacular mountain setting they could not. Though they had visited 48 states on singing tours, the Trapps found the Vermont mountains most reminiscent of the Austrian countryside they had left in 1938 as refugees from Hitler. They bought the property with proceeds from their increasingly popular concert tours and were introduced, as Maria recalls, to another new American custom: the down payment.

Soon after moving to Stowe

The von Trapps with the Baron just before his death, 1947. Their escape from Nazi Austria in 1938 was immortalized in *The Sound of Music*.

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from Philadelphia, a blizzard blew down most of the existing farmhouse and forced Baron Georg von Trapp, his wife, Maria, their seven daughters, three sons and priest-musical director Franz Wasner to learn carpentry and to work together constructing the first version of the Trapp Family Lodge. Between performing schedules, the family operated a dairy farm and a maple-sugaring business and established a summer music camp at the foot of their hill.

The Trapps had a problem: where to house the nonsinging relatives of their camp participants. First they housed the relatives in their growing farmhouse; from that start evolved the Trapp Family Lodge. As visitors kept returning and skiers asked to use rooms vacated by the Trapps when they were touring, the family found themselves in the lodge business. When the Trapp Family Singers retired from the stage in 1956, they made the official transition from part-time hosts to full-time innkeepers. The fame garnered by

"O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum," is the refrain, but the location isn't Austrian. No, the von Trapps' holiday greetings come from Stowe, Vermont.

stage and movie versions of the family's life story in *The Sound of Music* increased the reputation of the lodge, which featured a homey atmosphere, an Austrian menu and the convivial hostessing of Baroness von Trapp and any of her children who happened to be in residence.

The new, 73-room main lodge, twice as large as its predecessor, faithfully duplicates the features of the converted farmhouse the Trapps had festooned with Austrian gables and porches, balconies, balustrades, a bell tower and a bay window when they arrived on the Vermont hill in the early 1940s. During the holiday season, the lodge is bedecked with ropes of greenery, scores of fresh pine trees and wreaths and thousands of miniature white lights that glow against the dark-stained pine siding at dusk. The snowy Green Mountain peaks provide a backdrop and make the scene as Tyrolean as any Austrian glen.

Though the lodge's exterior suggests that the original was merely enlarged and turned clockwise to enjoy a better view of the landscape, the interior of the new building is a superb improvement over the low-ceilinged, pine-paneled rooms of the Trapps' first home-cum-hotel. The original lodge was laden with nostalgic reminders of the singing Trapps and full of curiosities gathered by the group on international travels, but the narrow guest rooms lacked such comforts as private baths, telephones and assured silence. A

(Above) Kate and Nancy, matched Percherons, have pull at the Trapp lodge. (Left) Cross-country skiing has been a lodge specialty since the '60s.

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good night's sleep was uncertain for occupants of rooms near the *Tirolerstueberl*, and there was no need for a wake-up call for rooms near the kitchen.

Today's Trapp Family Lodge is designed with mountain views from windows and balconies in all visitors' rooms—the five living rooms, the bay-windowed library, the cocktail lounge, the dining room and the guest quarters on the second, third and fourth floors. Second-floor rooms all open to individual balconies or to a broad patio overlooking the courtyard. Because the lodge is virtually built into the rising hillside, third- and fourth-floor rooms have entrances opening at ground level and lead to the apple orchard, the pool, hiking and cross-country ski trails and the lush Trapp gardens with the family cemetery. Guest rooms are spacious and reflect an elegant, Old World atmosphere with richly carved oak furnishings. Each corridor of rooms is flanked by a comfortably furnished living room with a Count Rumford fireplace.

Johannes von Trapp, the only one of Maria's offspring who remains permanently involved in operating the lodge, is responsible for the resort's most popular winter activity: cross-country skiing. A forester by profession, Johannes recognized the potential of his family's land as a ski-touring center. In 1968 he pioneered the idea and started with a small ski-rental service in the corner of a garage and a nucleus of trails traversing the wooded hills and mountain meadows behind the lodge. The ideal terrain at the Trapp estate, along with Johannes' careful nurturing, encouraged cross-country touring as an alternative to the downhill trade at Stowe's fabled Mount Mansfield.

Like the lodge, the touring center has experienced an amazing metamorphosis from a simple start. Sixty miles of tempting woodland trails geared for all levels of skiers crisscrosses the Trapp property, and on peak winter days the land is alive with hundreds of houseguests and daytime skiers. The trails wind past a cluster of newly constructed time-sharing guesthouses to the Trapps' Austrian Tea Room; they climb steeper ascents approaching Werner von Trapp's fieldstone chapel and proceed to back country, where skiers learn winter survival and nature study on daylong trips.

At the ski-touring center adjacent to the lodge, 20 instructors share the intricacies of cross-country kick and glide and how to handle some of Trapp's peskier downhill runs. For die-hard downhill skiers, the slopes of Mount Mansfield (at 4,303 feet, Vermont's highest peak) are ten minutes from the Trapp Family Lodge. Nonskiing guests can catch a lift with Kate and Nancy, the matched Percherons who transport an oversized red sleigh across the Trapp meadow and beyond, to the tearoom and Maria's gift shop down the hill and back to the main lodge.

Dinner is often accompanied by the mellow music of a classical guitarist, but for many lodgers the main attraction of the evening meal is the appearance of Maria von Trapp, who uses the dining room as the place to meet and mingle with her guests. "That's something she would never give up," says Johannes of the personal contact his mother maintains with visitors in her home.

For Maria herself, the highlight of the year at the lodge is Christmas Eve. "We brought our own Christmas celebration across the Atlantic Ocean," Maria explains, and that includes an immense evergreen, placed in the main living room and garbed in the Austrian fashion with candy, cookies, tiny lights and trinkets. After a traditional feast featuring Austrian goose, there is caroling with the Trapps, their staff and guests; Maria tells the story of Christmas in Austria; and her youngest grandchild reads the Christmas story. The atmosphere of the gathering is like a huge family, which is exactly how the Trapps feel about their guests. Christmas—and events all year long at the lodge—has always been a main ingredient in what Maria calls "the very, very beautiful, beautiful story of my life."

What can you say about a girl like Maria? Only good things, judging from the smiles of her grandchildren and six of her eight surviving children, gathered here at the lodge's grand reopening in January 1984.

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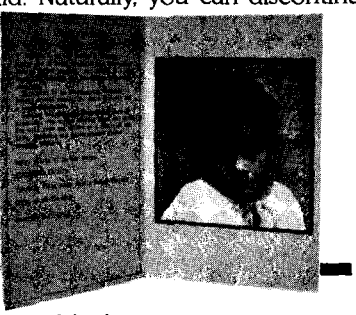

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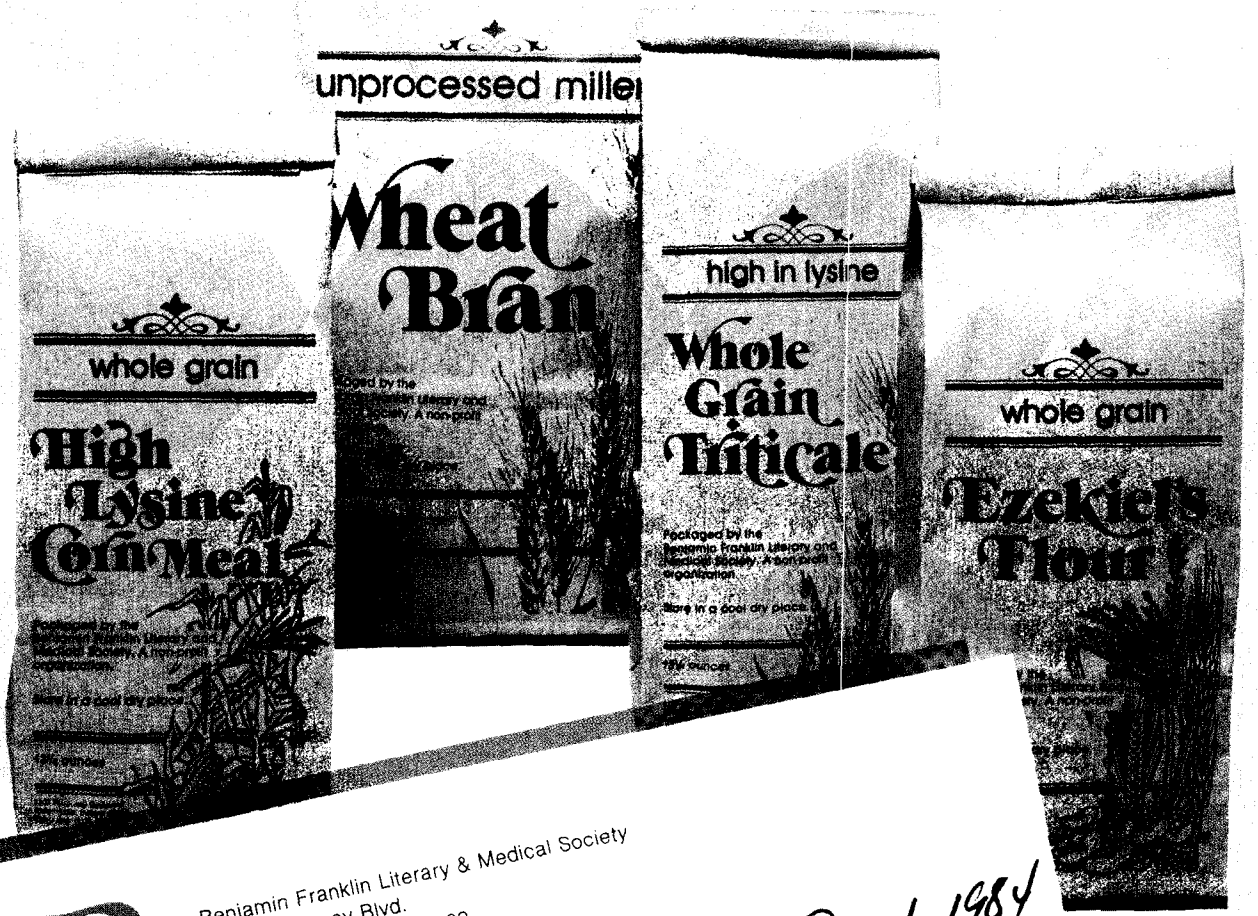

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We first became interested in the health-giving properties of grain and a high-fiber diet years ago upon meeting Dr. Denis Burkitt, for 20 years a surgeon and missionary in Africa.

The Saturday Evening Post Society

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FOOD

GIVE CAROTENE IF YOU CARE

Gifts you can make that say "to your good health" and mean it. Forget the gingerbread house, and don't be a cookie pusher. These marinated carrots are so good we made a lot of them, as you can see. Wrap them up for families large or small.

by Helen Hosier

As I glance about my house, I see countless reminders of Christmas past—an old-fashioned tin container here; there a beautiful basket that once held fruits and cheeses. In my cupboards are numerous glass jars of all descriptions now filled with lentils, beans, nuts and seeds, all serving a useful purpose long after they arrived filled with special gifts from friends and relatives.

Each container still reminds me of the giver. At the time I received them, each meant much more to me than had I been offered some expensive store-bought item. You can't put a price on the love, time and thoughtfulness that come with a gift of homemade food.

Try wrapping your homemade goodies in one of the following: French fruit jar, transparent food-to-go bags, antique or crystal bowl.

Over the years I have assembled an array of my own gift recipes. They aren't the traditional candies and cookies. I wouldn't want to be responsible for spreading cavities or adding extra pounds to the families of my friends and relatives.

One of my favorite gifts is marinated carrots. Everyone who has tried them knows they're worth their weight in gold—what a unique and wonderful flavor!

Unbaked Fruit and Nut Balls and Apricot-Pineapple Bread are wholesome treats you can't find the likes of in any store or bakery.

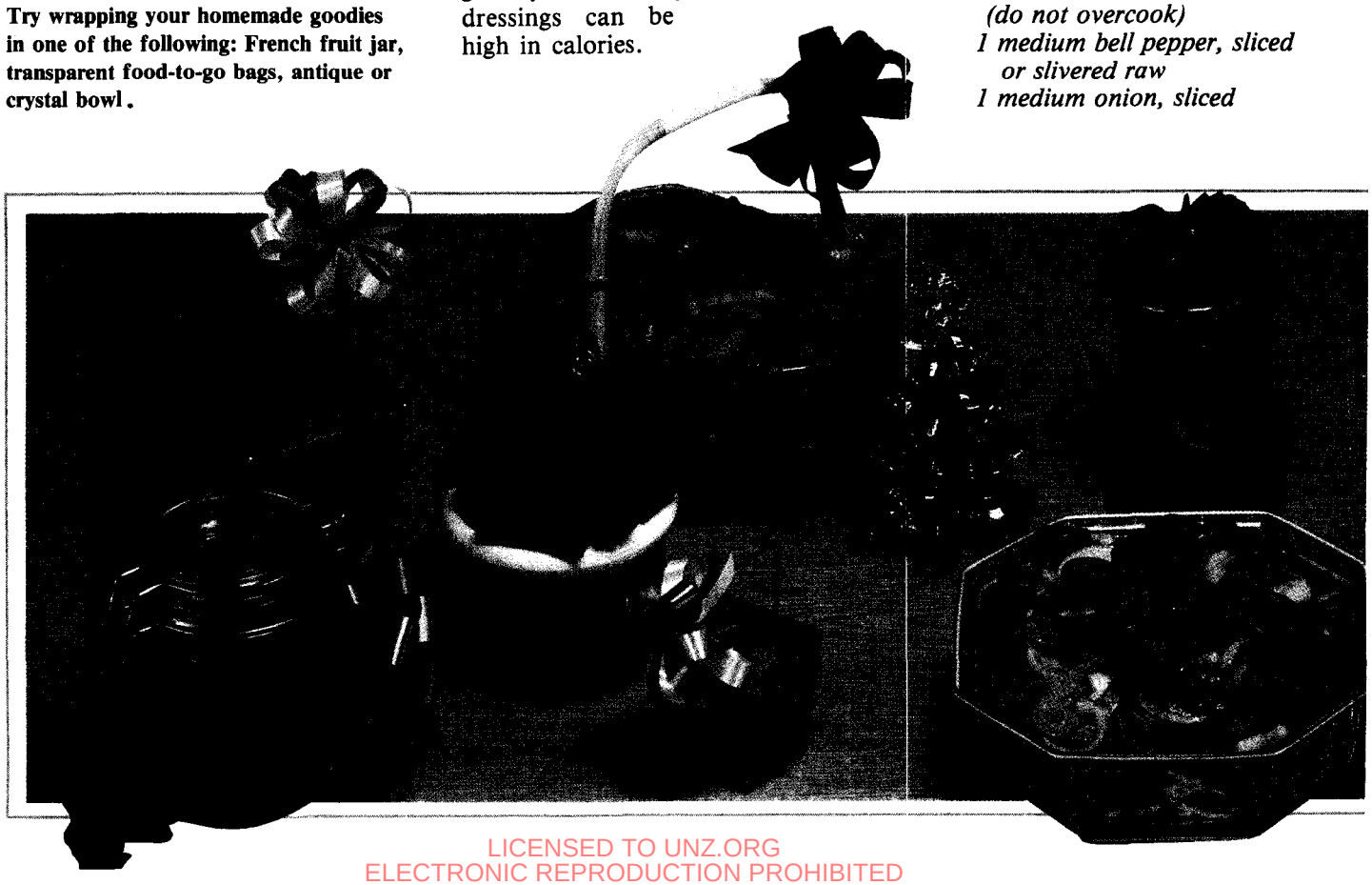
Almost everybody is eating salads these days to stay thin, but grocery-store-variety salad dressings can be high in calories. Here is a light dressing recipe my friends really like. Packaged in an attractive cruet, it can make a unique, useful gift.

Instead of giving that bottle of whiskey this year, try making Francine Prince' Old English Mulled Punch from page 23 of this issue. Put it in a glass decanter with a bright ribbon and know that you'll be giving them a healthful toast.

Think about it a bit, and you may realize that some of your own recipes would make wonderful presents, too.

Merry Carotene
(marinated carrots)
(Makes 8 servings)

2 pounds carrots, cooked (do not overcook)
1 medium bell pepper, sliced or slivered raw
1 medium onion, sliced



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1 can tomato soup
1½ teaspoons hot Tabasco
¼ cup oil
½ cup honey
¾ cup apple-cider vinegar
1 teaspoon dry mustard
(or can use prepared mustard)

Whip all marinade ingredients well. Drop onion and pepper slices into marinade. Pour marinade over drained, slightly cooked and sliced carrots. Place in refrigerator. Store and chill for 8-12 hours before serving. Will keep up to three weeks in refrigerator (if you can keep them that long). Suggestions for gift-giving: Fill pint jars with these, top with lid. Type or print gummed label for side of jar identifying these as *"Merry Carotene" carrots—must be refrigerated.* You could also fit the jar into a basket. Wrap, tag and give to someone who appreciates something tangy. Makes a lovely hostess gift if you are going to a party.

Apricot-Pineapple Bread
(Makes 2 loaves)

1 cup dried apricots
1¾ cups water
2 cups oat flour
1¼ cups rice flour
¼ cup soy flour
½ cup nonfat dry milk
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
3 eggs, beaten
1 cup honey
¼ cup vegetable oil
Remaining liquid from apricots
½ cup crushed, unsweetened pineapple with some juice
Chopped apricots

Cover apricots with water in saucepan, simmer fruit until it is tender but still has body. Cool. Sift all dry ingredients into mixing bowl. Beat eggs well and add honey, oil and apricot liquid. Stir in crushed pineapple and blend well. Add this to the dry ingredients and combine until moistened. Now add the chopped apricots, folding in and distributing through the batter. Oil two 3½" x 7½" loaf pans and divide the batter between them. Bake in a moderate 350° F. oven for approximately 30 minutes. Watch carefully, because this bread browns quickly. If you use glass pans, reduce heat to 325° F.

Suggestions for gift-giving: A basket a little larger than the bread, lined with a large paper napkin. Wrap bread in see-through wrap. Tie with ribbon and tag. Makes two gifts.

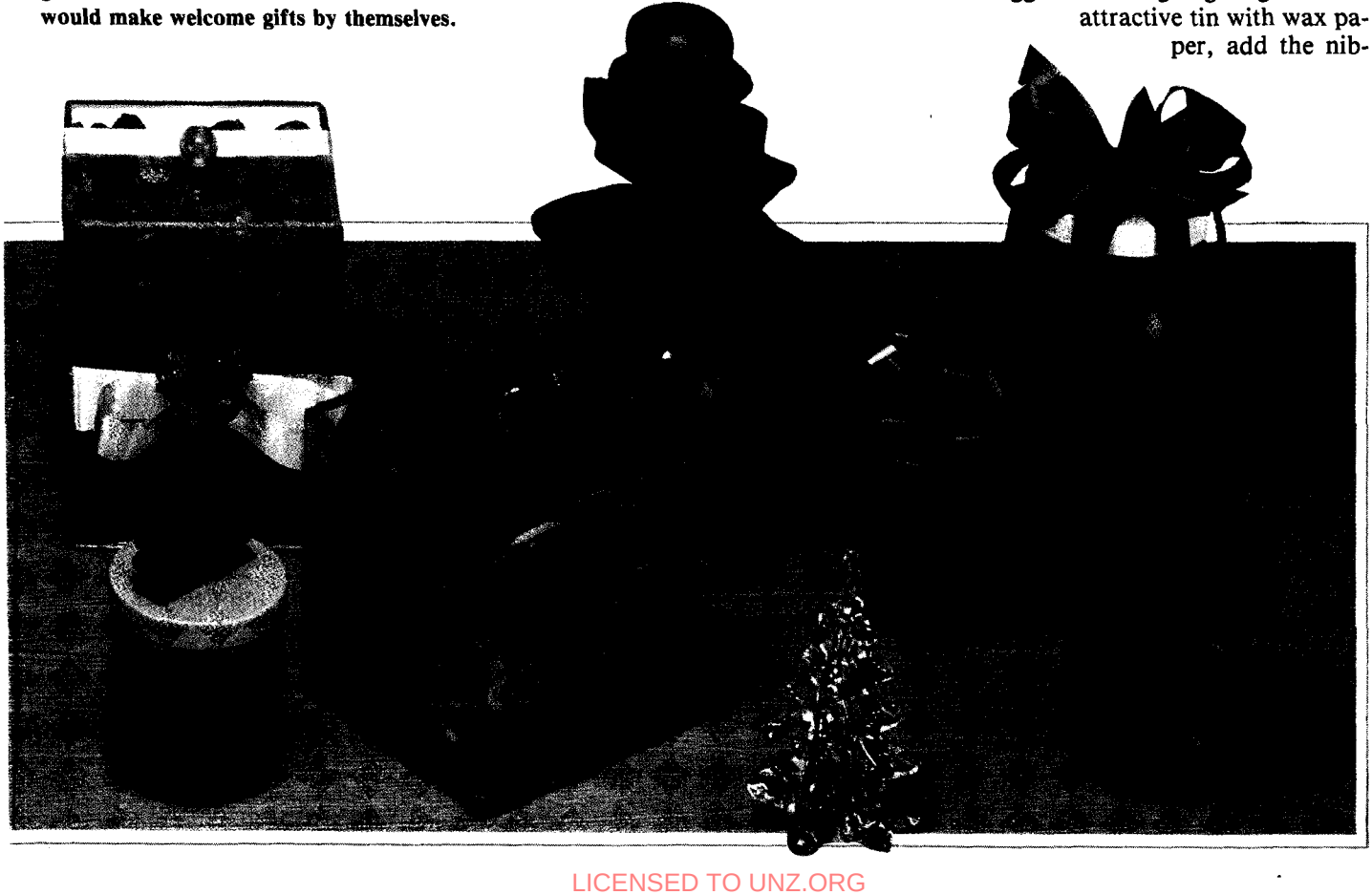
Fruit and Nut Nibbles
(Makes 8 cups)

4 cups old-fashioned rolled oats
1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts
½ cup sliced almonds
2 teaspoons ground cinnamon
¼ teaspoon ground ginger
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ cup safflower oil
¼ cup honey
2 tablespoons water
½ cup coarsely chopped dried apricots
½ cup coarsely chopped prunes
½ cup coarsely chopped dried apples
½ cup golden raisins

Preheat oven to 300° F. In a large bowl combine oats, walnuts, almonds, cinnamon, ginger and nutmeg. Add safflower oil, honey and water; stir until moistened. Pour into an oiled jelly-roll pan. Bake until golden (about 30 minutes) and stir occasionally. Set aside to cool. Stir in apricots, prunes, apples and raisins. These should be refrigerated until you give them away (if they last that long!).

Suggestions for gift-giving: Line an attractive tin with wax paper, add the nib-

Apothecary jars, Celluloid boxes, wine decanters or cruets and cocktail and jelly glasses are decorative containers that would make welcome gifts by themselves.



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ble mix, fold the paper over to cover and put on the lid. Wrap the tin in clear cellophane paper, tie with a bow or length of narrow lace ribbon and add a thoughtful, written note on a tag. These could also be given in glass jars.

Sesame Seed Squares
(Makes 1-1½ dozen)

½ cup honey
½ cup peanut butter
1 cup powdered nonfat milk
½ cup unsweetened coconut
1 cup sesame seeds

Heat honey and peanut butter slightly over very low heat for ease of mixing. Add powdered milk, coconut and sesame seeds. Mix well and pat into oiled 9"-square pan. Place in refrigerator to set. Cut in squares (approximately 60 calories per square with 4 grams of good-quality protein per square). Absolutely delicious!

Suggestions for gift-giving: Choose a pretty plate for these tasty squares, wrap with clear cellophane paper, Saran Wrap® or one of the plastic see-through wraps, tie with a bright ribbon and add nametag.

Unbaked Fruit and Nut Balls
(Makes 6 servings)

1 cup pitted dates
1 cup pitted prunes
1 cup seedless golden raisins
1 cup walnuts or almonds, chopped
1 cup shredded coconut
½ cup honey

Grind (or chop fine) all ingredients and mix thoroughly with honey. Shape into balls. Store in refrigerator several days before giving.

Suggestions for gift-giving: Line a decorative tin with wax paper, drop balls onto paper; for second layer, add more wax paper. Cover with lid. Wrap and give to someone with a sweet tooth.

Sherry French Dressing
(Makes 5 cups)

1 egg
1 teaspoon honey
¼ teaspoon Lite® salt
4 cups salad oil
(half olive oil makes it still better)
½ cup vinegar
½ cup sherry
1 clove garlic

Mix egg, honey and salt together; add oil and vinegar alternately until all the oil is added, then drip the sherry in slowly. Add garlic button, just barely crushed, and store in Mason jars in refrigerator.

Suggestions for gift-giving: Type or print gummed label for side of jar or fancy cruet identifying this as *Sherry French Dressing—must be refrigerated.* Wrap, tag and give to a friend or relative who loves unusually tasty salad dressings. ❦

"Before you call the Humane Society, Ethel, I should tell you I fed them an hour ago."

The Christmas Story

continued from page 59

told the Shepherds to go to that Stable, and look at that little child in the Manger. Which they did; and they kneeled down by it in its sleep, and said "God bless this child!"

Now the great place of all that country was Jerusalem—just as London is the great place in England—and at Jerusalem the King lived, whose name was King Herod. Some wise men came one day, from a country a long way off in the East, and said to the King "We have seen a Star in the Sky, which teaches us to know that a child is born in Bethlehem who will live to be a man whom all people will love." When King Herod heard this, he was jealous, for he was a wicked man. But he pretended not to be, and said to the wise men, "Whereabouts is this child?" And the wise men said "We don't know. But we think the Star will shew us; for the Star has been moving on before us, all the way here." Then Herod ordered them, if they found the child, to come back to him. So they went out, and the Star went on until it stopped over the house where the child was. This was very wonderful, but God ordered it to be so.

The wise men went in, and saw the child with Mary his Mother. They loved him very much, and gave him some presents. Then they went away. But they did not go back to King Herod; for they thought he was jealous, though he had not said so. And an Angel came, and told Joseph and Mary to take the child into a Country called Egypt, or Herod would kill him. So they escaped too, in the night.

But when this cruel Herod found that the wise men did not come back to him, and that he could not, therefore, find out where this child, Jesus Christ, lived, he called his soldiers and captains to him, and told them to go and Kill all the children in his dominions that were not more than two years old. The soldiers with their swords killed all the children they could find. This murder was called the Murder of the Innocents. Because the little children were so innocent.

King Herod hoped that Jesus Christ was one of them. But He was not, as you know, for He had escaped safely into Egypt. And he lived there, with his father and mother, until Bad King Herod died. ❦

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DECEMBER ON THE 700 CLUB'S DIGEST

December 6
Smoke Alert

"You're in great shape, Admiral," said his medical report following a day-long annual physical exam. "See you next year." Yet before next year came the Navy discharged him for advanced emphysema that had been a long time in developing. Hear this victim of smoking explain.

December 13
Insomnia

The withdrawal from barbiturates is considered the most difficult of any drug withdrawal. Yet persons with insomnia need relief, especially when depression is present. Time-released magnesium has helped many persons fall asleep safely. Hear some case histories.

December 20
Avoid Bypass & Obesity Diet

Hearing more about bypass surgery? Adopt a lifestyle to avoid it. Learn about the "prevent a bypass" diet and how to stay on it during the holiday festivities. It's also the safest way to lose weight.

December 27
Pot Smokers Beware

"Your sins will find you out!" At least this is what the people in Steubenville, Ohio discovered when marijuana contaminated with fertilizer manure gave some of the town's least-suspected pot users a case of Salmonella. The Center for Disease Control uncovered the mystery.

The 700 Club

The TV show that gives answers for life

Check your local listings for time and station

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Christmas on the Island

continued from page 49

polish with a boar's tusk. Their main products were beautiful wooden bowls, simply and handsomely carved, but when a Paladau villager had nothing else to do he carved little fish or pigs, and instruments for the daily work of the people. None of the island natives cared to use any artifact that had not been given some ornamentation of beauty, but a Paladau man would neglect his gardens for his carving, with the enthusiastic approval of his wife and family.

Timothy, the old village councilor, was sharpening an adz in front of his hut and looked up, smiling, when MacGregor walked in. The artist came straight to the point.

"I want you to carve me an angel, Timothy. You know this something, an angel?"

"No, sir."

"A woman then—a woman that has wings on her back like a bird's wings; a woman this high"—he gestured with his hands about 15 inches apart—"and in her right hand she holds a stick that has a star, like this, on the end of it." With the point of a knife he scratched a star-tipped scepter on the ground.

"A woman with wings and a stick?" asked Timothy. "This is an angel?" He pronounced the word three times over, trying to get it right.

MacGregor caught himself quickly. "Why, no," he said. "An angel is like a woman, truly, but she must be something more. She is the meaning of all giving, the cause of all happiness; she makes your heart light."

"Like a new bride?" asked Timothy.

MacGregor searched his mind. It seemed urgent that Timothy should have exactly the right idea.

"Like a new bride and a new mother," he said. "Like the bride and the mother of all the world." He wondered whence the image came, and thought it over. It did not sound ridiculous at all. "And she looks like this," he added. He drew three quick little sketches of the angel while the councilor watched him intently.

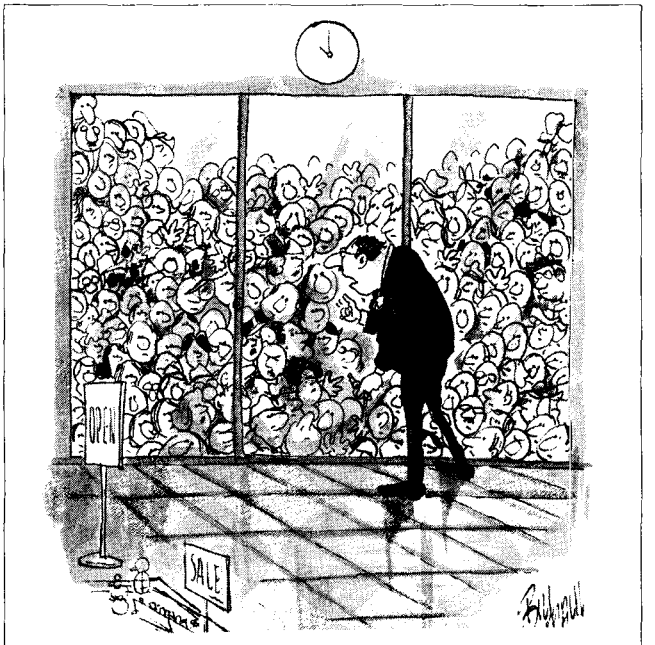
"I want it quickly," warned MacGregor. "The day after tomorrow." Absently he added a halo to the front-face figure.

"All right," Timothy said. "I'll bring it to Lamari."

"Something else," MacGregor remembered. "I want some things for a child to play with. There should be three wise men with camels, and shepherds with their sheep and a crib for a Baby. You know sheep? Or camels?"

"Are they like pigs?" asked Timothy.

"Like pigs," MacGregor said. "Only more like this." He drew a sheep and watched the old man's eyes when he looked at it. "Never mind," he said. "I guess pigs will do. They are for Layoni, for Christmas."



"Ah, ah, ah!...We can't all *be the first one in, now can we?"*

The old man nodded. "I know this Christmas," he said. "That is when the government holds the sports at Losuia."

MacGregor drew a deep breath. "Christmas is more than that, Timothy," he said. "Christmas is when everybody thinks of other people, to make them happy. At Christmas the white man thinks of God and pleases Him by making His children happy."

I sound like a preacher, he thought. *I have never thought these things before.*

Timothy was looking up, smiling. "I have heard of these things but not seen them," he said. "I will be glad to help. But Mr. Richards will bring toys from Samarai."

"Not this Christmas, Timothy," MacGregor said. "His boat has broken down. That's why I want you to make these things. And not you only. Tell the others what I want. Tell them that I need toys for the children and that I will pay them well."

"The day after tomorrow I will bring them to Lamari," the councilor promised.

Once he had committed himself to give Layoni the party, MacGregor went about it enthusiastically. Layoni had renewed friendships among the children of the village, though in the year she had been gone she had almost forgotten the Boyowan language of the island; and most of the day she spent on the beach or in the water and was never underfoot. MacGregor saw her only for meals, which he sometimes got himself but more often left to the hired boys Richards kept in the store. At night Layoni would look briefly at her books, which were few; then go to bed to sleep dreamlessly. MacGregor's affection for her grew with each meeting, and in the two days of preparations she was much in his thoughts.

It was easy, without her knowledge, to find a she-oak tree with the necessary symmetry and the desired size and to install it in a corner of the store and conceal it with burlap sheets and cartons of goods. He was also able to recruit a few of the village women to help him by making strings of shell beads and raucous trumpets made from the coiled leaves of the coconut palms. They caught his enthusiasm, and by Christmas Eve other villagers to whom he had not spoken were bringing in gifts—a beautiful little outrigger canoe with mast and butterfly-wing sail and tiny paddles laid across the planking. There was a set of tops made from halved coconut shells doweled with wooden pegs and a cord-carrying bag in five colors.

Timothy and three men from Paladau came late on Christmas Eve with

continued on following page

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their carvings. The angel was a triumph, queerly modern in design, with a long body and short, thick legs; and, in place of the halo that MacGregor had drawn, she carried a cooking pot on her head. She had long, almond eyes and a straight, unsmiling mouth. But she was nevertheless beautiful, with an air of proud kindliness most suitable for an angel. MacGregor handled the carving for a long time and turned it over and over. Then he looked at the other things spread about him on the ground.

There were at least 20 little pigs, each round and fat and standing stockily on four absurd short legs. There were 3 little figures of men. There was a short trough, shaped like a Phoenician galley—"Something for the baby," Timothy said. MacGregor recognized it. It was an ancient baby bath, just big enough to admit the fingers of a mother's hand and holding just enough warm water to clean a baby. It was the only Trobriand article made for babies. MacGregor set it down carefully. And then he saw the thing.

It was a big carving a foot long. It was cut from some golden timber, and it had a long body, six short legs and a tail that was a dragon's tail, except that it curved upward and back, its frill of broad spines soaring like a banner and joined in two places to the thing's back. The neck balanced the tail but carried an enormous head with two pointed ears, four round eyes and rows and rows of bared teeth. MacGregor picked it up.

"What is it?" he asked.

"It is a camel," said Timothy, and MacGregor put back his head and laughed.

"I think it is a camel. I have never seen a camel," Timothy added. He seemed affronted, and MacGregor stopped laughing.

"It is not quite a camel," he said. "But it is a very good something. I am truly pleased with it."

"Yes, it is a very good something," Timothy said complacently.

MacGregor paid the men well in tobacco and goods from the store, and they left. He looked at the angel a long time; then he took his paints and, with some compunction at hiding the beautiful grain of the wood, painted it in the colors of life. He painted the pigs, too, and the little men who represented shepherds; and when that was done, he turned to decoration of the tree, tying in place the brilliant crimson globes of fruits and golden oranges, and all the colorful things he could think of. He could not add the angel or the painted toys until the morning, when the colors would be dry, but even so it was long past midnight when he went to take a final look at the sleeping Layoni on his way to bed.

She was lying quietly, a little olive-skinned doll herself, with her dark hair spread about the pillow, her thin little arms carelessly outside the single sheet that covered her. In her sleep she looked a little sad and a little lonely, and he felt a great affection for the child.

He took a long time to go to sleep himself, thinking not of Layoni but of the Allison party. He was excited about it, and in a way disgusted with himself for being excited, because he certainly condemned Mrs. Allison for her rejection of Layoni. It would have been easy for her to be kind to the child, who was, after all, the only person on the island alien to both the natives and the whites. At least on Christmas Day she could have given her the companionship of the other English-speaking children, MacGregor felt. On the other hand, he felt the prospects of the Innstrom contact to be enormously important. Sir Gordon's was an acquaintance that MacGregor could develop with, he felt, the happiest of results when he returned to civilization. From the starting point of the Doraima painting, which Mrs. Allison would certainly have in a place of prominence, he might even secure Sir Gordon as a kind of patron, and that, combined with his own ability, would be quite sufficient to ensure the success of his whole career.

So his thoughts went, on and on into the night, and it was quite late when he awoke.

"Where will you go this morning?" he asked Layoni at breakfast.

"Just swimming, I think," she said, and he nodded. He would be able to find her when he wanted her. So he said nothing about the waiting Christmas tree. Better to keep it really a surprise. In an hour or two it would be ready.

It took even less than that to set the painted angel at the top of the tree, to wrap in concealing leaves the painted pigs that should have been sheep, the funny little men that should have been shepherds and the toys—the tops decorated now with red and blue bands—and to arrange them all in their places. But when that was done, Layoni and her village friends were nowhere to be seen.

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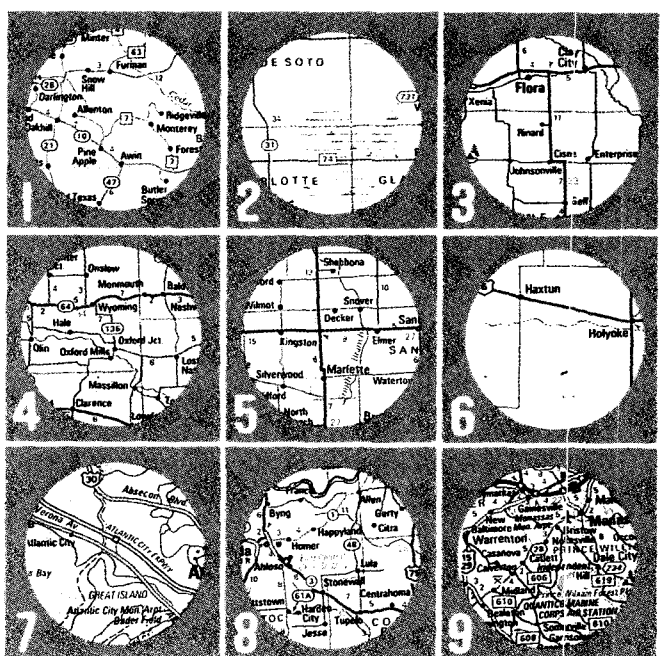

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Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't), add the requirement that you place the area, north, south, east, west or central in the designated locale.

(Answers on page 110)

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It would be a four-hour walk to the Allison place—maybe three hours if he hurried—but MacGregor did not particularly worry about his time schedule. A little later never mattered in the islands. The children would turn up by lunchtime; he could start their party off and still arrive at the Allisons' party in plenty of time. But it was early afternoon before Layoni appeared.

"We've had a lovely day, Uncle Mac!" she cried. "We found a cave——"

"Well, go and find all the other kids again, and quickly," he said. "Bring them here as fast as you can."

He looked at his watch as she ran off. It was one o'clock. He pulled down all the burlap barriers and the pile of crates and revealed the Christmas tree. Even in his impatience he was pleased with the result. The tree was beautiful, its branches gracious under the brilliant offerings, and from the topmost twig the angel, proud and lovely, looked indeed as though she offered her benediction.

When the little girl came again to the doorway of the store, she just stood still and stared. Behind her, a throng of brown children pushed their way in until they too could see the tree and the angel.

"Merry Christmas, Layoni," greeted MacGregor. She didn't hear him until he had said it twice more. Then she ran, not to the tree, but to him, clutched his legs and looked up at his face; and he felt the strong, unselfish love of a man for a child welling up in him, almost choking him. It was new in his experience and it took him by the throat and left him weak.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!" she cried.

"Just for you," he smiled. "You and your friends. It's all yours."

She walked slowly over to the tree and picked her way daintily, and there was that in her eyes that dimmed the radiance of the angel enthroned there. It was a look of beauty, of complete adoration and reflected the kind of sheer happiness that can bring tears. MacGregor watched her for long minutes; he sat there watching while she called the others; he sat on and on. And suddenly it was urgent that he should keep forever the memory of that look and that happiness; and almost unconsciously he reached for his sketch pad.

Working swiftly, he captured the moment. Quickly he made sketch after sketch —the face, the uplifted eye, a hand outstretched—not coldly and clinically, but in a mounting fever of excitement that was somehow intertwined with his other emotions.

Suddenly she was lifting up the animal Timothy had carved—the six-legged monster with a dragon's tail.

"What is it?" she asked.

"It's a something," he told her. "Timothy said it's a camel." She dissolved into laughter.

From there it went on as a children's party does, except that the creator of the party sat there among them, his pencil flying, stabilizing and holding forever the moments in which a fat, brown baby sat in ecstasy and fingered a spotty painted pig; or the whirl of movement with which a lucky lad raced to the water with a toy canoe. And when, at last, MacGregor retrieved the angel from the top of the tree and Layoni took it and sat with it in her arms, her face molded into a pure testimony of love and happiness, he sat and drew that, too; his lines swiftly conspired to produce, not merely the features, the waving black hair, the liquid brown eyes, but the configuration of love itself—of love and happiness and the true recipient spirit of Christmas.

When he had finished he realized that the afternoon was gone, that the sun was sinking and that the Allisons would this day see neither himself nor the portrait of Doraima. There was no time for him to go, and no excuse. He could never explain such a late arrival.

Instead he stayed with Layoni, and when the vil-

continued on following page

You be the Judge

By John A. Ritter

The city fathers of tiny Belle Terre, New York, wanted to preserve the peace and quiet of their sleepy, suburban village.

They especially wanted to keep out college students enrolled at a nearby state university. So they passed a zoning ordinance allowing only one-family homes and forbidding more than two unrelated persons from living under the same roof.

"Sorry, but only one family can live in the same house," said the police chief, as he evicted a dozen shocked college students from their boardinghouses.

"This is an unconstitutional restriction on our right to freedom of association," said the students. "We'll fight this all the way to the Supreme Court."

The students hired a lawyer who argued that the town had no right to restrict its residents to single-family living or to prohibit unrelated persons from living together.

"It's our town," responded the city attorney, "and we've got the right to keep it the way we like it."

If you were the judge, would you let the college students stay?

The Supreme Court ruled that the zoning ordinance is lawful and the students would have to board elsewhere.

"Rooming houses and fraternity houses create urban problems," said the Court. "A quiet place where yards are wide, people few, and motor vehicles restricted are legitimate guidelines in the city's plan."

(Based on a 1974 U.S. Supreme Court decision)

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Joy To The World!

Time Well Spent

Turkey Stuffing, Stocking Stuffers and last minute shopping; if Christmas is getting to be more of a chore than a celebration, get back in touch with *Let the World Rejoice!* — the New Christmas album from Maranatha! Music. Make this Christmas the special time it was meant to be. *Let the World Rejoice* on Maranatha! Music records and tapes. It's Time Well Spent.

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lage children went, read to her a little while and watched her sleep at last, the painted wooden angel clutched in her arms, its cooking-pot halo against her shoulder. He realized he had probably made an enemy of the Allisons—the explanation that he had failed to arrive so that he could give a Christmas party for Layoni would certainly not be acceptable to the woman who had refused to invite the little girl herself. The Allisons didn't matter, but he regretted the lost opportunity of meeting Innstrom.

The day after Christmas was like any day after Christmas, MacGregor thought moodily as he cleared away the tree and the debris of children's play. He worked slowly, absorbed in his thoughts, and was surprised by a stranger at the door, a tall, gray man, a little red in the face from walking, dressed in correct tropical whites and carrying an ebony stick. The stranger held out his hand.

"My name's Innstrom," he said. "You're MacGregor. I heard some talk about you last night, and I wanted to see for myself how an artist would treat all this magnificent material."

MacGregor could hardly believe his luck. They talked for a while, and he brought out his paintings; some of the lesser ones first. But as Sir Gordon looked at painting after painting, MacGregor's spirits sank. The visitor was politely appreciative, no more. When at last the Doraima portrait stood against the wall, MacGregor knew with certainty that his work hadn't passed the tests of this man's criticism.

"Interesting," said Sir Gordon, fingering a gray mustache. "A really interesting solution, and I can see the problems you're up against here."

MacGregor made tea, and managed with difficulty to keep up a conversation. Whatever it was the millionaire had come hoping to see, he had not found it, and the artist reacted with disappointment almost to the point of despair. But as he turned to go, Sir Gordon idly picked up the sketch pad with the drawings of the children at the party. Carefully he went through them, page after page; then, with the pad, seated himself at the table.

"Now these?" he asked. "You'll be working on these? They're quite recent?"

"Yesterday's," said MacGregor. He laughed. "They're the reason I didn't meet you at the Allisons'."

"Obviously," said Sir Gordon, "you found something better to do." He pointed to the Doraima portrait against the wall. "You see the difference? That one's good—good technique, good balance, a fine subject—but it's cold. It lacks emotion.

continued on following page

Can you name this picture?

. . . ***contest:*** $100 to the author of the winning caption for this picture. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick. Please send entry on a postcard. *No* self-addressed, stamped envelope is needed. We will also award $100 to the photographer whose submitted photo is published in next month's contest. 8 x 10 photos are preferred, along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope for possible photo return. Send all entries to: Photo Contest, *SatEvePost*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be received by December 15, 1984.

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Martin Barclay of Spokane, Washington, for the winning caption in our September caption contest.

The weather is monstrously cool
For standing outside of the school,
But this Mom photographic
Knows how to stop traffic—
She always applies the right tool!

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Why retire to a Continuing Care Retirement Community?

It gives you time to pursue your interests, to travel, to visit friends.

"It's a beautiful way to retire."

Free time is something you'll have plenty of at a Continuing Care Retirement Community. Free time to do the things you've never had time for before you retired. In Covenant Villages meals are served daily in comfortable dining rooms. The evening meal is included in the monthly fee so the need to prepare all your own meals and shop for them is ended, if you wish. Housekeeping and maintenance chores are also eliminated, freeing up a great deal of additional valuable time for you to use as you want . . . for golf, fishing or even extended travel for sightseeing or visiting loved ones. Not-for-profit Continuing Care Retirement Communities are unique among all retirement experiences. They offer accommodations and services beyond your fondest hopes. Many are church, community or fraternally sponsored, insuring the highest degree of caring, dedication and help. And remember . . . when you retire to a not-for-profit Continuing Care Retirement Community every cent you pay goes to your care and well being, not someone else's profit.

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A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF HOMES FOR THE AGING, WASH., DC

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You felt nothing. You had nothing to feel. These"—he took up the drawings again—"these are different. They have feeling. They are alive. Here your hands were directed through eyes altered by your own emotions. You were emotionally involved, you see. You are forever involved. And I think you will never be the same as you were before." He reached in his pocket and found a card. "I must go, young man. I'm glad I came. I'd like to see more of your work. Your later work. Look me up when you come to Sydney."

MacGregor walked with him to the Fishermen's Rock at the top of the hill. He had a feeling he might never see Sir Gordon again, for suddenly he knew with certainty that he didn't need him. When he returned, Layoni came racing from the beach and threw herself into his arms. The wooden angel hit him on the head, but he didn't care.

"Thank you! Thank you, Uncle Mac!" cried Layoni. "Thank you for the party!"

"Thank you, little girl," he said. "Thank you for everything." She didn't understand him, but he didn't bother to explain. ★

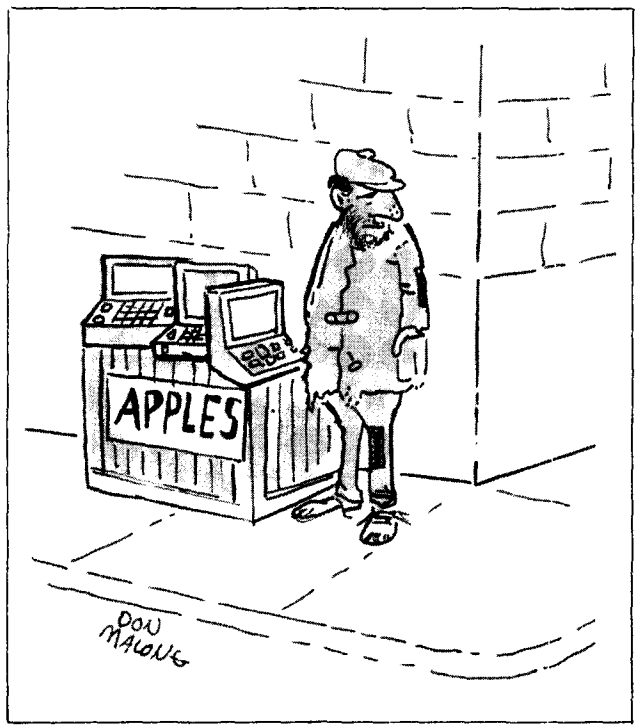
Jeane Kirkpatrick

continued from page 55

asking whether she would be interested in becoming ambassador to Israel. She responded that she "was probably not interested." As the Carter foreign policy lurched ever further from what she thought to be sanity, Kirkpatrick the Democrat found herself ever more alienated from her own party.

The *Commentary* article caught the eye of another former academic and astute observer of foreign policy: Richard Allen, then (as in 1976) Ronald Reagan's principal foreign-policy adviser (and later his first national-security adviser). Dick Allen was no stranger to Jeane Kirkpatrick or her work. As far back as 1962, as one of the founders of Georgetown's Center for Strategic and International Studies, Allen had come to know the Kirkpatricks. Over the years, Allen carefully cultivated such Democrats as he watched their growing discomfort with the leftward drift of the party. He was, for example, the bridge between such disaffected Democrats as Paul Nitze and Walt Rostow and the Reagan camp. In 1976, again as one of the founders of the Committee on the Present Danger, Allen arranged for Kirkpatrick to join.

Allen handed Reagan a copy of the *Commentary* article as he was boarding a plane for California. The future President was so impressed that as soon as he landed he asked Allen to arrange a meeting. She accepted but told Allen she wasn't likely to throw in with the campaign. As for Reagan,



"I thought maybe he was a right-wing extremist, frankly, but I discovered very quickly that he's no kind of extremist at all."

At about the same time, her disappointment with Carter became total. Together with other Democratic critics of his policies, she met with the President. "He didn't listen. When I met Reagan, on the other hand, he listened very carefully, asked questions and was very open."

Shortly afterward, Allen dropped by Jeane's office in Washington. She told him she was ready to endorse Reagan. "I made certain she got to brief him a few times." After the election, Allen proposed her for the U.N. job and was strongly supported by Ed Meese.

Reagan caught up with her in Florida, where she was making a speech. She accepted immediately—becoming the first woman ever to head the U.S. delegation to the United Nations (and, in fact, the only woman chief delegate among the 157 nations represented there). She also became the first woman member of the Reagan cabinet—and, for two years, the *only* one. She also serves on the National Security Council, where U.S. arms-control director Kenneth Adelman, the former U.S. deputy permanent representative to the United Nations, says, "Bang for buck, she's most valuable to the U.S." Allen, who headed the NSC, says, "She never minced her words, but told it like it is. The President liked that." How about the claims that she is abrasive? Allen brushes them aside: "She's sensitive, and has strength of intellect—but abrasive, never!" Ed Meese, interviewed at his White House office, echoes Allen's judgment. "She's aggressive, but definitely not abrasive. With a President who likes to hear opposing points of view, expressed clearly, that's a plus."

From the very beginning at the United Nations, she ignored the unwritten rule that says that leading Western powers do not respond to attacks. The United States, of course, was the usual target of such attacks: "We are," Ambassador Kirkpatrick once observed, "ignored, deplored, despised and reviled." As for the United Nations itself, it breeds "conflict extension, exacerbation and polarization."

Jeane Kirkpatrick took direct aim at this political culture. She answered each and every attack on the United States—in language as pungent as it was clear, reminiscent of the days when Daniel Moynihan faced down our U.N. tormentors. What's more, she took the counterattack directly to the home governments of delegates who routinely lambasted the United States without the consent or even the knowledge of their own governments. Copies of offending speeches were cabled to our embassies in those capi-

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tals, with the result that many a foreign minister received telephone calls from irate American ambassadors about anti-U.S. antics at the United Nations staged, in effect, behind his back.

Anti-American rhetoric has not disappeared from the United Nations—but it has tapered off sharply. Furthermore, through her strong stance, other non-Communist nations have been emboldened to defend themselves—and they have put the Communist bloc increasingly on the defensive.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick's feistiness put her on a collision course with the media, the liberal establishment—and many career diplomats in our own State Department. As former Secretary of State Haig observed dryly in *Caveat*: "There was no great enthusiasm in the department for the Reagan administration." That was especially true for Kirkpatrick, who had so explicitly and forthrightly repudiated policies created by many careerists still in positions of power in the department. Mary Schwarz quoted one foreign-policy specialist in *National Review* as saying: "When someone can speak with conviction about these things, the career bureaucrats retreat in horror. She poses a threat to the whole foreign-policy establishment."

The result was that fighting outside the fort—the battles at the United Nations—was not nearly so bloody as fighting inside the fort—in her bureaucratic backyard. That infighting—the carefully planted leaks, the whispered slanders—twice brought her to the point of resigning. Much of the sniping came from White House staffers, but the most painful wounds were inflicted by Haig. The infighting reached its peak during the Falklands crisis in spring 1982. Shortly afterward, Haig resigned. Now out of power, Haig is philosophical about Mrs. Kirkpatrick. I asked him whether he would discuss her performance for the record. "Sure," he responded, "because I would have nothing but good things to say about Jeanie." (Jeane's relations with Secretary George Shultz have been much more serene.)

The ferocity of that infighting caught the former professor of government Kirkpatrick off guard.

"I was not really fully aware of the harshness nor the extent of the struggle for power in the bureaucracy in the executive branch. I would say it's a meaner game than I had realized it was. I really was not aware of the extent of the manipulation of the media, of backstabbing, the lack of team spirit. It's one thing to look at that from the outside, and another to experience it from the inside, I can tell you that."

Even more painful have been the attacks on her principles. "I can't tell you how deeply disturbing and disillusioning it is when I see deliberate or casual or careless distortion of my views on democracy, for example—disillusioning because it is just not that hard to find out what my views really are, since I have written so much."

She picked up *Dictatorships and Double Standards* and flipped it open to page 49, to a paragraph that says traditional authoritarian governments are less repressive than revolutionary autocracies. "Now that," she says, "is often quoted to demonstrate that I am an apologist for dictatorships of the right. Carefully omitted is the next phrase in the text, which says that these governments 'are more susceptible of liberalization.' No mention is made whatever of the discussion, just two pages later, of the leverage the U.S. has in liberalization and democratization of these regimes, in contrast to the incorrigibility of the radical totalitarian regimes." In another interview, she explained that she opposed Carter's "human rights" policies only because they didn't work and produced the opposite of what they were supposed to do. "I think it matters greatly how a regime treats its own people," she told the interviewer. "That's the basis for my anti-Communism."

The media have wounded her on another issue, Central America. "I have said again and again that except for one moment, I have had little to do with the shaping of our policy in Central America. Yet the distortions persist." (That moment, she acknowledges, was a key one, nonetheless. Early in 1983, the President dispatched her on a fact-finding mission. Her report convinced him that the United States must act decisively or watch the entire region fall to Soviet- and Cuban-supported insurgency. She also was one of the proponents of the bipartisan Kissinger Commission and has repeatedly urged the "regionalization" of the problem through the multinational Contadora process.)

If anything, Mrs. Kirkpatrick frets because of the inconsistency and wavering of U.S. policy in the area—and her inability to do anything about it. Friends say she was close to quitting late last year because of frustration over U.S. vacillation.

Two things have sustained her—and kept her on the job.

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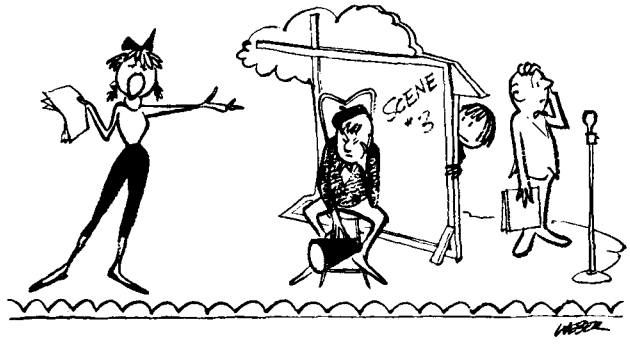

The Perfect Squelch

The community's Little Theater Guild was invaded one season by an overpowering young female who regarded herself as the logical leading lady in every guild play. Although she lacked talent, she insisted upon reading the top roles in tryouts. Turned down for the roles, she badgered the long-suffering theater director and harassed board members with demands that they put pressure on the director to recognize her acting ability.

Forced by such tactics to give her another chance, the director permitted her to read the part of a sensitive, tragic young woman. She did it as though she were playing the town floozy. At the end, she turned on the director and snapped: "And how would you like to see the part played?"

Gently he replied, "By an actress."

by Vivian Garrigues

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

"Nothing kills like doing nothing."
—Danish proverb

Pacemakers

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

As you may be aware, a small percentage of the population will, at some time, need a pacemaker due to the slowing of the heartbeat to dangerous levels.

The cost of these devices has taken a large amount of Medicare funds and created hardship for people not on Medicare. Medicare costs could be reduced by up to $200 million if only one-third (50,000) of those implanted yearly could be reused.

Currently about $600 million is being spent on these devices, each costing about $3,600.

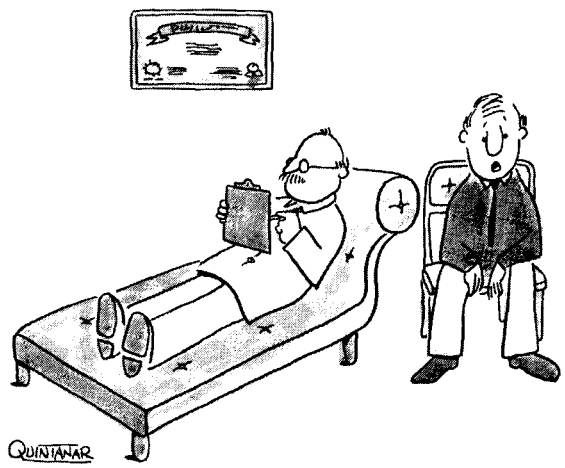
The "state of the art" presently is that they are smaller than formerly, about a silver dollar in diameter, made of hard-impact plastic rather than stainless steel and with *lifetime* batteries.

To the best of my knowledge, no manufacturer is showing interest in recycling pacemakers. After my wife's death I wrote the manufacturer of her pacemaker about salvaging hers—used only two weeks—and they refused to consider it, while our area pathologist states that the sterilization is simple and the cost nominal! Replacing the leads is somewhat more involved.

It is ironic that the recycled units may be used first outside the U.S., and second, on animals while our Treasury drifts toward insolvency.

Having been a *Post* carrier in the '20s and a longtime reader, I find your medical articles another instance of *Post* care for the national welfare.

Bernie Hayes
Wellsville, New York



"I feel as though everyone takes advantage of me."

Dear Mr. Hayes:

Your interesting presentation of the case has aroused our curiosity: If other readers have knowledge on the pacemaker subject, will you please write to us? We'll investigate and report our findings in the next issue.

High-Lysine Corn

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

High-lysine corn with nearly twice the lysine content of regular corn offers hope for dramatically improved nutrition in Third World countries and might help prevent virus attacks at home.

I am a student in the Behavioral Sciences and Health Education Division in the School of Public Health at UCLA. I entered the program to develop skills for training physicians and other health personnel in cross-cultural medicine. My ultimate goal is participation in development work abroad with a Christian missionary society.

I would like more information on high-lysine corn and on the role of lysine in the promotion of health. Where can the high-lysine corn seed be purchased? If it is a "sterile" hybrid, would this require persons in the developing nations to depend on the developed nations for seed? Can the corn be prepared as easily as other popular corns? I ask this because I remember learning about a high-yield corn that was introduced into Mexico but was rejected within a year because it did not make tortillas well. How transient is the lysine content of the corn once it has been ground into flour? Apart from Honduras, have you field-tested the corn in any other cultures or countries? Are there any plans to develop a high-lysine rice?

I am planning to enter medical school after finishing my M.S. in Public Health, but whatever I do, I want to be in a strategic position to help where the need is greatest. If you have any thoughts on what some strategic areas might be, please feel free to share them.

Lew Dick
Pasadena, California

Dear Mr. Dick:

There is a great opportunity for young men and women with your training to teach nutrition with high-lysine corn in developing countries where maize is the most important food consumed. Because the whole-kernel corn is such an excellent form of fiber, there is also a great opportunity to do missionary work in this area at home. If we could en-

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courage all the tobacco growers to plant high-lysine corn, we could do much for the health of our country as well as the underprivileged nations. The lysine is very stable after having been ground into corn meal. The whole grain should be used. Commercial corn meal is made from degermed corn (germ removed from kernel)—much of the lysine is lost.

For answers to your other questions see *Saturday Evening Post* December '83, pg. 14, and May/June '84, pg. 64.

Tests for Hidden Blood

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I read with interest in the Medical Mailbox the paragraphs on the vitamin C alert when testing for hidden blood in the stool. My husband and I are on large doses of vitamin C and have had to go off it to take that test. In fact, the last time I went off it to do this, the sudden withdrawal had an adverse effect on my gums, so I was glad to return to it right after the test. I've often wondered, if when withdrawing vitamin C, that some bleeding from gums or elsewhere *could* result, causing the test to be positive!

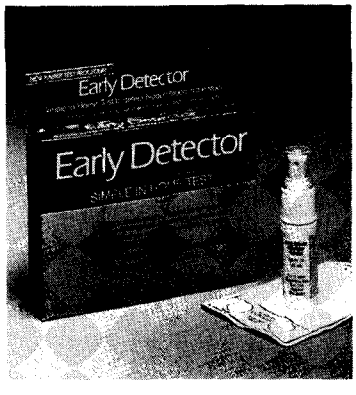
Anyway, as is obvious, we don't like to have to go off the C for this test. (Incidentally, our internist did not realize that taking vitamin C also invalidates his stool test that he does for a rectal exam. He never asks anyone if he is on C. I've alerted him to this.)

I read recently that newer tests have come out in which vitamin C in the stool cannot affect the search for blood, tests developed by Jaffe and Zierdt and by a group at the University of Louisville School of Medicine, headed by George H. Barrows. I, and I'm sure many others, would appreciate your checking into this to see if these tests are available and whether we could suggest that our own doctors get this "new" kind. It would certainly be helpful.

Mrs. John O. Meloy
Defiance, Ohio

Dear Mrs. Meloy:

Thank you for your letter regarding occult blood. We hope that soon a test can be made available for home use that does not require going off vitamin C. We will publish any new information about tests that are about to be made available.



This new test for detecting blood in the stool involves using the special tissue provided, then spraying the stool specimen with a developer spray.

It has been our understanding that Dr. Jaffe's test is a sensitive one but it is rather difficult to perform. It requires boiling the stool and for that reason it is not very desirable for home use.

We called about the second test from the University of Louisville School of Medicine and found that it is still in a developmental phase, though close to being produced commercially. It may not be applicable to home use either because it is an antibody test, though it will probably be useful in doctor's offices and hospitals. We will continue watching for new developments in this field.

Warner-Lambert has a new and easy-to-use test to detect hidden blood in the stool. Called the *Early Detector* kit, it will be available in stores and pharmacies by March 1985. The test comes with a spray solution and a piece of special tissue paper for collecting the stool sample. After using the test-tissue to obtain the stool sample, the tester sprays a developer solution onto the tissue. If, after a minute, any part of the specimen sample on the paper turns blue, the test indicates hidden blood is present.

As with the other currently available tests, the presence of vitamin C gives a false *negative* result. Remember with this test or the other home tests for blood in the stool, it is vitally important that you abstain from taking vitamin C for three days prior to using. False *positive* tests aren't dangerous since these would be repeated.

The ease of usage, the daintiness and the convenience of this test make it a welcome addition to our means of early detection of cancers of the colon. Colorectal cancer is the second largest cancer killer today.

Ectopic Pregnancies

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

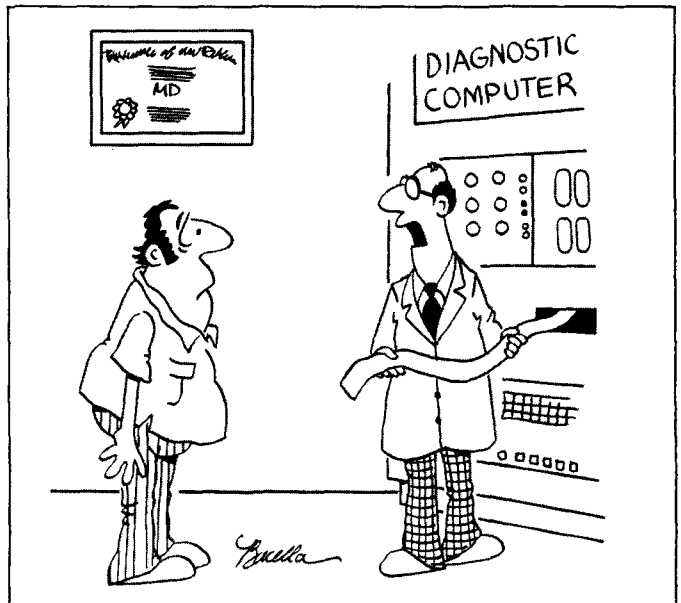
Re: Medical Mailbox: Ectopic Pregnancy (November '84). It is interesting that you write, "The frequency of ectopic pregnancies has increased threefold over the past 11 years." Eleven years ago, the U.S. Supreme Court legalized abortion.

Abortion sometimes scars the uterus when an unborn baby is cut up and scraped out. A subsequent fertilized egg cannot move normally from the tube into the uterus, so it implants in the tube. Ectopic pregnancies constitute 0.5% of all U.S. pregnancies, but rise to 3.9% after abortion.

Cherry Neill
Fort Worth, Texas

Dear Ms. Neill:

In addition to abortions, a common cause of ectopic pregnancy is the scarring of tubes that results from promiscuous sexual activity.



"I think you're pregnant, but you're entitled to a second opinion."

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Know good health by sight...and sound.

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Now you can see the LifeCare Digests you missed by ordering them on a VHS video cassette (each cassette approximately one hour in length) for just $19.95. We pay the postage. All video cassettes will come individually packaged in permanent, reusable mailers so that you can send them around to out-of-town friends or relatives.

The order form on the facing page is for your convenience. And an order today could keep the doctor away—besides adding years of good health for you and your family members.

The Society is making arrangements for our members who do not already have home video cassette players to order them at reduced prices through the Society. Please let us know if you are interested in receiving details.

Saturday Evening Post Video Cassettes

$19.95 ea.
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☐ *Video Cassette #1*

High-fiber foods can prevent colon cancer, diverticulosis, obesity, appendicitis, gallstones, hemorrhoids and more, according to Dr. Denis Burkitt of London and other authorities on fiber interviewed by Dr. Cory SerVaas in this one-hour special.

☐ *Video Cassette #2*

Is there a way to prevent herpes attacks? Dr. Richard Griffith of Indiana University and Dr. Christopher Kagan of Berkeley, California, discuss the success of L-lysine as a weapon against the herpes virus in a one-hour herpes special.

☐ *Video Cassette #3*

One-hour documentary includes the life of Admiral Joe Synhorst, an emphysema victim of cigarettes. Warning: Anyone watching this film may never want to smoke again. Dr. Thomas L. Petty, director of the Webb-Waring Lung Institute, talks about the need for an all-out war against emphysema.

☐ *Video Cassette #4*

One-hour documentary on the discovery and development of high-lysine corn. Narrated by Dr. Edwin Mertz of Purdue University, along with Dr. Cory SerVaas and Kenneth Crow.

☐ *Video Cassette #5*

Sudden, angry outbursts and/or depression may well be signs of premenstrual syndrome. British physician Katharina Dalton, one of the foremost experts on PMS, advocates the use of progesterone as a way to help PMS sufferers.

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LifeCare Digest Home Video Cassettes

☐ *Video Cassette #6*

CPR
Sudden Infant Death Syndrome
Herpes
Voice Prosthesis
Kidney Stones
Cholesterol
Diabetes
Emphysema/A Test Will Tell
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Jeane Kirkpatrick

continued from page 103

One is a deep, abiding faith in Ronald Reagan. Over these past four years, the two have forged a strong bond of mutual respect and trust. She remains one of Ronald Reagan's favorites.

The second is her conviction that the defense of U.S. interests is "a moral imperative—tantamount to the defense of national independence, liberal democracy and human rights throughout the world." Coupled with this is the fear that we are failing to meet that challenge.

"Ours is probably the most violent century in history," she told a dinner audience last January, "and still we cling to pale euphemisms and blind theories of inevitable human progress. The will to disbelieve the horrible is, I believe, a defining characteristic of the contemporary West, of no society more than our own. Because we cannot remember the fact of danger, we have great trouble protecting ourselves, our freedom and civilization.

"But the persistence of the horrible is only one of the lessons we are unwilling to learn. Almost as strong as the will to disbelieve the shackling of freedom imposed on society after society by our only major contemporary adversary is the will to disbelieve our own worthiness. The will to disbelieve that we value freedom and intend to expand and preserve it has been translated into an expectation that we are almost always wrong. It leads to what one leading Washington commentator has called 'reflexive anti-Americanism.' That reflexive anti-Americanism is willing to give everybody except the American government and people, and especially our major adversaries, the benefit of the doubt.

"On almost any Op-Ed page on almost any day, one finds systematic doubt with regard to whatever subject is discussed, our seriousness, competence, good faith and good intentions. Blaming ourselves is the opposite side of the coin to denying the menace outside. It feeds an illusion that we can control events merely by changing our behavior."

Hints of those ringing phrases she would speak with such power and conviction materialized on that sweltering August night as Kirkpatrick the Democrat rose to address the Republican National Convention: "But then, somehow, the San Francisco Democrats always blame America first."

The dining room has cleared out. Although she is surrendering hours of precious—and scarce—relaxation time back home in Washington, she makes no move to terminate the interview. Good manners will not allow more than a parting question: Will she stay on in public life? Dick Allen says she would make an outstanding secretary of state if George Shultz decides to step down. Ed Meese at the White House tells me she is one of the best U.N. ambassadors—if not the best—this country has ever had; the President clearly would welcome her in a second administration.

"You're right, Thornton, there are two sides to every issue. And around here, it's either my side or the outside."

Jeane hesitates. She would not leave the President, the country in a lurch; she is committed through the end of the year. Yet she longs for the freedom of academia, the time for reading, writing, thinking.

She doesn't say it—she doesn't have to. If duty were to beckon, could there be any real doubt that this gallant warrior would be back on the firing line, fighting for ideals?

Family's Fight For Justice

continued from page 45

case, all of it understandable. It would be unfortunate, though, if all this emotion should be used to fuel a package of ill-conceived legislation. The bills substitute emotion for reason, and that, after all, is what her killers did. The bills are no fitting memorial to her."

Roberta Roper read the column and winced. Instead of replying with a letter to the editor, she decided to phone Cohen and convey her thoughts directly. She recalls the conversation this way: "I would not let the Richard Cohens of this world bother me or deter our efforts. What we have to do is far more important than their criticism. He admitted that he had not even seen them [the proposals]. He did not know that we had surveyed 30 states and that we knew that every proposal we were making had been modeled after existing laws in other states which had already been proved constitutionally. We had done our homework, you see, and I find it very irresponsible that a man in his position would make those statements. . . .Richard Cohen never talked to Vic Pietkiewicz or myself prior to writing the article. We have constantly maintained that we are not seeking vengeance."

Indeed, this subject is touchy for Roberta Roper, because she has received criticism from within the membership of the Stephanie Roper Committee that she is "soft" on the death-penalty issue. "We keep telling people that we do not advocate the death penalty," she says. "This committee represents as wide a range of views as any cross section of American citizens. In Maryland, we must assume that the death penalty does not exist, as neither citizens nor legislators seem able to cope with it. When we went to trial, we told reporters that there was not one particular sentence we were seeking, one that would bring us a particular satisfaction. But we certainly never expected our daughter's murderers to be eligible for parole in less than 12 years.

"During the trial, the defense attorneys tried to tell the court that we

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were nothing but a bunch of vigilantes," Roberta says. "Afterward, we got more of the same from ACLU lawyers."

The three so-called "Roper Bills" were signed into law by Governor Harry Hughes May 24, 1983, about 14 months after Stephanie's death. Roberta and Vincent Roper were present, along with important members of the Stephanie Roper Committee.

One law eliminates voluntary drug or alcohol intoxication as a mandatory mitigating circumstance in capital crimes. If a person takes alcohol or drugs on his or her own, then he or she is responsible for any capital crime that might stem from intoxication due to the drinking or the drug use.

A second law increases the minimum time to be served in a life sentence in a case where the death penalty was sought from 15 to 25 years. This law would increase the minimum time served—given time off for good behavior—from 11 years and 8 months (the possible minimum time Beatty and Jones might serve) to 19 years and 6 months.

The third law provides the right to the victim and the members of the victim's family to submit a "victim-impact statement" that could be used in subsequent civil actions.

These laws were passed despite considerable opposition and only after a great deal of wrangling and compromise. Prosecutors and defense attorneys generally agree that, after being in force for 18 months, the minimum-sentencing provision has worked out well.

"It certainly provides a trial court an alternative in sentencing, as opposed to the black-and-white death sentence," says Richard Sothoron, a prominent criminal attorney in Prince Georges County. "It is a sensible alternative, though we haven't had enough cases in Maryland to gauge its worth yet."

Sothoron says the law removing mandatory invocation of alcohol or drug use as a mitigating circumstance has resulted in most judges "showing latitude in allowing defense attorneys to pursue it." In other words, the new law hasn't tightened up the provision on alcohol and drug use as a mitigating circumstance.

Sothoron says attorneys have reservations about the impact statement on the grounds it allows a rehashing of the facts.

The Ropers have made only a dent in the legal system. But the dent is permanent in Maryland law, and the atmosphere in the courts has changed as a result.

Roberta Roper's mission now is to continue trying to get tougher bills passed and signed into law in Maryland, to maintain the vitality of the Stephanie Roper Committee (12,000 members today) and to do what she can to encourage other movements to begin in various states.

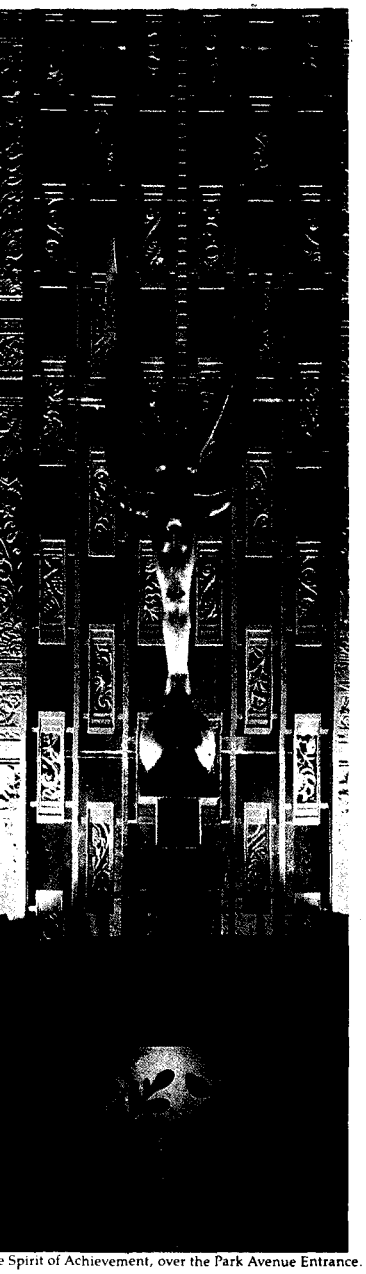
Roberta Roper and her family continue to adjust to life without Stephanie. Two of the Roper's children now attend college and live away from home. Vincent Roper at age 51 is preparing for retirement from the service and is looking forward to spending more time working with the Stephanie Roper Committee. He will also have a chance to coach his youngest son's soccer team, a passion of his.

Jerry Lee Beatty and Jack Ronald Jones were convicted and sentenced more than two years ago. Neither has made any attempt to contact the Ropers. Roberta Roper acknowledges that she once tried to do so: "The night we were waiting for the sentence from the jury, I asked Jones' attorney if I could speak to him. His attorney, E. Allen Sheperd, said, 'Well, this is such a traumatic time for him [Jones], but certainly in the future there would be sometime you could talk to him.' "

That meeting between Roberta Roper and one of the men responsible for Stephanie's death never took place.

Asked about what she would have said to Jones had she been given the opportunity, Roberta Roper pauses to think and then says, "I don't know. I really don't know just what I would have said. I guess I would have said a lot of the things I was never allowed to say with a victim-impact statement or through testimony in court."

Roberta Roper has more than made up for the injustices. She has helped to create an outlet for victims of crime throughout the state of Maryland to voice their concerns. She has given her fellow Marylanders something she wished she had when she first started out on her odyssey for justice: a tool for fighting back against an insensitive criminal-justice system.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Girl Who Couldn't Eat Wheat

continued from page 68

The Midwestern Celiac Sprue Association was formed to assist celiac sprue patients adjust to their condition and to spur research regarding celiac sprue. A particularly interesting activity of this group was surveying children of members of the organization and looking for health problems associated with celiac sprue. In 1982 they surveyed 113 children. The survey indicated that most of the children had sprue symptoms by age two and the onset of the disease usually corresponded with their eating of solid foods.

The symptoms were listed according to reported frequency:

foul-smelling stools	96%
diarrhea	93%
distended abdomen	85%
failure to gain weight	85%
bloating and gas	72%
failure to grow	69%
irritable, cranky, cross	67%
large, bulky stools	65%
lethargy, apathy, tires easily	65%
crying without apparent cause	59%
frequent stomach aches	52%
irregular sleep pattern	49%
skin disorders, rash, etc.	47%
sudden weight loss	46%
excessive drinking of liquids	37%
too frequent stools	35%
muscle pain or cramps	29%
anemia	27%
inability to relate to others	23%
easy bruising	20%
appeared hyperactive	20%
peculiar taste in foods	20%
complained of headaches	17%
suffered mouth sores	16%
sensitivity to light	9%
easy fracturing of bones	8%

Many children have some of these problems, but in some the diagnosis of sprue is missed because the symptoms are wrongly ascribed to "not eating well" or "going through a stage." The problem of gluten intolerance is probably greater than is commonly recognized. The disease may diminish or become symptomless during the mid-teens but usually returns in the 20s and 30s. When the symptoms are transitory or very mild in childhood the diagnosis may not be made until adulthood or even middle age. Many older people suffer abdominal complaints such as frequent loose stools, gas formation and malnutrition. Some of these people may have undiagnosed celiac sprue.

Golden Horse

continued from page 29

But the brothers yelled and cursed—in fury—and poverty. "It's a trick! He's a horse thief!" And they triggered their guns, for anyone has the right to kill a horse thief.

One bullet went for the heart and one for the head, for the brothers always worked in a team like that.

But Chess had known he was the prey; he knew his hunters, and that the moment he sat that horse he would be dead—if he sat there longer than it took to trigger a gun. He didn't wait. Just as though he had practiced it most of his life, Chess fell off the horse and let the bullets find some place else to go. But as he landed, he grabbed hold of the mane like it was a drag rope and he yelled, "How do you want to be dead, from the front hoofs or the hind?" And he touched the horse, not with a firm gentleness, but with a tiny, hating tickling like the biting of a fly, and up went those front hoofs in a terrible climb. And away went the brothers, as if they had just remembered they'd promised the smith $1,000 to make an iron cage out of any handy railroad track. And Chess stood there quiet and safe beneath those hoofs, for he had built a stronger cage.

And the man in the beaver hat looked on and puzzled over his bags of gold, and men crowded around Ollie Yalden so he could know they were his friends, and said what a wonderful son he had and how blood will tell. They didn't know how he'd done it, but he'd won again. He looked around this land he had carved out of the unknown of a wilderness. He looked at the man his son had carved out of the unknown of a boy. And he said, "Chess, I only hope it can be true that a father can be the shadow of his son."

And Chess looked at the pride in his father's eyes, and for a moment he cried, and he climbed on the stallion and walked him out of the corral into the west. They went slowly, awkwardly, because he was lame from being tied too long. Or maybe it was only that they would learn of this new world together just step by step.

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(Answers from page 96)

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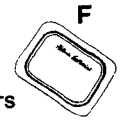

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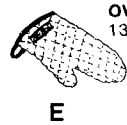

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MONEY TALK

by H. J. Ullmann

We've known for years that money is to be made from sickness. The cash flow from ill health generates revenues for drug companies, hospitals and medical insurers and provides incomes for all the men and women at work in the health-care industries.

The prospects of profit in good health had seemed mostly confined to the men and women who teach new tricks to old bodies and to those who sell the gear for fashionable exercising.

But the grand and mysterious forces of the Great American Marketplace have begun to make good health profitable for some innovative insurance companies and economical for fit policyholders. Here's how. . . .

"If Lorne Green, Danny Thomas, Mike Douglas and Ed McMahon can't sell me insurance why do you think you can?"

The old actuarial tables put about 90 percent of us into the same pool when the companies evaluated risks, calculated costs and set rates. The skydivers, human cannonballs and fireworks packers were specially treated in high-risk pools. Their prospects of longevity were predictably, statistically dim, so they paid higher premiums than the rest of us.

About 20 years ago, the more progressive companies began reading and believing what we were being told about smoking, so they began sorting their policyholders into pools of longer-lived, lower-risk nonsmokers who paid lower premiums, and shorter-lived, higher-risk smokers who paid higher premiums. Typically, those of us who had never smoked or who had quit were rewarded with premiums 5 to 15 percent lower than the smokers paid.

More recently, the innovators in the industry have determined that fitness is not a passing fad but a permanent condition for a large and growing group of Americans whose characteristics may be statistically defined and actuarially calculated. They are good insurance prospects. Their fitness keeps them healthy, so they stay at work and earn the incomes that pay the premiums without interruption. Their fitness gives them longer lives, so relatively few die each year, and their premium payments continue over longer spans.

So why not develop an insurance marketing strategy directed precisely at the healthy, vigorous, physically fit Americans?—precisely what such companies as ITT Life Insurance Corporation of Minneapolis have done. ITT, for example, created a new pool for the physically fit and offered them low premiums to swim in it, marketing-wise. ITT Life Insurance says its premiums can be 50 percent lower than the norm for ordinary, sedentary policyholders at other companies.

To qualify for the fit-nonsmoker policies that ITT and others are now offering, applicants must take a thorough physical examination and meet physical and medical standards that confirm that the applicant has been keeping to a regimen of vigorous physical exercise. ITT, for example, requires a ratio of total cholesterol to high-density lipoprotein cholesterol of less than 7 for men and 5.5 for women. The examinations may also give close attention to blood pressure, heart and pulse rates before and after exercise and to the other measures of fitness.

In his speeches, Robert W. McDonald, president of ITT Life, likes to say that too many insurance companies "are getting fat on America's longer lives. Many companies find themselves paying out less than they expected because, based on actuarial data 20 or 30 years ago, there was no anticipation that life expectancy would increase as much as it has."

He says that the conventional companies have kept their fit policyholders in the standard pool that contains 90 percent of all Americans—a pool that has been broadened to include more and more Americans who present serious risks.

This practice has presented an opportunity for the agile companies in a conservative industry—an opportunity to lure the best policyholders from the less-agile companies. This opportunity has also been created by computers and the explosion of statistically reliable information we have been collecting about ourselves.

In turn, the policies for physically fit nonsmokers (and, in some instances, nondrinkers) creates a substantial financial inducement that may encourage still more Americans to take up healthful lifestyles.

If you don't smoke and you do exercise—and you have the physique and the vital signs to prove it—ask your agent to give you a special low-premium policy for such physically fit lovers of life as you. If he doesn't, then maybe you ought to put yourself in different hands.

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